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*Great African travellers from  
Bruce and Mungo Park to ...*

Charles Rathbone Low



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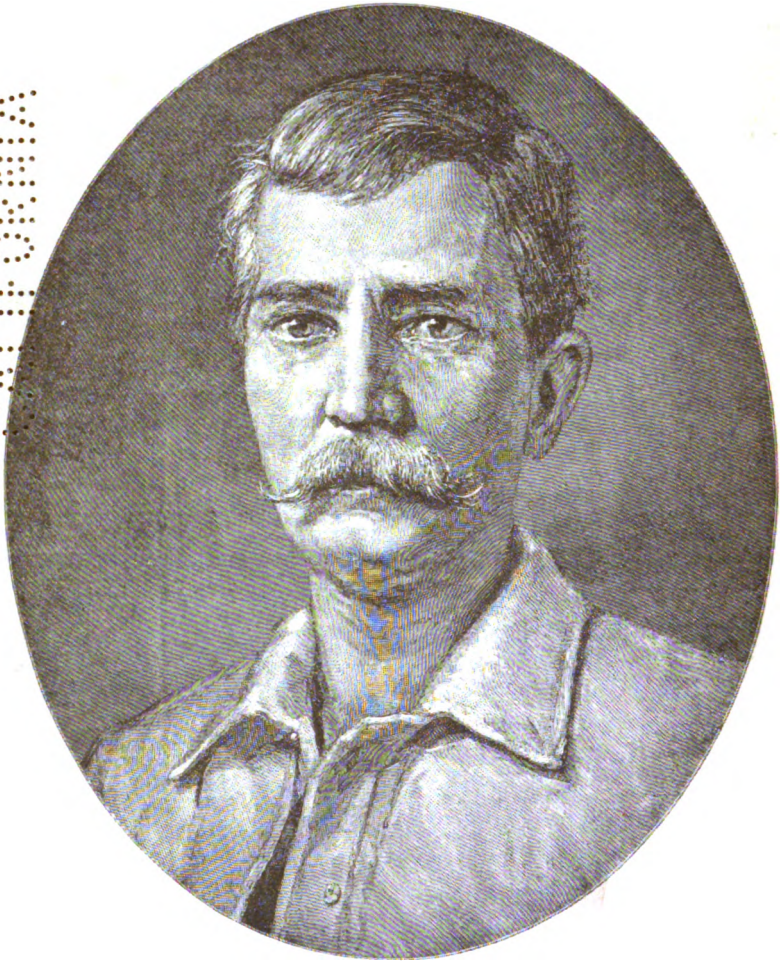


# **GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLERS**





STANLEY



*Henry M. Stanley*

# GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLER

FROM  
ZIMBABWE AND ZAMBIA  
TO  
LIVINGSTONE AND BECHUANA  
LAND

BY  
WILLIAM H. G. KING, F.R.S.  
AND  
CHARLES RATHBONE LOW, F.R.S.  
OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

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# GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLERS

*FROM*  
*BRUCE AND MUNGO PARK*  
*TO*  
*LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY*

*BY*  
WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON  
*AND*  
CHARLES RATHBONE LOW, I.N., F.R.G.S.  
AUTHOR OF "BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY," "GREAT BATTLES OF  
THE BRITISH NAVY," ETC.

*WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS*

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LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK

1890

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# DEDICATION.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

TO

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY,

THE GREATEST OF AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

M128555



## PREFACE.

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**M**R. STANLEY'S Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pashā has aroused increased interest in the fascinating subject of Exploration.

Geography is not a strong point with the British Public. Mr. Stanley, in an address he delivered at Newcastle on his return from Africa, gave some amusing instances of this ignorance. He said:—"In London I was introduced to an English Bishop as 'a gentleman who had done good service on the Congo.' The English Bishop turned round and said, 'Ah, yes, to be sure; but pray tell me—where is the Congo?' I remember also a deputation going from Manchester to a British Cabinet Minister respecting some affair on the Niger. They were cordially received by the British Minister, who was then nonplussed at the name. The gentleman put on his eyeglass, and said, 'Now, here is a map of Africa. Pray show me where that—what do you call it?—the Niger is.' And not until then had he ever heard of the name of the river. One of the most prominent men in England to-day, wrote a letter to a friend of mine in London about a month ago, and my friend showed me the letter. You know the name very well. I need not mention it to you. He said, 'I really don't know exactly what Mr. Stanley has been doing lately, but when I see you I shall have great pleasure in knowing him.'"

Any Board School boy in the fourth standard could have enlightened the Bishop and the Cabinet Minister as to the position of the Congo and the Niger; but it is doubtful if the same could be said of fifth form boys in some of our best-known Public Schools. But as Mr. Stanley asked, on the occasion referred to, "How could you expect the Middle Class of England to be better informed?"

The great traveller\* has himself done more than half the teachers of geography in the schools of the three kingdoms to interest the people of all classes in the science of geography—we call it advisedly a “Science,” though we have heard an eminent Fellow of the Royal Society deny the right of Geographers to the term. What can be more necessary than an adequate knowledge of the physical features of the world in which we live? And surely nothing can be more interesting than a work of travel, if told in a lively manner; not but that some old explorers—and modern ones, too—have drawn upon our credulity, and we could have spared some of the imaginative details even at the risk of dulness.

Which of us do not remember our youthful delight in perusing the travels of Bruce and Mungo Park? We have, in the following pages, given an abbreviated account of the adventures and discoveries of these great explorers, together with those of, we believe, every African traveller of note from their time to the present. It is to our thinking a fascinating subject, and some of our greatest men have won their laurels in the bloodless fields of geographical exploration. As Milton has said:—

“Peace hath her victories  
No less renown’d than war.”

Many of England’s sons have earned enduring fame by the exploration of Africa; indeed, our knowledge of the Continent is mainly due to the enterprise and courage of Englishmen.

Passing over the explorations of the earlier travellers in the last and first half of the present century, it was to Livingstone that the stimulus for geographical research is mainly to be attributed. That great man practically taught us all we know of Southern Africa on both banks of the Zambesi, from one side of Africa to the other, and Burton and Speke initiated the discoveries of the more central lacustrine regions, which have culminated in the last journey of Stanley, to whom the author of this volume has dedicated this imperfect record of African travel.

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\* The writer trusts that indulgence will be extended for any shortcomings in that portion of the narrative which deals with the expedition of Mr. Stanley for the rescue of Emin Pasha. It was written before the publication of Mr. Stanley’s promised work, describing the incidents and discoveries which have made this journey memorable in the history of African travel, and it is drawn exclusively from the great explorer’s letters to England, and his addresses delivered before the 20th June, 1890.

The agreement of June, 1890, between England and Germany, by which the limits of the respective spheres of influence of the two countries were roughly defined, has placed us in possession of some of the most fertile regions of Africa.\* Great as are the energies of our countrymen, it will tax the enterprise of our merchants for the next century to open up as a mart for their manufactures the vast extent of country taken under the protection of England. What Australia and others of our colonies have been in the past to the youth and manhood of this country, so will be the enormous possessions of the British East and South African Companies and others that will be formed, to the superabundant population of these islands. It does not require the vision of a prophet to discern a future in which the magnificent stretch of country on both banks of the Upper Zambesi, and on the shores of Lake Nyassa, first explored by Livingstone, and of the three Nyanzas, discovered by our countrymen, Speke, Baker and Stanley, will be the home of millions of the enterprising race who have colonized the fairest regions of the earth. When British merchants have monopolized the trade of half Africa, and Anglo-Saxon settlers have spread themselves over the territory embraced within the British sphere of influence, in the Southern and Central portions of that no longer "Dark Continent,"—in that certain, though it may be distant, future, the names of the explorers, whose deeds and sufferings, in the sacred cause of human progress and civilization, are recorded in this volume, will be honoured in the hearts, and "familiar as household words" in the mouths, of the people of that "Greater Britain" beyond the seas.

C. R. LOW.

82 ELSHAM ROAD, KENSINGTON, W.  
20th June, 1890.

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\* The author, having served in 1856 on the Zanzibar coast, at the time Burton and Speke commenced their explorations, in 1884 wrote letters to the London papers, giving an account of our relations with Zanzibar during the century, and warning the English public against the folly of permitting the Germans to interfere between England and the Zanzibar State in the Protectorate which this country had practically exercised over the dominions of the Sultan. This warning, with the protests of Sir John Kirk, our able and experienced Consul-General at Zanzibar (the son-in-law and fellow-explorer with Livingstone of Lake Nyassa and the Shire river) was disregarded, with the results pointed out to the public in the author's letter of 27th December, 1888, in the *Times*. At length, as this Preface is going to press, Lord Salisbury has been stirred into making an effort to retrieve his great mistake, and has entered into an agreement with Germany, by which the Protectorate of Zanzibar is formally assumed by England, at the cost of concessions which would never have been necessary had the advice of Sir John Kirk, and others intimate with the question, been followed.





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# GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLERS,

*From Bruce and Mungo Park to Livingstone and Stanley.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

The Africa of the Ancients—The geographical system of Herodotus—The views of Strabo and Pliny on the course of the Nile—Ptolemy's system of African Geography—Arabian Geographers and the Dark Ages—Discoveries and Settlements of the Portuguese—Theories as to the Niger and Congo rivers.

THE name "The Dark Continent," appropriately given to Africa by recent discoverers, will soon cease to be applicable to that interesting portion of the globe. This result, when attained, will be chiefly due to the energy and enterprise of British travellers, who, following the example of Bruce, Mungo Park, and their countrymen, have, during the past forty years, penetrated into the innermost recesses of Africa, until little fresh ground remains to be explored. Very soon our future Livingstones and Stanleys will sigh in vain, like Alexander, for fresh worlds to conquer, and Africa, the last of the continents to yield its secrets to the prying eyes of Western civilization, will cease to be a *terra incognita*.

The Victorian era is remarkable for its painters, soldiers and poets, but it will be even more memorable for the grand succession of African travellers it has produced. Half a century ago the sources of the Nile were unexplored, the great lake system of Equatorial



and South-Eastern Africa was unknown, the Mountains of the Moon, which find a place in Ptolemy's map as the source of the Nile, were regarded as mythical, though Stanley's most recent discoveries would seem to have identified them with Mount Gordon Bennett (discovered in 1876), and Ruwenzori (the Snowy Mountain, near or on the Equator), which he discovered on his last journey. Then the Niger and Congo have been traced through a great portion of their courses, and our countryman, Livingstone, taught us most of what we know of the chief river of Southern Africa, the Zambesi.

The first geographical system of Africa which deserves the name, is that of Herodotus, the "Father of History," who gave a full description of these regions, and the accuracy of his reports have received singular confirmation by more recent discoveries. The Nile figured as the great feature in Herodotus' system, and he described, with tolerable correctness, the North-west of Africa as far as the Straits. He speaks of the River of the Nasamones, which he considered fell into the Nile, though, probably, it may be identified with the Niger.

The next system is that of Eratosthenes, librarian at Alexandria, explained and adopted by Strabo, and generally by Mela, Pliny, and the Latin classic writers. These writers held that the African continent terminated at the Equator. They fixed the limits of the Nile at the highest known point to which the river had been ascended; that is, about 3,000 stadias, or between 300 and 400 miles beyond Meroe, in the great bend the river takes between Korti and Khartoum, which was the scene of memorable military events, when Lord Wolseley attempted the rescue of General Gordon. The idea of the Nile flowing from the west still prevailed, and was elaborated by Mela and Pliny. The next geographical system was that of Ptolemy, who flourished in the second century of the Christian era. To Ptolemy is due the theory that the Nile has its sources in the Mountains of the Moon, under or beyond the Equator, and he depicts in his map the lakes through which the river flows, thus, in a remarkable manner, shadowing forth the discoveries of Speke and Baker and Stanley. He also represents the junction of the Bahr-el-Azrek (or Blue Nile of Abyssinia) with

the Bahr-el-Abiad (White Nile) at Meroe, which he makes into an island. Westward he describes the vast Libyan desert as watered by the Gir and Niger, spoken of as "rivers of the greatest magnitude," the former of which might have been the Gambia or Senegal river.



HUNTING SCENE.

Ptolemy, therefore, is entitled to the credit of being the first of the ancients to show that the Nile and Niger were distinct rivers, one having its sources far to the southward, and the Niger, he says, "forms the lake of Nigritia (Nigrites Palus) which lies in latitude  $15^{\circ}$ , longitude  $18^{\circ}$ ," thus clearly denoting its source from Lake Tchad.

The Mahomedan geographer, Edrisi, added little to our knowledge of the interior of Africa, though while Herodotus, Mela, and Pliny made the central river of Africa run eastward and fall back into the Nile, the Arabians supposed that it flowed westward from a common source with that river, and they called the streams by the names of Nile, one of Egypt, and the other of the Negroes,\* the last of which was, doubtless, the Niger.

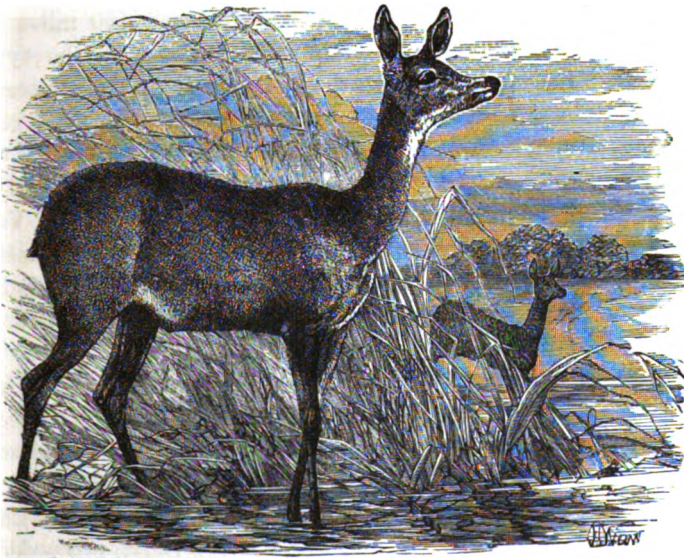
For centuries Europe was plunged in the ignorance of the Dark Ages. And the lamp of science was kept burning by Eastern savants, European Cartographers from Ortelius to Sanson, whose map, published in 1696, adds little to our knowledge of Africa since the time of the ancients. This ignorance, however, does not apply to the sea board of that Continent. In this department of geographical science, the acknowledgments of the world are due to the Portuguese under the enlightened sovereigns John and Emanuel, and Prince Henry, "the Navigator," in a special degree. Creeping along the coast of Africa, in 1447, Lancelot entered the Senegal and Gambia rivers, which the Portuguese confounded with the Niger, and derived from a lake called Niger,\* as Ptolemy had done. In 1848, Diego Cam discovered the Zaire or Congo,† whose waters, as well as those of the Nile, it was held, were drained from Lake Zaire or Zembre, situated near the centre of the continent, in 10 degrees south latitude. Again, the Portuguese are entitled to the credit of placing on their maps a large lake, called Zafian, which occupies much the same position as the Victoria Nyanza. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, which Bartholomew Diaz aptly called Stormy Cape, they erected columns along the south-east coast, and

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\* The error of confounding the Senegal and Niger was perpetrated in Delisle's map of the world (1700), and his map of Nigritia (1707), where the river enters the sea only by the Channel of the Senegal. The Gambia is represented as a separate stream. But in his map of the world, published in 1714, he represents the Niger and Senegal as different rivers, rising from two lakes, near to each other, and flowing, the Senegal into the ocean, and the Niger eastward into a lake. This view of the source of these rivers was adopted by D'Anville, in 1755, but it was reserved for Mungo Park to trace the course of the Niger.

† Diego, on reaching the southern bank of the Congo, erected a pillar, from which circumstance Portuguese writers called the stream, the "River of the Pillar." He took some of the leading natives to Lisbon, where they remained two years, and in 1490, they were conveyed back to their native country. So much ignorance prevailed as to the course of both the Congo and Niger, that even so late as the year 1818, we find Doctor Hugh Murray, in his "Historical account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa," arguing at length that the Congo is "the hitherto unknown termination of the Niger."

their maps of the interior are filled with names of places and kingdoms which had no existence. These imaginative efforts have been brought forward in recent times as evidence of occupancy, though in their horror of leaving a vacuum in the map of this vast continent, they brought down the frontiers of Abyssinia to the boundaries of the Kingdom of Monomopata, placed in the latitude of Lake Nyassa. On the other hand, it is undoubted, from authentic maps of the last quarter of the seventeenth century, that the Portuguese explorers traced the course of the Zambesi as far as Zumbo, and the rapids of Kebrahasa, and the cataracts of Moroumbona, the discovery of which is attributed to Livingstone, were known to them. The course of the Shire river, also one of the discoveries of the great missionary traveller, was thus early traced by them and is defined in these maps, and, Mashonaland, to the south, was explored by the Portuguese at a later date.



## CHAPTER II.

### BRUCE'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA.

*Abyssinia, the Country of Prester John—Early European Travellers in Abyssinia—Visit of Covilham and Alvarez—Pays's Account of his Discovery of the Sources of the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Abyssinian Nile—Visits by Fernandez, Lobo, and other Portuguese priests—Bruce's famous journey to Abyssinia—His adventures and arrival at the Sources of the Abyssinian Nile—Bruce publishes his Travels—Strictures on that work examined—Death of Bruce.*

**A**BYSSINIA must ever have a special interest with Britons, both because its chief explorer was a countryman, and on account of the memorable military expedition of 1868, when that noble soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala, advanced 400 miles into the interior and stormed the mountain fastness of the tyrant Theodore. To discover the country of Prester John, the mysterious Christian monarch of the East—first supposed to be in Tartary, and then Abyssinia—and to effect the passage to India, were the chief motives of the voyage, in 1486, of Bartholomew Diaz, the first navigator to round the Cape of Good Hope, and of Vasco de Gama, who, twelve years later, voyaged up the east coast of Africa, and passing Mozambique, Mombasa, and Melindi, crossed the Indian Ocean in twenty-three days, and cast anchor in Calicut, on the Malabar coast.

The first European to penetrate into Abyssinia of whom we have any record, was the Portuguese, Covilham, who was sent on a mission by land to Prester John from the King of Portugal, with the further object of inquiring whether it was possible to sail to India from the Cape of Good Hope, which Diaz had recently discovered. Covilham quitted Lisbon in May, 1487, and first visiting India, proceeded to Abyssinia, where he was detained by the Negus, or king, and held high office in the state. In the year 1525, when Rodriguez de Lima went as Portuguese ambassador to Abyssinia, Covilham was still

alive. Liina's secretary, Alvarez, wrote a narrative of his six years' residence in the country, which is of great interest, and an English translation appears in Purchas. In this work Alvarez speaks of the King of Abyssinia as Prete Janni, or Prester John.

The Portuguese attained much influence in the country through their countrymen, Bermudez, Barreto, Oviedo, Payz and others priests of the Romish Church. Of these Payz has the distinction of discovering the sources of the Blue Nile, known as the Bahr-el-Azrek, to distinguish it from the Bahr-el-Abiad, which D'Anville was the first to point out was the true, or "White Nile." The following passage from Payz's Journal, preserved by Kircher, is of interest, as giving the first description of the so-called fountains of the Nile, which our countryman visited at a later period:—

"The source of the Nile is situated on the elevated point of a valley, which resembles a large plain, surrounded on every side with ridges of hills. While I resided in this kingdom with the Emperor and his army I ascended this place on April 21st, 1618, and took a diligent survey of every part of it. I saw two round fountains, both about five palms in diameter. Great was my pleasure in beholding what Cyrus, King of the Persians, Cambyses, Alexander the Great, and the renowned Julius Cæsar sought eagerly, but in vain, to find. The water is very clear, light and agreeable to the taste; yet these two fountains have no outlet in the higher part of the mountain plain, but only at the foot. In trying their depth we thrust into the first a lance, which, going down eleven palms, seemed then, as it were, to strike against the roots of the neighbouring trees, entangled together. The second fountain is about a stone's cast east from the first, to ascertain the depth of which we put down a lance of twelve palms, but found no bottom; then, by joining two lances together, we made a depth of twenty palms, but still found none. The inhabitants say the whole mountain is full of water, which they prove by this: that all the plain about the fountain is tremulous and bubbling—a sure proof of water underneath; and that, for the same cause, the water does not run over the sources, but throws itself out with greater force lower down. The inhabitants, and the emperor himself affirmed, that, though the ground had trembled little this year on account of

the great dryness, yet, that in common seasons it shook and bubbled to such a degree as scarcely to be approached without danger. About a league west from the source is a village called Guix (Geesh), inhabited by heathens, who sacrifice many cows. They come to the source on a certain day of the year, with a sacrificer, whom they account a priest, who sacrifices a cow at the fountain; and, having cut off the head, throws it into the abyss with a variety of ceremonial which makes him pass for a great saint among these people."

Payz then relates the course of the Nile, the tributaries which it receives, its crossing lake Dembea, with a visible separation of waters, the tremendous cataract of Alata, and then the semicircular course round Begunder, Shoa, Amhara, and Damot, till it approaches within a day's journey of its sources. The regions which it chiefly watered were barbarous, and almost unknown; so, by an Abyssinian prince, who had marched an army into them, they were called the "New World." "Passing then," he says, "through innumerable regions and over stupendous precipices, it enters Egypt."

There were also explorers of the same enterprising nation, such as Fernandez, and Lobo, himself a missionary, who also claimed to have visited the source of the Nile, Bahr-el-Azrek, on the south-western frontier of Abyssinia, of which he gave a detailed description.\* In 1655, Barati, an Italian gentleman, journeyed in Abyssinia, being the first of that nationality to appear in a country of which they have since assumed the protectorate. The next traveller was Poncet, an eminent physician of Cairo, who, at the invitation of the King, attended him professionally at Gondar, his capital.

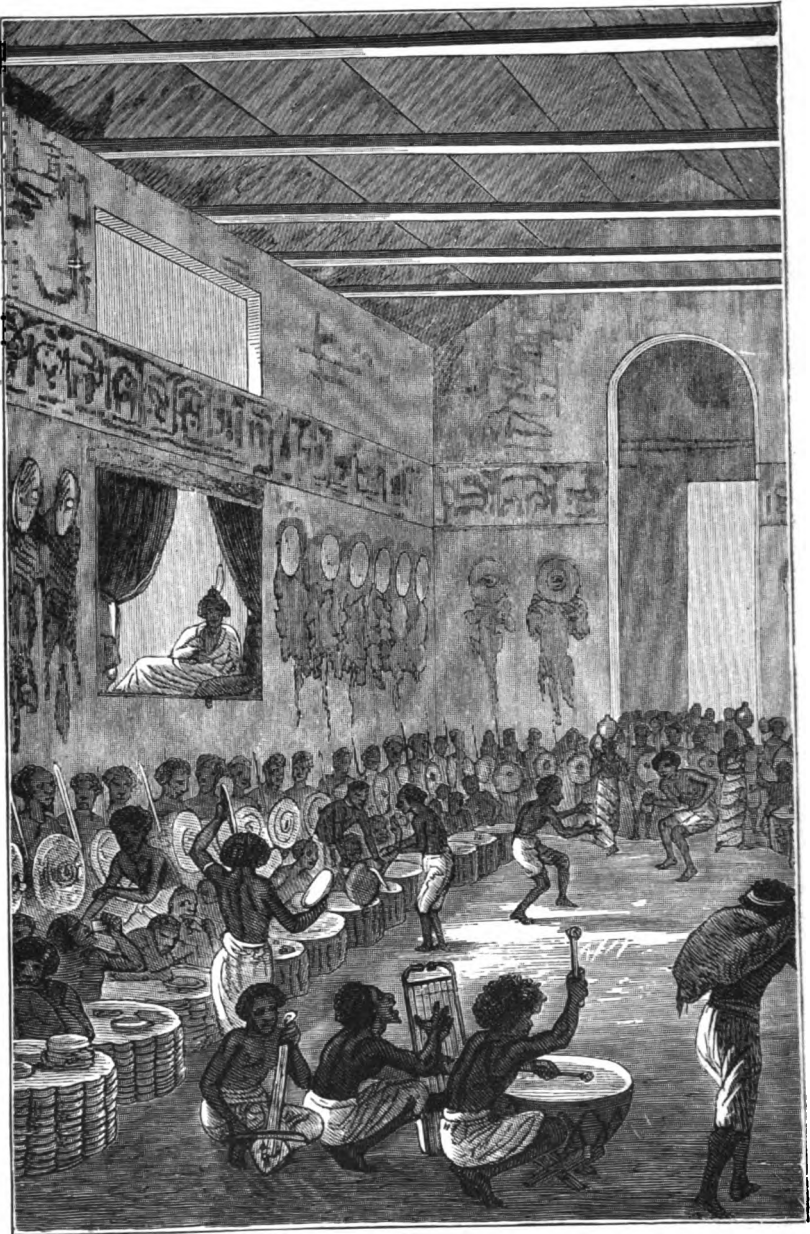
A long period elapsed before a European again visited Abyssinia, and the first to do so was our famous countryman, James Bruce, then Consul at Algiers, who had explored Tripoli, Tunis, Syria and Egypt. Bruce's object was to penetrate to the sources of the Nile, and, in seeking to do this, he really accomplished the task of exploring a great portion of the country, and dis-

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\* In 1673 there was published in London, by the printer of the Royal Society, "A Short Relation of the River Nile, by an eye-witness," which was supposed to be a translation of Lobo's manuscript, though it differs from the account found in his travels.

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A NATIVE BAND.

played great resolution and perseverance in surmounting endless difficulties and dangers. Bruce left Massowah for the interior on November 10th, 1769, and passing through Adowa, in Tigre, visited the monastery of Fremma, which had always been the chief establishment of the Jesuits. He describes it as about a mile in circumference, surrounded by walls flanked with towers, and as by far the most defensible place he saw in Abyssinia, presenting the appearance of a castle rather than a convent.

Bruce next visited the ruins of Axum, and at this time took place the famous incident that was considered incredible by people in England, and gave rise to much unmerited abuse of the great traveller, and disbelief in the veracity of the statements contained in his published "Travels." After leaving Axum, Bruce overtook three soldiers driving a cow, which they suddenly seized and threw down upon the ground. Mr. Bruce supposed they were about to kill the animal, but was much surprised, when, having cut out two beef-steaks from the buttock, they applied some clay to the wound, and again drove her before them. This appeared to him the most soldier-like and commodious mode of carrying provisions that he had ever seen.

Bruce crossed the Tacazye and arrived at Gondar, where was the palace of the King. Here he ingratiated himself with the wife of Ras Michael, Governor of Tigre, who had married the daughter of the late king, whom he had assassinated. Michael usurped the power, the young king, only fifteen years of age, being a mere tool in his hand, and the country was plunged into civil war. The two young princes were suffering from small-pox at the time of the arrival of Bruce, who having some knowledge of medicine, ingratiated himself in the mother's good opinion, no less by administering to them than by his agreeable person and manner. He became a favourite with Michael also as his riding and shooting accomplishments were greatly superior to the Abyssinians of the Court. Bruce was appointed to an office about the person of Michael, but the dissipations, especially the drinking, in which he was expected to indulge, told upon his health, and he got leave to retire to a house in the country.

Soon after this Michael was expelled from Gondar, and Bruce, having gained the favour of Fasil, the great Galla chief, received

permission to visit the sources of the Nile (Bahr-el-Azrek) which Payz claimed to have discovered. He visited first the great cataract of Alata, down which the Nile falls after passing through the Lake of Dembea. He describes it as the most magnificent sight he ever beheld. The whole river fell down in one sheet from the height of about forty feet, with a force and noise which made our traveller dizzy. A thick haze covered the fall, and spread over the course of the stream both above and below.

Bruce had an interview at Bamba with Fasil, the Galla chief, who, with other confederates, had captured Gondar and set up a king of their own. Fasil at first treated him with contempt as a white man, but a display of his riding and shooting powers gained him respect, and they parted on good terms. At length he reached the district, a green and fertile region, in which those long sought for fountains were to be found. His emotions were first raised to the highest pitch by arriving at a portion of the infant stream so narrow that it could be stepped over, which he did in triumph, fifty or sixty times. Then, at his eager desire, he was led by his guide to the principal fountain. He now burst into raptures similar to those of Payz, at having arrived at an object which the most powerful sovereigns of ancient or modern times had sought in vain to explore. These ecstasies were very suddenly interrupted by gloomy reflections on his situation and on the dangers by which he was surrounded. He soon recovered his cheerfulness, however, and spent some days in examining the places around. He then left Geesh, and went to the house of an intimate friend of Fasil, with whom the wife of that chief was residing, and where he was received with hospitality.

Michael, having assembled a large army in Tigré, marched upon Gondar, when the confederates, being unable to maintain the city against him, retreated, and left him again in possession of the capital. This was a revolution entirely acceptable to Mr. Bruce, who had always continued attached to Michael. Bruce returned to Gondar, but was horrified at the atrocities committed by Michael, who soon after suffered a severe defeat, when Gondar again changed hands, and Michael became a prisoner. Bruce quitted the capital of Abyssinia on December 26th, 1771, and returned home-

wards by the route of Senaar, which is described by Poncet in his travels. Proceeding as far as Senaar, Bruce arrived at the point of junction of the White and Blue Niles, near the spot where the City of Khartoum, which must ever possess a magic interest for Englishmen, is now situated. Bruce made the mistake of considering the Abyssinian Nile, the sources of which he had visited, as the true Nile, though he observes that the Bahr-el-Abiad rolls three times the volume of water and is constantly full, while the other is a great stream only in the rainy season. This theory has been disproved by the eminent geographer, D'Anville,\* who showed conclusively, what has long since been accepted as a fact, that the main stream of the Nile is the mighty river that flows through Equatorial Africa, having its rise in the great lake system discovered by our countrymen, Speke and Baker.

From the confluence of these streams Bruce journeyed to Shendy, and pushing on to Berber, soon after quitted the course of the river, which takes a great bend to the west. Bruce and his companions traversed the great Nubian desert, where, for 500 miles, they met no human habitation. Only a few watering-places interrupted the expanse of naked rock and burning sands. The travellers had nearly sunk under this journey, especially as towards the close of it, the camels were unable to proceed. He made, however, a last effort, by which they at length came in sight of the Nile, near Syene, where their sufferings terminated.

Bruce arrived at Alexandria early in March, 1773, whence he sailed for Marseilles, and proceeded to Paris, where he remained until July, under treatment for guinea-worm, which quite disabled him from walking, and even endangered his life. When cured of his ailment, he proceeded to Bologna and Rome, where Pope

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\* The Geography of Africa received its chief illustration from those eminent French cartographers, Delisle and D'Anville, before whose time the map of Africa was a work of the imagination. In 1700, Delisle published his map of the world, in which, for the first time, the frontiers of Abyssinia were brought from 10 degrees south of the line to 10 degrees north, and the course of the Bahr-el-Azrek, then regarded as the true Nile, were given with fair correctness, but he made up for this by filling the central void of Africa. This D'Anville corrected in his map, published in 1731, and, further, he placed the Nile question on its true basis, and showed that the Nile of the ancients was not the Abyssinian stream. Our countryman, Major Rennel, also added much to our knowledge of Africa by his map of that Continent.

Clement XIV. received him with flattering attention and presented him with a series of gold medals. Early in 1774 our traveller returned to Paris, and in June, arrived in England, from which he had been absent twelve years. Bruce was introduced to George III., who, as well as his countrymen, was greatly interested in his recital of his extraordinary adventures, though, strange to say, many years elapsed before he published an account of his travels. On May 20th, 1776, he married, but nine years later, his wife died, leaving two sons and a daughter. This calamity plunged the great traveller into a state of depression, and at the suggestion of some friends who were of opinion that occupation might relieve his melancholy, he engaged in the preparation of his "Travels." The work was published in 1790, and met with a most flattering reception from the general public, though there were not wanting many critics who took exception to his statements, and insisted that he was unworthy of credence. But though there may have been exaggerations, the general truth of his facts have long since been established. The famous traveller, Dr. Clarke, wrote of the "Travels" from Egypt to a friend: "I have conversed with inhabitants of Abyssinia, who confirm all that Bruce had said in his 'Travels,' which proves, beyond doubt, that his writings are not only correct as to the observance of truth, but that few travellers have written with more veracity than he has done. Indeed, you would be astonished at his accuracy." In addressing another friend afterwards, he says: "You are to give full credit to Bruce. We put him to a severer trial than travellers in such similar countries have experienced. General Baird brought his work from India, and exposed it in the presence of a native of Abyssinia and several English for two days successively, examining the Abyssinian on all points. He knew the plants, and named them from the plates alone, and in all things strictly confirmed what Bruce had written."

A few years later, Mr. Salt, who accompanied Lord Valentia in 1805 on his voyage in the Red Sea, visited Abyssinia, and again went on a mission thither four years later. Mr. Salt was a man of conspicuous good sense and sobriety of statement, in marked contrast to the rather vivid imagination of his distinguished predecessor. Regarding the famous incident of cutting a steak

from a live cow, Salt, in his narrative, denies the cutting off flesh from the living animal; but, at a later period, he candidly admits that the observations of a fellow-traveller proved a somewhat similar practice to exist, and to be distinguished by a peculiar name. But Mr. Salt still disputed the statement of Bruce, that the animal is alive when the raw flesh is cut out. As he admitted, however, that the moment the brutal blow is struck, the slices are cut, and are brought to table still warm, with the fibres quivering, the difference between the two travellers is reduced to a narrow compass. Bruce proposed to describe what he actually saw, and his opportunities of observation were greater than those of his successor, who, moreover, does justice to Bruce's general accuracy of statement. That Bruce considered he had discovered the sources of the Great Nile instead of the lesser stream, was scarcely a subject of wonder considering the ignorance that existed in his day, but the arguments he adduces at great length to prove that the sources he visited were not the same as those seen by Payz are fallacious, and there can be no doubt that these were identical, though his laboured attempts to prove the contrary were not unnatural, considering the years expended and the hardships endured in completing the task.

With respect to the criticism that his narrative was distinguished by egotism, the famous author of "Blair's Sermons" replies to this charge, which has frequently been levelled at writers of more recent works of travel: "With regard to your being so much the hero of your own tale, which all the petty critics will be laying hold of, that is what I find not the least fault with. On the contrary, I have been always of opinion that the personal adventures of a traveller in a strange country are not only the most entertaining, but among the most instructive parts of the work, and let us more into the manners and circumstances of the country than any information that general observation can give us. You have gone through more hardships, and have encountered dangers in a greater variety of trying circumstances, I am fully persuaded, than any man now alive. And whatever those who are acquainted with you may think, they who know as well as I do the uncommon powers, both of body and mind which you possess, will find nothing

but what is perfectly natural and credible, in any circumstances which you relate of your conduct."

Strange to relate, after all the dangers he had passed through scatheless in his life of adventure, Bruce met his death by an accident in his own house. On Saturday, April 26th, 1794, he entertained some friends at Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling, where he was born, and as he was descending the stairs in the course of the evening, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong down some five or six steps to the ground. He was taken up in a state of insensibility, and though no marks of contusion were found on his person, he expired early on the following morning, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The remains of the great traveller were deposited in the churchyard of Larbert, in the tomb which contained those of his wife.



## CHAPTER III.

### MUNGO PARK'S TRAVELS.

English exploration of the Gambia—The French on the Senegal—The African Association—Failure of Ledyard and Lucas—Journey of Houghton—Mungo Park takes service with the African Association—His arrival in Bondou—Is taken to Benown and ill-treated—Park makes his escape and suffers greatly in his wanderings—Adventures on the road to Bambarra—Park arrives at Sego on the Niger—His return to the westward—Sufferings of the slaves of the caravan—Park's arrival at Pisania on the Gambia—Return to England—His second journey to the Niger—His adventures on the journey into the interior—Reaches the Niger—Disasters to the Expedition—Death of his white companions—Park descends the Niger in a canoe—Is attacked by the natives—Park and his fellow-travellers are drowned.

IN 1618, an African Company was formed in England with the object of exploring the Gambia and adjacent country, and one Richard Thompson was sent in a vessel of 120 tons, with a cargo of goods to trade with the natives. Thompson proceeded as high up the river as Kassan; but during his absence, the Portuguese, animated by jealousy, massacred most of his crew. Two years later, two more vessels were dispatched to prosecute the trade, and proceeded up the river. The commander, Richard Jobson, entered the Gambia in November, 1620, when he learned that Thompson had been murdered by his men. However, he pushed on, and passing the falls of Barraconda, on July 26th, 1621, arrived at Tenda.

The Company do not appear to have prosecuted their designs of discovery, and it was not until 1723, that the African Company, now presided over by the Duke of Chandos, sent forth an expedition under Captain Stibbs to the Gambia; but he only proceeded fifty-nine miles above Barraconda. While the English sought to ascend the Gambia, deeming it the Niger, the French navigated the Senegal, hoping to reach the city of Timbuctoo and the region of gold. At the mouth of this river they founded the settlement of Louis about the year 1626, and their director,



General Brue, ascended the Senegal in the year 1697-98, reaching as high as Felu. He also founded a fort called St. Joseph, which long continued the principal seat of French commerce on the Upper Senegal. Subsequent governors visited Bambouk; but the glories of African discovery in the regions of the Niger, as in those of the Zambesi and Equatorial lake region, were reaped by their more enterprising English rivals.

Much of the success achieved was due to the African Association, formed by a committee, composed of Lord Rawdon (afterwards Marquis of Hastings), the famous Sir Joseph Banks, and other persons of eminence. The Company only offered their expenses to travellers who engaged to explore the interior of Africa, but there were many eager aspirants for the honour. The first was Ledyard, who had circumnavigated the globe with Captain Cook, and lived for many years with the North American Indians. Ledyard, however, got no further than Cairo, where he died in 1788. The next traveller the Association engaged was Lucas, who had been three years a galley slave among the Moors, but he penetrated only a short distance from Tripoli. The third expedition was made by Major Houghton from a different quarter. This traveller undertook to reach the Niger by the route of the Gambia, and not like Jobson and Stibbs, by boats, but by land. He set out early in 1791, and quitting the Gambia at Medina, arrived at Ferbanna on the Faleme. Hence he pushed on with the object of reaching Timbuctoo, but was robbed and stripped, to wander about in the Desert until he perished miserably. His countryman, Mungo Park, was shown the tree under which the brave hearted Englishman expired, a martyr to the noble passion for discovery.

Mungo Park, who long ranked as the chief of African travellers, was born on September 16th, 1771, at Fowlshields, a farm occupied by his father on the banks of the Yarrow, not far from the town of Selkirk in Scotland. After receiving, with his brothers, a course of education at home under a private tutor, he was sent to the grammar school at Selkirk, and, at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Anderson, a surgeon of that town. Hence he removed to the University at Edinburgh, and, on going to London, was introduced to Joseph Banks, whose interest

The people, however, crowded in till it was completely full ; when the first visitors went, another took their place, in this way the hut being filled and emptied thirteen different times. Park found the King, whose name was Daisy, surrounded by a number of attendants, the fighting men on his right hand, and the women and



THE COURT OF A BLACK KING.

children on his left. A bank of earth, on which was spread a leopard skin, formed the throne. On learning his intention of taking the route to Timbuctoo through Bambarra, Daisy said this was impossible, as he himself was then at war with the latter kingdom, and assured Park that he would at once be killed if he attempted to enter Kaarta.

There remained, therefore, no alternative but to go by way of the Kingdom of Ludamar, a perilous route, in which Major Houghton had already perished. Mr. Park, however, hoped by proceeding along the southern frontier, to reach Bambarra without coming into contact with the barbarous and bigoted Moors by whom it was peopled. On his arrival at Jarra, a large town chiefly inhabited by negroes, but entirely under the power of the Moors, he sent to Benowm, the capital, a messenger loaded with presents to negotiate with Ali, their chief, for a passage through his territories. After waiting a fortnight in great anxiety, he received a safe conduct to Goombo, a place on the frontier of Bambarra.

He first proceeded to Deena, a town in the possession of the Moors, who insulted and plundered him in the grossest manner, so that he was happy to escape by setting out at two in the morning of March 3rd. He next passed through Lampaka and Dalli, where he was received by the negro inhabitants with the usual kindness and hospitality of that race; he was even induced to stop a day at Dalli, under promise of an escort; but this was a fatal pause. At Sami, on March 7th a party of Moorish horsemen appeared for the purpose of telling him that Fatima, the favourite wife of Ali, had been struck with curiosity to see what kind of creature a Christian was; that he must therefore come and show himself, but was assured that he would be well treated, and, on satisfying her majesty's wish, would even be forwarded on his journey.

Benowm, the Moorish capital, to which Park was then conveyed, proved to be a mere camp, comprised of a number of dirty tents, intermingled with herds of camels, horses and oxen. He was surrounded by crowds, who snatched off his hat, made him unbutton his clothes to show the whiteness of his skin, and counted his fingers and toes, to see if he were really of the same nature with themselves. After being kept for some time in the sun, he was lodged in a hut made of cornstalks, supported by posts, to one of which was tied a wild hog, evidently in derision and to intimate that they were fit associates for each other. Crowds of men and women incessantly poured in to see and examine the white man. When curiosity was satisfied, the next amusement was to plague the Christian, and he became the sport of the meanest and most

vulgar members of this rude community. The Moorish horsemen took him out and galloped round him, baiting him as if he were a wild beast, twirling their swords in his face to show their skill in horsemanship. Repeated attempts were made to compel him to work,



BEDOUIN CAMP.

and Ali seized all that remained of the traveller's property. Having examined the instruments, he was greatly astonished at the compass, and particularly at its always pointing to the Great Desert. Park, thinking it vain to attempt any scientific exposition, said that its direction was always to the place where his mother dwelt; whereupon Ali, struck with superstitious dread, desired it to be taken away.

Amid these insults, Park's sufferings were the more severe from the very scanty measure of food with which he was supplied. As the dry season advanced, water became scarce and precious, and only a very limited quantity was allowed to reach the infidel, who thus endured the pangs of the most tormenting thirst. On one occasion, a Moor, who was drawing water for his cows, yielded to Park's earnest entreaty that he might put the bucket to his mouth; then struck with sudden alarm at such a profanation of the vessel, seized it, and poured the liquid into the trough, desiring him to share with the cattle. Park overcame the risings of pride, plunged his head into the water, and enjoyed a delicious draught.

Ali, on April 30th, having occasion to move his quarters, came to Bubaka, the residence of his wife Fatima, and Park was introduced to that favourite princess. At first she shrunk back with horror at seeing before her a Christian; but, after putting various questions, began to find in him nothing so wholly different from the rest of mankind. She presented to him a bowl of milk, and continued to show him the only kindness he met with during that dreadful captivity. Ali had resolved to send an expedition to Jarra, of 200 Moorish horsemen to attack Daisy, and Park obtained permission to accompany him. Through the influence of Fatima he also received back his bundle of clothes and his horse.

On May 26th, accompanied by Johnson and his boy, Demba, he set out with a number of Moors on horseback, Ali having gone on before. On his way Ali's chief slave came up and told Demba that Ali was to be his master in future. Park in vain pleaded for the boy, but the slave only answered that if he did not mount his horse he would send him back likewise. Having shaken hands with the unfortunate boy, and assured him that he would do everything in his power to redeem him, Park saw him led off by three of Ali's slaves. Park was eager, if possible, to continue his journey, as he was very unwilling to return to England without accomplishing his mission. He therefore determined to escape on the first opportunity at all risks. This arrived sooner than he expected. On June 26th news was brought that Daisy would be at Jarra the next day. Hearing this the people began packing up their property and beating corn for their journey,

and early in the morning nearly half had set off—the women and children crying, the men looking sullen and dejected. Park was sure of being well treated, could he make himself known to Daisy, yet as he might be mistaken for a Moor in the confusion and killed as such, he thought it wisest to retreat with the rest of the townspeople.

While Park was out tending his horse in the fields on July 1st, Ali's chief slave and four Moors arrived at Queira, and Johnson, who suspected the object of their visit, sent two boys to overhear their conversation. From them he learnt that the Moors had come to convey Park back to Bubaka. This was a terrible blow to Park, who, now convinced that Ali intended to detain him for ever in captivity, determined, at all risks, to attempt making his escape. He communicated his design to Johnson, who, though he approved of it, showed no inclination to accompany him. Park therefore resolved to proceed by himself and to trust to his own resources. At night he got ready a bundle of clothes, consisting of two shirts and two pairs of trousers, with a cloak and a few other articles; but he had not a single bead to purchase food for himself or horse. At daybreak, Johnson came and told him that the Moors were asleep. Taking up his bundle, he stepped gently over the sleeping negroes, mounted his horse, and bade Johnson farewell, desiring him to take particular care of the papers, with which he had intrusted him, and to say that he had left him in good health, on his way to Bambarra. He rode on, when he heard somebody call behind him; and, in looking back, saw three Moors on horseback, galloping at full speed, and brandishing their weapons. To escape was vain. He stopped, and one of them, presenting his musket, told him that he must go back to Ali. He rode back with apparent unconcern, but he had not gone far when the Moors, stopping, ordered him to untie his bundle.

Having examined the articles, they found nothing worth taking except his cloak, and one of them, pulling it off, wrapt it about himself. It had served to protect him from the rain in the day and the dews at night, and was of the greatest value to him. He earnestly begged the robbers to return it, but his petition was unheeded. As he attempted to follow them to regain his cloak



one of the robbers struck his horse over the head, and, presenting his musket, ordered him to proceed no further. Finding that the sole object of the Moors had been to plunder him, he turned his horse's head towards the east, thankful to have escaped with his life.

As soon as he was out of sight of the robbers, he struck into the woods, and pushed on with all possible speed. He had at length regained his liberty, his limbs felt light, and even the desert looked pleasant. He recollected, however, that he had no means of procuring food, nor a prospect of finding water. He directed his course by compass in the hope of at length reaching some town or village in the kingdom of Bambarra. His thirst, in consequence of the burning heat of the sun, reflected with double violence from the sand, became intense. He climbed a tree in the hope of seeing some human habitation. Nothing appeared around but thick underwood and hillocks of white sand. At sunset he again climbed a tree, but the same sight met his eyes. Descending, after taking the saddle off his horse's back, he was suddenly seized with giddiness, and fell to the ground, believing that the hour of death was fast approaching. He recovered, however, just as the sun was sinking behind the trees, and now, summoning up all his resolution, he determined to make another effort to prolong his existence. He had gone on some distance further when he perceived some lightning in the north-east, a delightful sight, for it promised rain, and soon he heard the wind roaring among the bushes. Then down came a few heavy drops of rain, enabling him to quench his thirst by wringing and sucking his clothes. He travelled on during the night, which was intensely dark, till he perceived a light ahead. Cautiously approaching it, he heard the lowing of cattle and the tongues of the herdsmen.

Rather than run the risk of falling into their hands he retreated; but being dreadfully thirsty, began to search for the wells, which he expected to find at no great distance. While thus engaged he was perceived by a woman, who screamed out, when two people ran to her assistance from the neighbouring tents and passed close to him. Happily, he escaped from them, and, plunging again into the woods, after proceeding a mile, he heard the croaking of frogs, which was music to his ears. At daybreak he

reached some shallow pools full of large frogs, and having quenched his own thirst and that of his horse, he ascended a tree to ascertain the best course to take, when he observed a pillar of smoke about twelve miles off. Directing his course to it, he reached a Foulah village belonging to Ali. Hunger compelled him to enter it, but he was denied admittance to the house of the *dooty*, or chief magistrate, and could not obtain even a handful of corn. Reaching, however, a humble hut, at which an old motherly looking woman was spinning cotton, he made signs that he was hungry. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired him, in Arabic, to come in, setting before him a dish of *kous-kous*. In return he gave her one of his pocket-handkerchiefs, and asked for a little corn for his horse, which she readily brought him.

While his horse was feeding, the people collected round him, and from their conversation he discovered that they purposed seizing him and conveying him back to Ali. He therefore took his departure and struck into the woods, and was awakened by three Foulahs, who, taking him for a Moor, told him that it was time to pray.

Without answering them he saddled his horse and made his escape. The next day Park took shelter in the tent of a Foulah shepherd, who charitably gave him boiled corn and dates, although he was recognized as a Christian. He here purchased some corn in exchange for some brass buttons, and again took the road to Bambarra, which he resolved to follow for the night. Hearing some people approaching, he thought it prudent to hide himself in the thick brushwood, where he sat holding his horse by the nose to prevent him neighing, equally afraid of the natives without and the wild beasts within the forest, when the former took their departure, and he went on till past midnight, when the croaking of frogs induced him to turn off from the road that he and his steed might quench their thirst.

Having discovered an open plain, with a single tree in the midst of it, he lay down for the night; but was disturbed by the sound of wolves. On the morning of July 5th he reached Wawra, a small place surrounded by high walls, inhabited by a mixture of Mandingoes and Foulahs, chiefly employed in the cultivation of



corn. He was allowed to take his departure without molestation, and on the 6th reached the town of Dingyee. When he was about to depart the next morning, a man begged him to give him a lock of his hair, understanding that white men's hair made a *saphie*, or charm, which would bestow on the possessor all their knowledge. This he willingly promised to do, but the man's thirst for learning was such that he cropped nearly the whole of one side of his head, and would have done the same with the other, had not Park told him that he wished to reserve some of this precious merchandise for a future occasion. Having reached the town of Wassiboo, shortly after eight, fugitive Kaartan negroes, who had escaped from the tyrannical government of the Moors, arrived, on their road to offer their allegiance to the King of Bambarra. Park gladly accepted their invitation to accompany them on the road. At length, the near approach to Sego was indicated by the crowds encountered, hastening to its market, and on July 21st, as he and his fellow travellers were riding over some marshy ground, one of his companions called out, "See the water!" and, looking forward, he says:—

"I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission, the long-sought for majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the east. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my efforts with success." Sego, the capital of Bambarra—at which he now arrived—consists, properly speaking, of four distinct towns; two on the north, and two on the south bank of the Niger, on which floated numerous canoes. The place is surrounded by high mud walls. The houses are built of clay, of a square form, with flat roofs, some of them of two stories, and most of them whitewashed. Moorish mosques are seen in every quarter, and the streets, though narrow, are broad enough for every useful purpose in a country where street carriages are unknown. Sego contains about thirty thousand inhabitants.

While waiting to cross the river, a messenger arrived, informing him that the King could not possibly see him until he knew what had brought him into the country, and that he must not venture without

his majesty's permission. He was directed to pass the night in a distant village, but when he reached it no one would admit him. He was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without food in the shade of a tree. He fully expected to have to pass the night in the same place, but about sunset, after he had turned his horse loose, a woman, perceiving that he was weary and dejected, inquired into his situation. Casting looks of pity on him, she took up his saddle and told him to follow her.

Conducting him into her hut, she spread a mat upon the floor and signified that he might remain there for the night. Finding that he was very hungry, she boiled a fine fish for his supper. Having thus attended to the stranger, telling him that he might sleep in safety, she called her women around her, and desired them to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves the greater part of the night, lightening their labours by songs, some of which had reference to their white visitor. Before leaving, the following morning, Park presented his kind hostess with two of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat.

At the end of two days, a messenger arrived from Mansong with a bag in his hands. He told Park that it was his majesty's pleasure he should forthwith depart from the neighbourhood of Sego, but that the King, wishing to relieve a white man in distress, had sent him five thousand cowries.

From the conversation Park had with the guide, he ascertained that Mansong would willingly have seen him, but that he was apprehensive of being unable to protect him against the blind and inveterate malice of the Moorish inhabitants. His conduct, therefore, was at once prudent and liberal. He was the same evening conducted to a village about seven miles to the eastward, where he was well received. His guide told him that if Jenné was really the place of his destination, the journey was one of greater danger than he might suppose, for although that town was nominally a part of the King of Bambarra's dominions, it was, in fact, a city of the Moors, the chief part of the inhabitants being Bushreens, a fanatical Mahomedan sect. He heard too, that Timbuctoo, the great object of his search, was entirely in possession of that savage

and merciless people, who allowed no Christian to live there. He had, however, advanced too far to think of returning with uncertain information, and he determined to proceed.

Being provided with a guide, Park left the village on the morning of the 24th, travelling through a highly cultivated country, the scenery bearing a greater resemblance to that of England than he expected to find in the middle of Africa. The people were everywhere employed in collecting the fruit of the *shea* trees, from which they prepared vegetable butter. In the evening he reached the large town of Sansanding, the resort of numerous Moorish caravans from the shores of the Mediterranean. Scarcely had he arrived at the house of the chief magistrate than hundreds of people surrounded him, all speaking different dialects, several pretending that they had seen him before. One of them, a *shereef* from Suat, declared that if he refused to go to the mosque, he would carry him there. He had little doubt that the Moor would have put his threat into execution had not his host interposed on his behalf. The latter said, that, if he would let his guest alone for the night, in the morning he should be sent about his business. This somewhat appeased them, but even after he had retired to his hut the people climbed over the palings to look at him. At midnight, when the Moors had retired, Mamadi, his host, paid him a visit and earnestly desired him to write a *saphie* or charm, observing, "If a Moor's *saphie* is good, a white man's must needs be better." Park readily furnished him with one, which was in reality the Lord's Prayer, a reed serving for a pen, charcoal and gum-water for ink, and a thin board for paper.

Allowed to proceed, as he and his guide were crossing an open plain, with a few scattered bushes, the guide wheeled his horse round, calling loudly to him that a lion was at hand. Park's horse was unable to bear him away, so they rode slowly past the bush, and he, not seeing anything himself, thought the guide had been mistaken. Suddenly the Foulah put his hand to his mouth, exclaiming, "God preserve us!" To his surprise he then perceived a large red lion, his head crouched between his fore-paws. Park expected that the creature would instantly spring upon him, and instinctively pulled his foot from the stirrups to throw himself on

the ground, that his horse might become the victim rather than himself, but the lion quietly allowed the traveller to pass, though fairly within reach.

The next day his horse completely broke down, and the united strength of himself and his guide could not place the animal again upon his legs. He sat down for some time beside the worn-out associate of his adventures; but, finding him still unable to rise, he took off the saddle and bridle, and placed some grass before him. When he surveyed his poor steed as he lay panting on the ground, he could not suppress the sad apprehension that he should himself, in a short time, lie down and perish in the same manner from fatigue and hunger. With this foreboding he left his horse, and, with great reluctance, followed his guide on foot along the banks of the river, until he reached the small village of Kea, where he hired a boat, in which he was conveyed up the stream to Silla, a large town. Here, after much entreaty, the *dooty* allowed him to enter his own house, to avoid the rain; but the place was damp, and he had a smart attack of fever. Worn out by sickness, exhausted with hunger, and fatigued, half naked, without any article of value by which he could procure provisions, clothes or lodgings, he began to reflect seriously on his situation, and was convinced, by painful experience, that the obstacles to his further progress were insurmountable. Having formed this resolution, he forthwith began his return to the westward, and at length arrived at Modiboo. While conversing with the *dooty* of the place, he heard a horse neigh in one of the huts. The *dooty* inquired, with a smile, if he knew who was speaking to him, and presently, going out, led in the traveller's worn horse, greatly recruited by rest.

Though tolerably well treated at the villages where he stopped, he in vain endeavoured to obtain a guide. The rains were now falling, and the country, it was supposed, would soon be completely flooded. He heard that a report had been abroad that he had come to Bambarra as a spy, and that, as Mansong had not admitted him into his presence, the *dooties* of the different towns might treat him as they pleased. A little before sunset, on August 11th, he reached Sansanding. Here, even Mamadi, who had formerly been so kind to him, scarcely gave him a welcome, and everyone

seemed to shun him. Mamadi, however, came privately to him in the evening, and told him that Mansong had dispatched a canoe to bring him back, and advised him to set off from Sansanding before daybreak, cautioning him not to stop at any town near Sego.

He therefore resumed his journey, and, quitting the road, struck off through fields and swamps. He intended to swim across the Niger, thence push on towards the Gold Coast, and afterwards pursue his course westward along the river, and thus ascertain its precise line. He had now nothing to subsist on, except what charity bestowed, which was only an occasional handful of raw corn. There was also the greatest difficulty in finding a way through the swampy and inundated ground. Once his horse and he sunk together to the neck in mud, and came out so completely besmeared, that they were compared by the natives to two dirty elephants. At another time, when he had stripped, and was leading his horse through a river that took him up to the neck, a friendly African called out that he would perish if he went on, and undertook to procure a canoe; but when he came out, and his white skin was distinctly seen, the stranger put his hand to his mouth, exclaiming, in a low tone of amazement, "God preserve me! What is this?" He continued his kindness, however, and when Park was shut out from every house, and obliged to sleep under a tree, brought him some supper.

At the village of Sooha, he in vain endeavoured to procure some corn from the *dooty*, who was sitting by the gate. While Park was speaking to the old man, he called to a slave to bring his paddle along with him, and when he brought it, told him to dig a hole in the ground, pointing to a spot at no great distance.

While the slave was thus engaged, the *dooty* kept muttering the words—"Good-for-nothing! A real plague!" These expressions, coupled with the appearance of the pit the lad had dug, which looked much like a grave, made Park think it prudent to decamp. He had just mounted his horse when the slave who had gone into the village returned, dragging the corpse of a boy by a leg and arm, which he threw into the pit with savage indifference, and at once began to cover it up with earth.

The only hearty meal he obtained for many days was from a

Moslem convert, who desired him to write a *saphie*, saying that he would dress him a supper of rice if he would produce one to protect him from wicked men. Park therefore covered the board on both sides, when his landlord, wishing to have the full force of his charm, washed the writing from the board into a calabash with a little water, and, having said a few prayers over it, drank the whole draught, after which, lest a single word should escape, he licked the board till it was quite dry. The *dooty* of the place next sent to have a *saphie* written—a charm to procure wealth. So highly satisfied was he with his bargain that he presented the traveller with some meal and milk and promised him in the morning some more milk for his breakfast. When Park had finished his supper of rice and salt, he lay down in a bullock's hide and slept quietly until morning, this being the first good meal and refreshing sleep he had enjoyed for a long time. After leaving this place, having been misdirected as to his road, he reached a deep creek. Rather than turn back he went behind his horse and pushed him headlong into the water, then taking the bridle in his teeth, he swam to the other side. This was the third creek he had crossed in this manner since he had left Sego. His clothes were indeed constantly wet from the rain and dew, and the roads being very deep and full of mud, such a washing was sometimes pleasant.

At Bammakoo he was received into the house of a negro merchant, of whom there are many wealthy ones in the place, trading chiefly in salt. He was feasted also by a number of Moors, who spoke good Mandingo, and were more civil to him than their countrymen had been before. One of them had travelled to Rio Grande, and spoke highly of the Christians. From this man he received a present of boiled rice and milk. He also met a slave merchant who had resided some years on the Gambia, who informed him about the places which lay in his intended course to the westward. He was told that the road was impassable at this season of the year, and that there was a rapid river to cross. Having, however, no money to maintain himself, Park determined at all risks to push on; and, obtaining the services of a singing man, who said he knew the road over the hills, he set off the next day.

His musical conductor lost the right path, and, when among the hills, leaping to the top of a rock, as if to look out for the road, suddenly disappeared. Park managed, however, just before sunset, to reach the romantic village of Koomah, the sole property of a Mandingo merchant, and surrounded by a high wall. Though seldom visited by strangers, whenever the weary traveller did come to his residence, the merchant made him welcome. Park was soon surrounded by the harmless villagers, who had numberless questions to ask, and in return for the information he gave them, brought corn and milk for himself and grass for his horse, and kindled a fire in the hut where he was to sleep.

Accompanied by two shepherds as guides, he set out the next day from Koomah. The shepherds walked on ahead, troubling themselves but little about him. As he was riding along, his companions being about a quarter of a mile before him, he heard a loud screaming, as from a person in great distress. Supposing that a lion had taken off one of the shepherds, he hurried on to ascertain what had happened. The noise had ceased, and in a short time he perceived one of the men lying among the long grass near the road, and concluded that he was dead; but when he came close to him, the shepherd whispered to him to stop, telling him that a party of armed men had seized upon his companion, and shot two arrows at him. While considering what to do, he saw, at a little distance, a man sitting upon the stump of a tree, and also the heads of six or seven more, who were crouching down among the grass, with muskets in their hands. It being impossible to escape, he rode forward towards them, hoping that they were elephant hunters. By way of opening the conversation, he inquired if they had shot anything; but, in answer, one of them ordered him to dismount, and then, as if recollecting himself, waved with his hand as a sign that Park might proceed. He had ridden some way when they shouted to him again to stop, and told him that the King of the Foulahs had sent them to carry him to Foulah. Without hesitating, Park turned and followed them. They had reached a dark part of the wood, when one of them observed, in the Mandingo language, "This place will do," and immediately snatched his hat from his head.

Feeling that resistance was useless, he allowed them to proceed till they had stripped him quite naked. While they were sharing their plunder, Park begged them to return his pocket compass; but, on his pointing to it as it lay on the ground, one of the banditti cocked his musket, swearing that he would shoot him if he presumed to take it. After this some of them went away with his horse, but they returned the worst of his two shirts and a pair of trousers; one of them also threw back his hat, in the crown of which he kept his memorandums.

Here he was in the midst of a vast wilderness in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, and surrounded by savage animals and men still more savage, five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. His spirits began to fail, but he reflected that no human prudence could possibly have averted his present sufferings, and that, though a stranger in a strange land, he was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call Himself the stranger's friend. At this moment the extreme beauty of a small moss in fructification caught his eye. Though the whole plant was not much larger than the top of one of his fingers, he could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves and capsules without admiration.

"Can that Being," he thought, "who brought this plant to perfection, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not!"

He started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand. In a short time he overtook the two shepherds who had come with him from Koomah. They were greatly surprised to see him, showing that they never doubted that the Foulahs had murdered him. In their company he arrived at Sibidooloo, the chief of which received him kindly; and when Park related how he had been robbed of his horse and apparel, he observed, with an indignant air, "Sit down; you shall have everything restored to you—I have sworn it!" He at once gave directions to his people to search for the robbers.

Park was conducted into a hut, where he was provided with food, and a crowd of people assembled, all of whom commiserated his misfortunes and vented imprecations against the Foulahs. As there



was a great scarcity of provisions in the place, Park, after spending two days there, took his departure for Wanda. The head man of the place, who was a Mahomedan, acted not only as chief magistrate, but as schoolmaster. Park spent some days here, suffering from fever. At length two people arrived from Sibidooloo, bringing his horse and clothes; but his pocket compass, greatly to his vexation, was broken to pieces. Every day he observed several women come to the house to receive a certain quantity of corn, and asked for an explanation. "Look at that boy," said his host, pointing to a fine child about five years of age. "His mother has sold him to me for fifty days' provisions for herself and the rest of her family. I have bought another boy in the same manner."

Sick as he was, Park thought it necessary to take his leave of his hospitable landlord, to whom he presented his horse as the only recompense he could make, desiring him to send his saddle and bridle as a present to his friend at Sibidooloo. As he was about to set out, his host begged him to accept his spear as a token of remembrance, and a leathern bag to contain his clothes. Although the people were suffering great distress from the failure of the crops, he was in general, most hospitably treated.

On September 16th, he reached the town of Kamalia, where he was conducted to the house of a negro, Kafa Taura, who was collecting a caravan of slaves to convey to the European settlements on the Gambia, as soon as the rains should be over. Kafa was reading from an Arabic book, and inquired if his guest understood it. On being answered in the negative, he sent for a curious little book which had come from the West Country. It proved to be a book of Common Prayer, and Kafa expressed great joy on hearing that his guest could read it, and kindly promised him every assistance in his power. Park was here completely laid up by fever, and passed five weeks in gloomy isolation, seldom visited by anyone except his benevolent landlord, who came daily to inquire after his health. The fever left him in so debilitated a condition, that it was with difficulty he could crawl with his mat to the shade of a tamarind tree, at a short distance, there to enjoy the refreshing smell of the corn-fields.

The long-wished for day of the departure of the caravan, April 19th, at length arrived, and the irons being removed from the slaves, everyone had his load assigned to him. Kafa had twenty-seven slaves for sale, but eight others afterwards joined them. The schoolmaster, who was on his return to Woradoo, the place of his nativity, took with him eight of his scholars. Altogether the caravan numbered seventy-three persons. On arriving at the top of a hill, from whence they had a view of the town, they were all ordered to sit down, when the schoolmaster pronounced a solemn prayer, after which they walked three times round the caravan, making impressions in the ground with the end of their spears and muttering something by way of a charm. When this ceremony was ended, all the people sprang up, and, without taking a formal farewell of their friends, set forward.

The most formidable part of the journey was through the Jallonka wilderness. The country was very beautiful, and abounded with birds and deer, but so anxious were they to push on, that they made fully thirty miles that day. One of the poor female slaves began to lag behind, and, complaining dreadfully of pains in her legs, her load was taken from her and given to another. On her refusing to proceed further, she was cruelly beaten with a whip, when suddenly starting up, she walked for four or five hours; she then made an attempt to run away, but, from weakness, fell to the ground. Though unable to rise, the whip was a second time applied, when Kafa ordered that she should be placed on an ass. Unable to sit on it, she was carried afterwards on a litter by two slaves. Next day she was again placed on an ass, but, unable to hold herself on, frequently fell to the ground, and was left on the road, where probably she was devoured by wild beasts. Such is one example of the cruel treatment received by the unhappy slaves.

The old schoolmaster, however, was so affected, that he fasted the whole of the ensuing day. Receiving information that 200 Jallonkas were lying in wait to plunder them, they altered their course, and travelled until midnight, when they entered the town of Koba. The next place they reached was the birthplace of the schoolmaster, whose brothers came out to meet him. They were

now in the country of friends, and were well received at each of the towns they entered. Park, however, witnessed numerous instances of the sad effects of the slave trade. A singing man, the master of one of the slaves who had travelled for some time with great difficulty, and was found unable to proceed further, proposed to exchange him for a young slave girl belonging to one of the townspeople. The poor girl was ignorant of her fate until the bundles were all laid up in the morning, and the caravan ready to depart, when, coming with some of the other young women to see it set out, her master took her by the hand and delivered her to the singing man. Never was a face of serenity more suddenly changed into one of the deepest distress; the terror she manifested on having the load put on her head and the rope round her neck, and the sorrow with which she bid adieu to her companions, were truly affecting.

At length, on June 10th, 1797, Pisania was reached, and Park was warmly welcomed as one risen from the dead by his friends, who had heard that the Moors had murdered him as they had murdered Major Houghton. He learned with great sorrow that neither of his two attendants, Johnson and Demba, had returned, and that nothing was known of them.

Park gave double the amount he had promised to Kafa, and sent a present also to the good old schoolmaster. Kafa's astonishment at the various articles of furniture in the house was very great; but it was still greater when he saw Mr. Ainsley's schooner lying in the river. He could not conceive how so large a body could be moved by the wind, and was heard to exclaim, with a sigh: "Ah! black men are nothing."

Park waited at Pisania some time, and finding no vessel likely to sail direct for England, he took his passage on board a slave vessel, bound for South Carolina. She, however, through stress of weather, put into Antigua, and from thence he sailed in an English packet, and arrived at Falmouth on December 22nd, having been absent from England about two years and seven months.

Park published the narrative of his journey, early in 1799, and besides the interest attaching to his adventures, the style of the work

was so attractive, that it speedily became very popular. Soon after his return to England, Park married the daughter of Mr. Anderson, with whom he had served his apprenticeship as a surgeon, and resided a couple of years with his mother and one of his brothers, on the farm that his father had occupied at Fowlshiels, in Scotland.

After this he practised his profession for some time in Peebles. But this sort of life not satisfying his ardent temperament, in October, 1801, he gladly accepted an invitation made by the Government, to undertake an expedition, on a large scale, into the interior of Africa. But, owing to a change of Ministry, and the war with France, it was not until 1804, that Lord Camden, the Colonial Secretary, authorized him to make arrangements for the journey.

It was finally determined that the expedition should consist of Park himself, his brother-in-law (Mr. Anderson), and Mr. George Scott, draughtsman, together with four artificers, who, on his arrival at Sego, were to build two boats, in which he purposed to sail down the Niger to the estuary of the Congo, with which he considered it was identical. Park sailed from Portsmouth in the *Crescent*, transport, on January 30th, 1805, and after touching at the Cape de Verde Islands, reached Goree on March 28th. Here he selected thirty-five soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Martyn, of the Royal Artillery, as well as two sailors from the *Squirrel*, frigate.

On arriving at the Gambia, the party, full of hope and in high spirits, pushed on to Pisania. So many delays had occurred that the rainy season was already approaching, and it would have been more prudent had the expedition remained here till the country had become again suitable for travelling. It was just possible, however, that they might reach the Niger before the middle of June, when the rainy season usually commences, and that river could then have been navigated without much exposure or toil. So eager, however, was Mr. Park to proceed, that he disregarded the warnings of his friends, and on May 4th, all being ready, the caravan set forth from Pisania, whence nearly ten years before Park had commenced his adventurous journey into the interior.

The arrangements for the march were well devised. The animals as well as their loads, were marked and numbered with red paint, and a certain number allotted to the care of each of the six messes into which the soldiers were divided. Mr. Scott and Isaaco, the guide, a travelling merchant, generally led, Lieutenant Martyn marched in the centre, and Anderson brought up the rear.

All their forethought, however, could not guard them against the deadly attacks of the climate. The asses from the first gave them a great deal of trouble—many, from being overloaded, lying down in the road, while others kicked off their bundles—so that the caravan made but slow progress.

They had not gone far when two of the soldiers died, and, a few days afterwards, another expired.

While halting at a creek, the asses being unloaded, some of the men went in search of honey. Unfortunately they disturbed a large swarm of bees, which, rushing out, attacked both men and beasts. The asses, being loose, galloped off, and were recovered with difficulty, and the horses and people were fearfully stung.

Several of the soldiers now fell sick, and were mounted on the horses and spare asses. On June 16th, the good old school-master, Park's former friend, arrived just as the baggage had started, having travelled all night to visit him. At this time three of the party became too ill to proceed, and were left at a village in charge of the chief magistrate, to whom Park gave beads to purchase provisions for them should they live, and to bury them if they died. A few days later one of the carpenters was also left behind at his own request. A soldier lost his way in the woods, while looking for an ass which had strayed, and in the search another sick man, who had laid himself down among the bushes, was found. He died soon after being taken up, and Park with his sword, and two of his soldiers with their bayonets, dug his grave in the Desert, covering it over with a few branches. Thus, one by one, in rapid succession, Park's companions, attacked by fever, either sank on the road or were left behind, too probably to perish. On June 30th both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Scott were attacked by the fever.

One night, while encamped during a violent tornado, when it was necessary to put out the watch-fires, the lions attempted to seize one of the asses, which so alarmed the rest that they broke the ropes and came full gallop in amongst the tents. Two of the lions followed so close that the sentry cut one with his sword, but dared not fire for fear of killing the asses.

Both Anderson and Scott became worse, but Park urged them to proceed. A seaman, who had become so weak that he was unable to sit his horse, entreated to be left in the woods till the morning. Park gave him a loaded pistol and some cartridges with which to protect himself.

The next day, July 4th, the river Wanda, which they reached, was found to be greatly swollen. There was but one canoe, in which the baggage was carried over, and Isaaco endeavoured to make the asses cross by swimming and pushing them before him. While thus employed, just as he reached the middle of the stream, a crocodile suddenly rose, and, seizing him by the left thigh, pulled him under water. With wonderful presence of mind he thrust his finger into the creature's eye; on which it quitted its hold, and Isaaco attempted to reach the further shore, calling out for a knife. The crocodile returned and seized him by the other thigh, and again pulled him under water. He had recourse to the same expedient, and thrust his finger into its eyes with such violence that it again quitted him, and, when it rose, after struggling about, swam down the stream. Isaaco reached the other side, and as soon as the canoe returned, Park went over, and, after dressing his wounds with adhesive plaster, had him carried to the nearest village.

Park here became very ill and unable to stand erect, while all the people were so sickly that they could with difficulty carry the loads into the tents. Greatly to their astonishment, the sailor left in the woods arrived, with his fever much abated, but quite naked, having been stripped of his clothes by some natives during the night.

Isaaco, under Park's care, rapidly recovered; and on July 10th they were able once more to travel forward. They were now exposed to the thieving propensities of the natives, among the chief

robbers being the sons of a chief whose town they reached on the 12th. As Park was looking out for an easy ascent over some rocky ground, two of these young men approached, and one snatched his musket from his hand and ran off with it. Park instantly sprang from his saddle and followed the robber, with his sword, but the thief made his escape, and on his return, he found that the other had stolen his great coat. An elder brother, who had been engaged as a guide, told him that after what had happened he would be justified in shooting the first who attempted to steal from the loads. The soldiers were accordingly ordered to load their muskets and be ready. Soon afterwards a man made a dash at one of the asses which had strayed a little from the rest, took off the load, and began to cut it open with his knife. The soldiers fired, but he made his escape, leaving the load behind him. Another seized a soldier's knapsack and attempted to make off with it, when the soldier covered him with his piece, but it flashed in the pan, and the robber escaped. Another thief, however, who had attempted to carry off a great coat from an ass driven by one of the sick men, was wounded, and the chief's son insisted that he should be killed.

In this way, day after day, they were attacked, and they had little doubt that one of the sick men who had fallen behind had been robbed and murdered by these people. On reaching a deep stream the Mandingoes built a bridge to enable them to cross. Another of the soldiers here lay down and expired, and, as the sun was very hot, it was impossible to stop and bury him. As he was riding on, Park found Mr. Scott lying by the side of the path, too sick to walk, and, shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Martyn lay down in the same state.

Pushing on to the town of Mareena, Park sent back a party to bring in his sick companions. Hence they proceeded to Bangassi, six miles distant, where a corporal died, and several soldiers, and one of the carpenters insisted on being left behind. Park handed to the headman's son a quantity of amber and other articles of trade, that the poor men might be taken care of.

Troubles now thickened, as the party melted away under the deadly influence of the African climate. Mr. Scott, who rode

a horse, continued very ill, and the soldiers were so weak that, when the loads fell off the asses, they were unable to lift them on again. The caravan was also followed by wolves, who prowled round them during the night, showing too plainly what would be the fate of any of the sick men who dropped behind. Provisions, also, became scarce, and thieves dogged their footsteps, taking every opportunity of robbing them.

On August 10th, as Park, who was bringing up the rear, reached a stream, he found many of the soldiers sitting on the ground, and Mr. Anderson lying under a bush, apparently dying. He took his brother-in-law on his back, and carried him across the stream, though it took him up to his middle. He had then to carry other loads, and get the animals over, having thus to cross sixteen times. He then put Mr. Anderson on his horse and conveyed him to the next village, where, however, a solitary fowl was the only food he could obtain.

During the last two marches four more men had been lost, and, though Mr. Scott was somewhat recovered, Mr. Anderson was in a very dangerous state. He struggled on, however, for another day, when he declared that he could ride no further. Park, having turned the horses and asses to feed, sat down in the shade to watch his sick friend. In the evening, there being a fine breeze, Mr. Anderson agreed to make another attempt to move on, in the hopes of reaching a town before dark. Coming to an opening in the bushes, three enormous lions, of a dusky colour, were seen bounding over the long grass, abreast of each other, towards them. Park advanced, and shot at the centre one, when the animals stopped, and bounded away. The lions, however, followed him; but Mr. Anderson having a boatswain's call, Park took it and whistled, and made as much noise as possible, so that they did not again molest him.

Notwithstanding Mr. Anderson's reduced condition, he insisted on travelling. He was accordingly placed in a hammock, made out of a cloak, carried by two men. Mr. Scott, however, complaining of sickness, shortly afterwards dropped behind.

On entering Doomblia during heavy rain, greatly to his satisfaction Park met Kafa Taura, the worthy negro merchant who



had been so kind to him on his former journey, and had come a considerable distance to see him.

From hence he sent back to inquire for Mr. Scott, but no information could be obtained about him.

On August 19th, the sad remnant of the expedition ascended the mountainous ridge which separates the Niger from the remote branches of the Senegal. Mr. Park hastened on ahead, and, coming to the brow of the hill, once more saw the mighty river making its way in a broad stream through the plain. Descending from thence towards Bambakoo, the travellers pitched their tents under a tree near that town.

Of the thirty-four soldiers and four carpenters who left the Gambia, only six soldiers and one carpenter reached the Niger, three having died during the previous day's march. All were suffering from sickness, and some nearly at the last extremity.

As the only canoe Park could obtain would carry but two persons besides their goods, he and Mr. Anderson embarked in it, leaving Mr. Martyn and the men to come down by land with the asses. He himself was suffering greatly from dysentery. In the evening they landed on some flat rocks near the shore, and were cooking their supper, when the rain came down, and continued with great violence all night. The next day Mr. Martyn and the rest of the people overtook them.

On the following day, Isaaco, having performed the task he had undertaken, of guiding them to the Niger, received the payment agreed on, and Park also gave him several articles.

At Samee, Park sent Isaaco to Mansong, with part of the presents and to ask for his protection, but Isaaco himself arrived in a canoe from Sego, bringing back all the articles sent to Mansong, who had directed that they should be taken up to Samee, and that he would send a person to receive them from Park's own hands.

On September 22nd, the chief counsellor of Mansong, and four grandees arrived by a canoe, and desired Park to acquaint them with the motives which had induced him to come into their country. Park explained them, telling them it was his wish to sail down the Joliba, or Niger, to the place where it mixes with the salt water, and that if the navigation was found open, the

white men would send up vessels to trade at Sego, should Mansong wish it. The Envoy replied that the object of the journey was a good one, and prayed that God would prosper it, adding, "Mansong will protect you." The presents intended for the King were then spread out, and appeared to give great satisfaction.

Two more soldiers died that evening. On the 26th the expedition, in canoes, left Samee. Park felt, on October 2nd, very unwell, and the heat was intense. Two other privates died, the body of one of whom the wolves carried off, the door of the hut having been left open.

Wishing to obtain cowries, Park opened a market to dispose of his goods, and so great was the demand for them that he had to employ three tellers at once to count his cash. In one day he turned 25,756 pieces of this species of money. The sad news now reached him of Mr. Scott's death, and on October 28th, his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson, breathed his last. "No event," Park remarks, "which took place during the journey ever threw the smallest gloom over my mind, till I laid Mr. Anderson in the grave. I then felt myself left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa."

Some days before this, Isacco had returned with a large canoe, much decayed and patched. Park, therefore, with the assistance of one of the surviving soldiers, took out all the rotten pieces, and, by adding on portions of another canoe, with eighteen days' hard labour, they changed the Bambarra canoe into his Majesty's schooner *Joliba*. Her length was forty feet, breadth six feet; and, being flat-bottomed, she drew only one foot of water when loaded. In this craft he and his surviving companions embarked on November 17th, on which day his journal closes. He had intended on the following morning to commence his adventurous voyage down the *Joliba*. Besides Park and Lieutenant Martyn, two Europeans only survived. They had purchased three slaves to assist in the navigation of the vessel, and Isaaco had engaged one to succeed him as interpreter.

Descending the stream, they passed Silla and Jenné without molestation; but lower down, in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo they were followed by armed canoes, which they beat off, killing

several of the natives. They had, indeed, to fight their way down past a number of places, once striking on the rocks, and being nearly capsized by a hippopotamus which rose near them. Having a large stock of provisions, they were able to proceed without going on shore. The interpreter was the only person who landed in order to get fresh provisions. At Yaour, Park sent a present to the King by one of the chiefs, but, the latter inquiring whether he intended to return, Park replied that he had no purpose of doing so. This induced the chief to withhold the presents from the King, who, indignant at being thus treated, put the interpreter into irons, took all his goods from him, and sent a force to occupy a rock overhanging the river where it narrows greatly. On arriving at this place, Park endeavoured to pass through, when the people began to throw lances and stones at him. He and his companions defended themselves for a long time, till two of his slaves in the stern of the boat were killed.

Finding no hope of escape, Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water, and Martyn did the same, hoping to reach the shore, but all were drowned in the attempt. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing their weapons, entreated them to stop. On this they took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King. The interpreter after being kept in irons for three months, was liberated and on finding the slave who had been taken in the canoe, learned from him the manner in which Mr. Park and his companions had perished. The only article left in the canoe had been a sword-belt, which was afterwards obtained from Isaaco, who was despatched to learn particulars of the tragedy.

Park could not have been aware of the numerous rapids and other difficulties he would have to encounter in descending the upper courses of the Niger. In all probability his frail and ill-constructed vessel would have been wrecked before he had proceeded many miles below the spot where he lost his life. Had he, however, succeeded in passing that dangerous part, he might have navigated the mighty stream to its mouth.

Although at first the account of Park's death was not believed in England, subsequent inquiries left no doubt that all the

statements were substantially correct. Thus perished, in the prime of life, that heroic traveller, at the very time when he had good reason to believe that he was about to solve the problem of the Niger's course, and to dispel the belief that it was identical with the Congo.



## CHAPTER IV.

### TRAVELS OF MAJOR DENHAM AND LIEUTENANT CLAPPERTON, R.N.

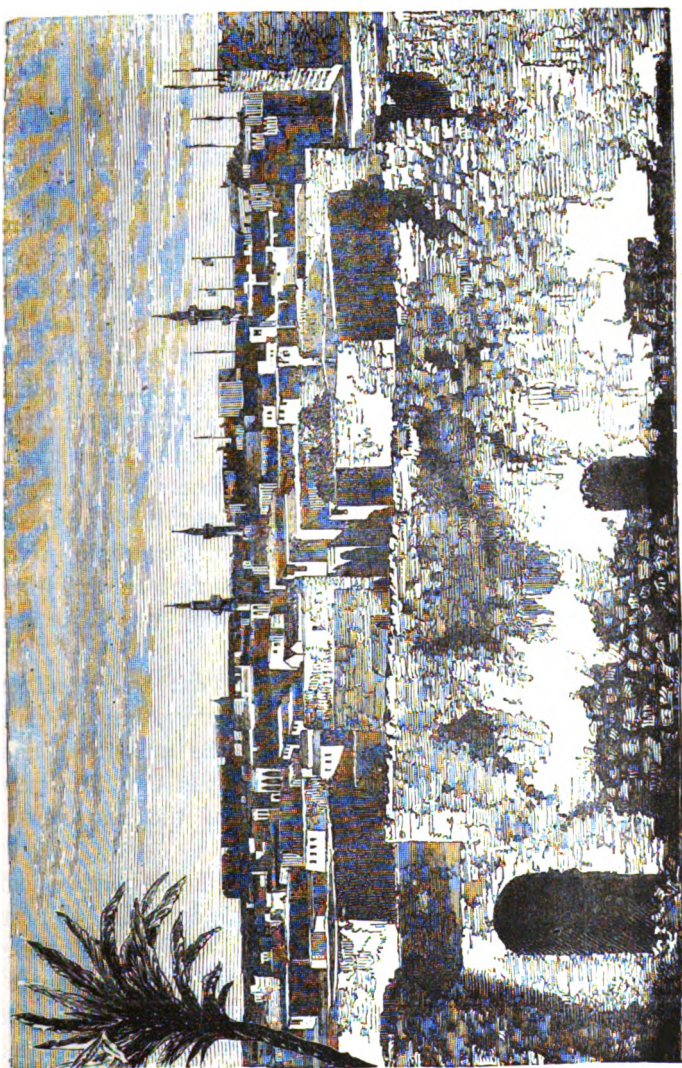
Various Expeditions promoted by the African Association—Denham and Clapperton leave Tripoli—Journey across the Desert—Ill-treatment of the Natives by the Arabs—Denham visits Lake Tchad—The Kingdom of Bornou—Reception by the Sheikh at Kouka—Visit to the interior of Birnie—Denham participates in a Military Expedition—Narrow escape from death—Further adventures of Denham and Clapperton—Denham's visit to Begharmi—Clapperton's journey to the Soudan—Visit to Jackatoo—Return of Denham and Clapperton to Tripoli—Clapperton's second journey with Lander and others—He visits the scene of Mungo Park's death—Death of Clapperton—Return of Lander to England.

**B**ETWEEN Park's two expeditions, several travellers endeavoured to solve some of the many problems connected with the geography of Africa.

The first person sent out by the African Association was a young German, Frederick Horneman, in the character of an Arab merchant. He travelled from Alexandria to Cairo, where he was imprisoned by the natives on the news arriving of Bonaparte's landing in the country. He was, however, liberated by the French, and set out on September 5th, 1798, with a caravan destined for Fezzan. He reached Mourzouk in safety, and there endeavoured to gain information about the states to the south of Timbuctoo. He remained here for a considerable time, and then visited Tripoli, after which he returned to Mourzouk, and started thence in April, 1800. From that time no information was received directly from him; but Major Denham, many years afterwards, learned that he had penetrated as far as Nyffe, on the Niger, where he fell a victim to disease.

Another German, Roentgen, also sent out by the Association in 1809, started from Mogadore, and, it is supposed, was murdered by his guides.

Two Americans, one a seaman, named Adams, and the other a



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supercargo, James, having been wrecked on the west coast at different periods, travelled for a considerable distance through the north-west portion of the continent. Adams was carried to Timbuctoo, where he remained six months in 1810. The city had lately been conquered by the King of Bambarra, who had established there a negro government. Even the largest houses were little more than huts. Adams was ultimately liberated by the British consul at Mogadore.

Riley, who was wrecked in 1815, was carried as a slave through the Country. From a caravan merchant, Sidi Hamet, who purchased him from his first captors, he obtained much information about the country. From the accounts he received, it appears at that time that Timbuctoo was larger and better built than Adams described it. Sidi Hamet also travelled a considerable distance down the banks of the Niger, which, though at first running due east, afterwards turned to the south-east. Travelling sixty days, he reached Wassanah, whence, he heard, boats, with cargoes of slaves, sailed two months in a southerly direction down the river, till they came to the sea, where they met white people in vessels armed with guns. This was the most correct account hitherto received of the course of the Niger. Riley was also rescued by the English consul at Mogadore.

In 1816, the English Government sent out an expedition to proceed up the Congo, under Captain Tuckey, but he and his followers fell victims to the climate. At the same time another expedition had started, under Major Peddie and Captain Campbell, but they both, with Lieutenant Stokoe, of the navy, died the following year.

In 1821, Major Laing, starting from Sierra Leone, made a journey in search of the course of the Niger, but was compelled to return.

Owing to the judicious conduct of Mr. Warrington, the British Consul at Tripoli, the English were held in high estimation at that court, and the Pasha, who was looked upon by the wild tribes of the south as the most potent of all monarchs, assured him that any of his countrymen could travel with perfect safety from his territories to Bornou. The Government, therefore, considering circumstances so favourable, organized a fresh expedition, headed

by Lieutenant Clapperton and Dr. Oudney, of the navy. Major Denham having volunteered his services, they were accepted, and he joined his intended companions at Tripoli. He was accompanied by Mr. Hillman, a shipwright, who undertook to direct the building of a vessel on the Niger.

On reaching Mourzouk they were disappointed in their expectations of receiving assistance from the Sultan, who declared that it was impossible to obtain either camels or horses before the next spring, to enable them to proceed. Finding this, Major Denham determined to return to Tripoli, to represent to the Pasha that something besides mere promises must be given him. Leaving his companions behind, he reached that town on June 12th, but the Pasha showing little inclination to render assistance, he at once started for England, to represent the state of affairs to the Government. He was, however, overtaken at Marseilles by a messenger from the Pasha, entreating him to return and assuring him that he had appointed a well known caravan leader, Boo-Khaloum, with an escort to convoy him to Bornou.

On his return to Africa, Major Denham found Boo-Khaloum and part of the escort already waiting for him at the entrance of the Desert. His new friend and guide delighted in pomp and show, and united the character of a warlike chief and trader, his followers being trained not only to fight in defence of his property, but to attack towns, and carry off the hapless inhabitants as slaves. Yet Boo-Khaloum was superior to most of his age; he possessed an enlarged and liberal mind, and was considered an honourable and humane man, while so great was his generosity that he was adored by his people.

On October 30th the caravan entered Mourzouk with all the parade and pomp they could muster. Boo-Khaloum's liberality had made him so popular, that a large portion of the inhabitants of the town came out to welcome him. Major Denham was greatly disappointed at not seeing his friends among the crowd. He found that Dr. Oudney was suffering from a complaint in his chest, and that Lieutenant Clapperton was confined to his bed.

The arrangements for starting were not completed until November 29th. In the meantime, the other members of the expedi-



tion had somewhat recovered. Major Denham had engaged a native of the Island of St. Vincent, who, having traversed half the world over, called himself Columbus. He spoke Arabic perfectly, and



CROSSING THE DESERT.

three European languages. Three negroes were also hired, and a Gibraltar Jew, Jacob, who acted as store-keeper. These, with four men to look after their camels, Mr. Hillman and themselves, made

up their household to thirteen persons. Several merchants also joined their party, and the caravan comprised 110 Arabs.

The Arabs in the service of the Pasha, who were to escort them to Bornou, behaved admirably, and enlivened them greatly on their dreary Desert road by their wit and sagacity, as well as by their poetry, extemporary and traditional.

The camels and tents having been sent on before, the party started on horseback on the evening of the day mentioned. Dr. Oudney was suffering from his cough, and neither Clapperton nor Hillman had got over their ague, a bad condition in which to commence their arduous journey.

The heat when crossing the Desert was great; but the nights were beautiful, gentle breezes cooling the air. By digging a few inches into the hot, loose soil, a cool and soft bed was obtained. Through wide districts the surface was covered with salt, and from the sides of hollows, where it was broken, hung beautiful crystals, like the finest frost-work.

Soon they passed the skeletons of those who had perished in attempting to cross the wilderness. At first only one or two were seen, but afterwards as many as fifty or sixty were passed in a day. At one place a hundred were found together, and near the wells of El Hammar they lay thickly. One morning as Denham, dozing on his horse, was riding, he was startled by a peculiar sound as of something crashing under the animal's feet, and, on looking down, he found that he was trampling over two human skeletons, one of the horse's feet having driven a skull before him like a ball. To some of the bones portions of the flesh and hair still adhered, and the features of others were distinguishable. Two skeletons of females lay close together, who had evidently died in each other's arms.

The Arabs, accustomed to such scenes, laughed at the sympathy exhibited by the English, observing, with a curse on their fathers, that they were only blacks. There can be no doubt that the large group consisted of a number of slaves captured by the Sultan of Fezzan during a late expedition he had made into the Soudan. His troops, having left Bornou, with an insufficient supply of provisions, allowed their unhappy captives to perish, while they made

their escape with the food intended to support them. One beautiful moonlight evening Denham exhibited his telescope. An old Hadji, after he had helped to fix the glass on the moon, uttering an exclamation of wonder, walked off as fast as he could, repeating words from the Koran. Few adventures were met with; but one whole day the wind and drifting sand were so violent that they were compelled to keep their tents.

The Arabs, who were sent as an escort to oppose banditti, after a time became dissatisfied at having nothing to do, and were evidently contemplating inroads on the inhabitants. Denham, with Boo-Khaloum and a dozen horsemen, each having a footman behind him, started off towards a spot where some tents of the Tibboo had been seen. On their arrival they found that the shepherds had moved off, knowing well how they would be treated by the white people, as they called the Arabs. Their caution was made the excuse for plundering them. "What! not stay to sell their sheep? the rogues!" exclaimed the Arabs.

After a time they came in sight of two hundred head of cattle, and about twenty persons—men, women, and children—with camels, moving off. The Arabs, slipping from behind their leaders, with a shout, rushed down the hill, part running towards the cattle to prevent their escape. The unfortunate people were rapidly plundered, the camels were brought to the ground and the whole of their loads rifled. The poor women and girls lifted up their hands, stripped as they were to the skin, but Denham felt that he could do nothing for them beyond saving their lives.

When Boo-Khaloum came up, however, he seemed ashamed of the paltry booty his followers had obtained, and Denham seized the favourable moment to advise that the Arabs should give everything back, and have a few sheep and an ox for a feast. He gave the order, and the property was restored with the exception of ten sheep and a fat bullock.

An old *maraboot* assured Denham that to plunder those who left their tents, instead of supplying travellers, was quite lawful. Too often the natives are not only plundered, but murdered, by the armed attendants of caravans as they make their way across the Desert. The natives, as may be supposed, retaliate. Should any

animal straggle from the main body, it is certain to be carried off. Major Denham thus lost a favourite dog.



TUABICKS AND TIBBOOS.

On reaching Lara, a small town of conical-topped rush huts, to the delight of the travellers they saw before them, from a rising ground, the boundless expanse of Lake Tchad, glowing with the golden rays of the sun. They hastened down to the shores of this

large inland sea, which was darkened with numberless birds of varied plumage—ducks, geese, pelicans, and cranes four or five feet high, immense spoonbills of snowy whiteness, yellow-legged plovers—all quietly feeding at half pistol-shot. A large basket to supply their larder was soon filled.

Moving along the shores of the lake, the caravan arrived at Woodie, a negro town of considerable size. It was here arranged that the caravan should wait till an embassy could be sent to the Sheikh of Bornou, to obtain permission for presenting themselves before him.

While waiting for the Sheikh's reply, Major Denham rode out early one morning in search of a herd of a hundred and fifty elephants, which had been seen the day before. He found them about six miles from the town, on ground annually overflowed by the waters of the lake. Often, when forced by hunger, they approach the towns and spread devastation throughout their march, whole plantations being destroyed in a single night. Some antelopes were also seen, but they never allowed the party to get near enough to hazard a shot.

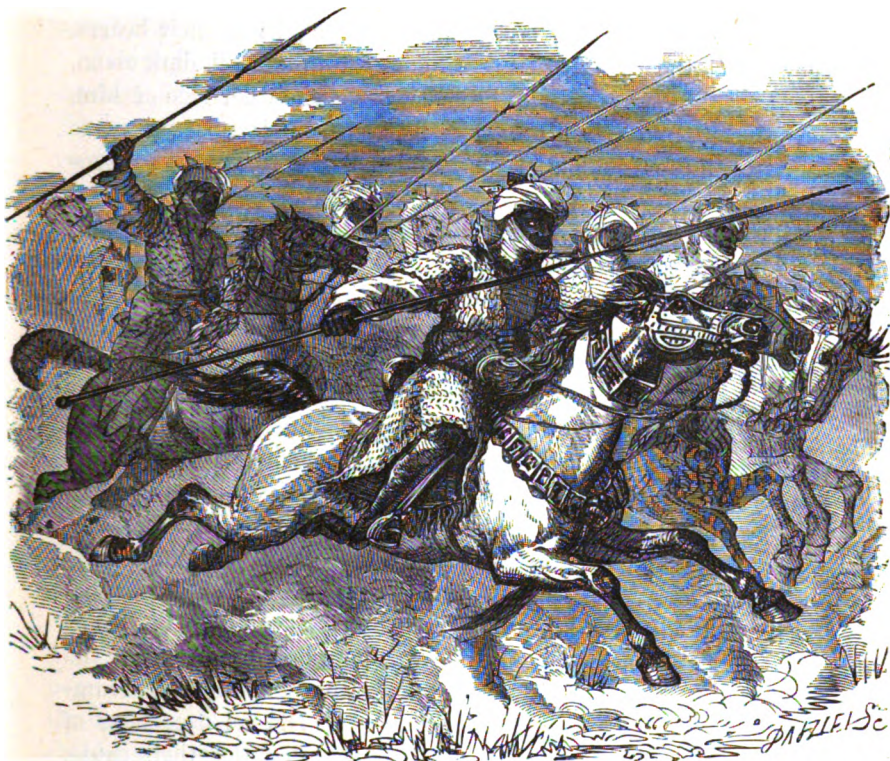
At the next camping-place hyænas came close to their tents and killed a camel, on the carcass of which a lion, when he had driven them away, banqueted. After he had eaten his fill and departed hyænas returned and devoured what he had left.

They had been told that the Sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes, armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the black Kaffir countries. Greatly to their astonishment, as they approached the town, they beheld a body of several thousand cavalry, drawn up in line and extending right and left as far as they could see.

As the Arabs approached, a yell was given by the Sheikh's people, which rent the air; and a blast being blown from their rude instruments, they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloum and his Arabs. Small bodies kept charging rapidly towards them to within a few feet of their horses' heads without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halting; then they wheeled at their utmost speed with great precision, shaking their spears over their heads, exclaiming, "*Baka! baka!*" ("Blessing! blessing!") They quickly,



however, surrounded the caravan so as to prevent it moving on, which greatly enraged Boo-Khaloum, but to no purpose, as he was only answered by shrieks of welcome, and spears unpleasantly rattled over the travellers' heads. In a short time, Barca Gana, the Sheikh's chief general—a negro of noble aspect, clothed in a



BODY-GUARD OF THE SHEIKH OF BORNOU.

figured silk *tobe*, and mounted on a horse—made his appearance and cleared away those who had pressed upon them, when the party moved on slowly towards the city.

Arrived at the gates, Boo-Khaloum, with the English and about a dozen of his followers, alone were allowed to enter. They proceeded along a wide street, completely lined with spearmen on foot,

with cavalry in front of them, to the door of the Sheikh's residence. Here the horsemen were formed up three deep, and the party halted. First Boo-Khaloum was admitted to an interview with the Sheikh, then the four Englishmen were sent for. The strictest etiquette appeared to be kept up at the court; but the major and his companions declined doing more in the way of reverence than bending their heads and laying their right hands on their hearts. They found the Sheikh sitting on a carpet in a small, dark room. He was plainly dressed, with armed negroes on either side of him, and weapons hung upon the walls. His personal appearance was prepossessing, and he had an expressive countenance and a benevolent smile.

After he had received the letter from the Pasha, he required what was their object in coming. They answered, to see the country and to give an account of its inhabitants, produce and appearance, as their Sultan was desirous of knowing every part of the globe. The reply was that they were welcome, and he would with pleasure show them whatever he could.

Huts had been built for them and an abundance of provisions was provided, though their visitors gave them not a moment's privacy, while the heat was insufferable. Next day they had another audience, to deliver their presents. With the firearms, especially, the Sheikh was highly delighted, and he showed evident satisfaction on their assuring him that the King of England had heard of Bornou and himself. Immediately turning to his councillors, he observed: "This is in consequence of our defeating the Begharmis." Upon this the chief who had most distinguished himself in this memorable battle, demanded: "Did he ever hear of me?" The reply of "Certainly!" did wonders for their cause. "Ah, then, your King must be a great man!" was re-echoed from every side.

Every morning, besides presents of bullocks, camel-loads of wheat and rice, leather skins of butter, jars of honey, with other viands were sent to them. In a short time, by the exhibition of rockets, a musical box, and other wonders, Denham appeared to have entirely won the Sheikh's confidence.

The Sheikh, in the meantime, had given them leave to visit all

the towns in his dominions, but on no account to go beyond them. He asked them many questions about the English manner of attacking a walled town; and, on hearing that they had guns which carried balls of thirty-two pounds' weight, with which the walls were breached, and that then the place was taken by assault, his large dark eyes sparkled again, as he exclaimed: "Wonderful! wonderful!"

Although the Sheikh was the real ruler of the country, there was an hereditary Sultan, a mere puppet, who resided at Birnie. Boou-Khaloum advised that they should pay their respects to this sovereign; and they accordingly set out for the place, which contained about 10,000 inhabitants. They were first conducted to the gate of the Sultan's mud edifice, where a few of the court were assembled to receive them. A large marquee was pitched for their reception, which they found luxuriously cool. In the evening a plentiful repast was brought them, consisting of seventy dishes, each of which would have dined half a dozen persons with moderate appetites; and a slave or two arrived, loaded with live fowls for their dinner, should they prefer this sort of diet.

Soon after daylight the next morning, they were summoned to attend the Sultan. He received them in an open space in front of the royal residence. They were compelled to stop at a considerable distance from him, while his own people approached to within about a hundred yards, passing first on horseback, and, after dismounting and prostrating themselves before him, they took their places on the ground in front, but with their backs to the royal person. He was seated in a sort of a cage made of cane, on a throne which appeared to be covered with silk or satin. Nothing could be more absurd and grotesque than the figures that formed his court. The Sheikh, to make himself popular with all parties, allowed the Sultan to be amused by indulging in all the folly and bigotry of the ancient negro sovereigns. Large bellies and monster head-dresses are considered the proper attributes of the courtiers, and those who do not possess the former by nature, make up the deficiency by wadding, which, as they sit on horseback, gives them a most extraordinary appearance, while the head is enveloped in many folds of muslin or linen of various colours. The turbans



are, besides, hung all over with charms, inclosed in little red leather bags. The horse is also adorned in the same manner.

The visitors and courtiers having taken their seats, Boo-Khaloum produced the presents, enclosed in a large shawl. The English, by some omission, had brought no presents. A little to their left, a fellow shouted forth the praises of his master, with his pedigree, and near him stood a man with a long wooden trumpet, on which he ever and anon blew a blast. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the appearance of these people, squatting down in their places, tottering under the weight and magnitude of their turbans and their bellies, while their thin legs that appeared underneath but ill accorded with the bulk of the other part.

Immediately after the ceremony, the travellers took their departure for Angornou, a town containing at least thirty thousand inhabitants. The market place was crowded with people, and there were a number of beggars.

Denham was anxious to visit a large river to the southward of Kouka, called the Shary, but was delayed by Dr. Oudney's serious illness and the unsettled state of Boo-Khaloum's affairs with the Arabs; indeed, so mutinous had some of these become, that he was at last compelled to send thirty of them back to Fezzan. Hillman had greatly pleased the Sheikh by manufacturing a couple of chests, and he was now requested to make a sort of litter, such as the Sheikh had heard were used by the Sultans of Fezzan.

During the illness of his companions, Major Denham made an excursion to the shores of Lake Tchad, accompanied by Maraymy, an intelligent black, to whose charge he had been committed by the Sheikh. Numerous elephants and some beautiful antelopes were seen. Maraymy casting a spear at a large elephant, which struck him just under the tail, the brute threw up his proboscis in the air, with a loud roar, and from it cast so great a volume of sand as nearly to blind Denham, who was approaching at the time. Pursued by the horsemen, the animal made off, when the major fired twice at fifty yards' distance, but though hit, the elephant made his escape.

The Shooas, the original inhabitants of the country, are great hunters. Mounted on horseback, a Shooa hunter seeks the buffalo in the swampy regions near the lake, and, driving the animal he

has selected to the firm ground, rides on till he gets close alongside, when, springing up, he plunges his spear into its heart.

The Sheikh was very unwilling that his white visitor should cross the Shary, for fear of the danger he would run. At length an opportunity occurred of seeing the country, which Denham



BUFFALO HUNTING.

determined not to let slip. Boo-Khaloum had been induced by his Arabs to plan an expedition against the pagan inhabitants of some villages in the mountains of Mandara, in order to carry them off as slaves to Fezzan. The Sheikh, though approving of this raid, was unwilling that Major Denham should be exposed to the dangers he would meet with, but, as he had determined to go, the Sheikh

gave his consent, appointing Maraymy to attend him, and to be answerable for his safety.

Boo-Khaloum and his Arabs, with the Sheikh's forces under his general, Barca Gana, had already gone some distance ahead. Denham overtook them when several miles from the city, and was received with great civility by Barca Gana, who had about two thousand soldiers under his command.

After several days' march they arrived near the capital of Mandara, whose sultan sent out several of his chiefs to meet them. Near the town of Delow the Sultan himself appeared, surrounded by about five hundred horsemen. Different parties of these troops charged up to the front of Barca Gana's forces, and, wheeling suddenly round, galloped back again. They were handsomely dressed in Soudan *tobes*, or shirts, of different colours—dark blue striped with yellow and red; and bournouses of coarse scarlet cloth with large turbans of white or dark-coloured cotton.

A parley was now carried on. This sultan was an ally of the Sheikh, but the people who were to be attacked were his own subjects, though, as they were pagans, that mattered nothing. Boo-Khaloum was, as usual, very sanguine of success, and he said he should make the Sultan handsome presents, and that he was quite sure a Kerdie, or pagan, town full of people would be given him to plunder.

His Arabs eyed the Kerdie huts, now visible on the side of the mountains, with longing eyes, and, contrasting their own ragged condition with the appearance of the Sultan of Mandara's people in their rich *tobes*, observed to Boo-Khaloum that what they saw pleased them; they would go no further; this would do. They trusted for victory to their guns—though many were wretched weapons, and their powder was bad—declaring that arrows were nothing, and ten thousand spears of no importance.

The Sultan of Mandara had assisted the Sheikh of Bornou in driving out the Felatahs, and, since then, supported by his powerful ally, had risen greatly in power. The Kerdies beheld with dread the army of Barca Gana in the valley. The fires, which were visible on the mountain side threw a glare on the surrounding bold peaks and bluff promontories of granite rock, and produced a

picturesque appearance. Denham could see the people through his telescope making off into the mountains, while others came down bearing leopard skins, honey, and slaves as peace offerings, as also asses and goats, with which the mountains abound. They, however, on this occasion, were not destined to suffer.

The people of Musgu, whose country it had been reported that the Arabs were to plunder, sent two hundred slaves and other presents to the Sultan. As they entered and left the palace they threw themselves on the ground, pouring sand on their heads and uttering the most piteous cries.

The Sultan all this time had not informed Boo-Khaloum what district he would allow him to attack, but observed that the Kerdie nations, being extremely tractable, were becoming Mussulmans without force. Major Denham had several interviews with this intelligent but bigoted Sultan.

Boo-Khaloum all this time was ill, from vexation rather than sickness. At last he had another interview with the Sultan, but returned much irritated, and told the major, as he passed, that they should move in the evening, and to the question if everything went well, he answered, "Please God." The Arabs, from whom he kept his destination a secret, received him with cheers. Whom they were going against they cared little, so long as there was a prospect of plunder, and the whole camp became a busy scene of preparation. Two hours after noon the march was commenced towards the mountains, which rose in rugged magnificence on either side.

As the morning of April 28th broke, the Sultan of Mandara, mounted on a beautiful cream-coloured horse, and followed by a number of persons handsomely dressed, was on one side. Barca Gana's people, who were on the other, wore their red scarves or bournouses over their steel jackets. Major Denham took up a position at the general's right hand when the troops, entering a thick wood in two columns, were told that at the end of it they should find the enemy. As they were riding along, several leopards ran swiftly from them, twisting their long tails in the air. A large one was seen, at which Maraymy cast a spear, which passed through the animal's neck. It rolled over, breaking the spear, and bounded off with the lower half in its body. Another man attacking it, the

animal, with a howl, was in the act of springing on the pursuer, when an Arab shot it through the head.

On emerging from the wood, the large Felatah town of Durkulla was perceived, and the Arabs were formed in front, headed by Boo-Khaloum. They were flanked on each side by a large body of cavalry, who, as they moved on, shouted the Arab war cry. Durkulla was quickly burned, and another small town near it. The few inhabitants found in them, being infants or aged persons, unable to escape, were put to death or thrown into the flames. A third town, built on rising ground, and capable of being defended against assailants ten times as numerous as the besiegers, was next reached. A strong fence of palisades, well pointed, and fastened together with thongs of raw hide, six feet in height, had been carried from one hill to the other. Felatah bowmen were placed behind the palisades and on the rising ground, while their horses were all under cover of the hills. The Arabs, however, moved on with gallantry, without any support from the Bornou or Mandara troops, and, notwithstanding the showers of arrows, which were poured on them from behind the palisades, Boo-Khaloum carried them in about half an hour, and dashed on, driving the Felatahs up the sides of the hills. The women were everywhere seen supplying their protectors with fresh arrows, till they retreated, still shooting on their pursuers. The women also rolled down huge masses of rock, killing several Arabs. Barca Gana, with his spearmen, at length advanced to the support of Boo-Khaloum, and pierced through and through some fifty unfortunates, who were left wounded near the stakes. The major rode by his side into the town, where a desperate skirmish took place, but Barca Gana with his muscular arm threw eight spears, some at a distance of thirty yards or more, which all told. Had either the Mandara or the Sheikh's troops now moved up boldly, they must have carried the town and the heights above it. Instead of this, they kept out of the reach of the arrows. The Felatahs, seeing their backwardness, made so desperate an attack, that the Arabs gave way. The Felatah horse came on. Had not Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloum, with his few mounted Arabs, given them a very spirited check, not one of their band would have lived to see

the following day. As it was, Barca Gana had three horses hit under him, two of which died almost immediately, while Bo-Khaloum and his horse were both wounded. The major's horse was also wounded in the neck, shoulder and hind leg, and an arrow struck him in the face, merely drawing blood as it passed, while another stuck in his bournous. The Arabs suffered terribly, and no sooner did the Mandara and Bornou troops witness defeat, than they took to flight in the greatest confusion. The Sultan led the way, having been prepared to take advantage of whatever plunder the success of the Arabs might throw into his hands; but no less determined to leave the field the moment the fortune of the day appeared to be against him.

The whole army plunged in the greatest disorder into the wood which had lately been left. Major Denham saw upwards of a hundred of the Bornou troops speared by the Felatahs, and was following the steps of one of the Mandara officers, when his wounded horse stumbled and fell. Almost before he was upon his legs, the Felatahs were upon him. He had, however, kept hold of the bridle, and, seizing a pistol from the holster, presented it at two of the savages who were pressing him with their spears. They instantly went off; but another, who came on more boldly, just as he was endeavouring to mount, received the contents in his shoulder. Remounting, he again retreated, but had not proceeded many hundred yards when his horse once more came down with violence, throwing him against a tree, and made off, leaving the major on foot and unarmed.

The Mandara officer and his followers were butchered and stripped within a few yards of him. He was almost instantly surrounded, and speedily stripped, his pursuers making several thrusts at him with their spears, wounding his hands severely, and his body slightly. In the first instance they had been prevented from murdering him by the fear of injuring the value of his clothes, which appeared to them a rich booty. His shirt was now torn off his back. When his plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came across his mind. Creeping under the belly of the horse nearest him, he started as fast as his legs would carry him to the thickest part of the wood, followed by two of the Felatahs.

He ran in the direction the stragglers of his own party had taken. His pursuers gained on him, for the prickly underwood tore his flesh and impeded his progress. Just then he saw a mountain stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine. His strength had almost failed him, when, seizing the long branches of a tree overhanging the water, he let himself down into it. What was his horror to observe a large snake rise from its coil as if in the very act of striking. The branch slipped from his hand, and he tumbled headlong into the water. The shock, however, revived him, and with three strokes he reached the opposite bank, up which he crawled with great difficulty. Though safe from his pursuers, the forlorn situation in which he was placed, without even a rag to cover his body, almost overwhelmed him. While trying to make his way through the woods, he observed two horsemen between the trees, and, still further off, with feelings of thankfulness, he recognized Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloum, with about six Arabs. Although they were pressed closely by a party of Felatahs, the guns and pistols of the Arabs kept the latter in check. His shouts were drowned by the cries of those who were falling under the Felatahs' spears and the cheers of the Arabs rallying.

Riding up, the faithful black, Maraymy, assisted Denham to mount behind him, and, while the arrows whistled over their heads, they galloped off to the rear as fast as the black's wounded horse could carry them. After they had gone a mile or two, Boo-Khaloum rode up and desired one of the Arabs to cover the major with a bournous. This was the last act of Denham's unfortunate friend. Directly afterwards Maraymy exclaimed: "Look, Boo-Khaloum is dead!" The Major turned his head, and saw the caravan leader drop from his horse into the arms of a favourite Arab. A poisoned arrow in his wounded foot had proved fatal. The Arabs believed he had only swooned; but there was no water to revive him, and before it could be obtained he was past the reach of stimulants. At the same time, Barca Gana offered the major a horse; but Maraymy exclaimed: "Do not mount him; he will die!" He therefore remained with the black. Two Arabs, however, mounted the animal, which fell in less than

an hour; and, before they could recover themselves, both the Arabs were butchered by the Felatahs.

At last a stream was reached. The horses, with the blood gushing from their noses, rushed into the water, and the major, letting himself down, knelt on the edge, and seemed to imbibe new life from the copious draughts of the muddy beverage he swallowed. He then lost all consciousness; but Maraymy afterwards told him that he had staggered across the stream and fallen down at the foot of a tree. Here a quarter of an hour's halt was made, to place Boo-Khaloum's body on a horse and to collect stragglers. Again mounting, Denham moved on as before, though with less speed. The effect produced on the horses wounded by arrows was extraordinary; immediately after drinking they dropped and instantly died, the blood gushing from their mouths, noses and ears. More than thirty horses were lost at this spot from the effects of the poison.

After riding forty-five miles, it was past midnight before they halted in the territories of the Sultan of Mandara, Major Denham being thoroughly worn out.

In this unfortunate expedition, besides their chief, forty-five of the Arabs were killed, nearly all were wounded, and they lost everything they possessed, Major Denham having also lost his mule and all his property. The wounds of many of the people were very severe, and several died soon afterwards, their bodies becoming instantly swollen and black.

The surviving Arabs, who had now lost all their arrogance, entreated Barca Gana to give them corn to save them from starving, for the Sultan of Mandara refused to supply them with food. In six days the expedition arrived at Kouka. The Sheikh was excessively annoyed at the defeat, but laid the blame, not without justice, on the Mandara troops, who had evidently behaved treacherously to their allies.

Soon after the return of the unfortunate expedition to Mandara, the Sheikh set out on another against a people to the west, called the Munga, who had never hitherto acknowledged his supremacy and refused to pay tribute. Another complaint against them was, as he explained, "that they were not saying their prayers—the



dogs." This fault is generally laid to the charge of any nation against whom true Mahomedans wage war, as it gives them the power of making slaves of the heathens; for, by the laws of Mahomet, one believer must not enslave another.

Major Denham and Dr. Oudney were anxious to visit Birnie, the old capital of Bornou, and the Sheikh left one of his chief slaves, Omar Gana, to act as their guide. Thence they were to proceed to Kabshary, there to await his arrival.

They set out with five camels and four servants, making two marches each day, from ten to fourteen miles, morning and evening. The country round Kouka is uninteresting and flat, thickly covered with acacias.

The ruins of old Birnie, which they visited, convinced them of the power of its former sultan. The city covered a space of five or six square miles. The walls, in many places standing, consisted of large masses of red brickwork, three or four feet in thickness, and six to eight in height. Besides destroying the capital, the Felatahs had razed to the ground upwards of thirty large towns during their



SECTION SHOWING FORM OF PIT.

inroads. The whole country through which they passed had become a complete desert, having been abandoned since the Felatahs commenced their inroads, and wild animals of all descriptions abounded in great numbers.

They heard that Kabshary had been attacked by the Munga people and burned. One of the means they had taken to defend themselves against the invaders, was to dig deep holes, at the bottom of which sharp-pointed stakes were

fixed, the pits being then carefully covered over with branches and grass, so as completely to conceal them. Similar pitfalls are used in many parts of Africa for entrapping the giraffe, and other wild animals.



GIRAFFE HUNTING.

2000

The major's servant, Columbus, and his mule not making their appearance, he was searching for him, when he found that the animal had fallen into one of these pits, the black having, by a violent exertion of strength, saved himself. The poor mule was found sticking on four stakes, with her knees dreadfully torn by struggling. She was, however, got out alive.

Escaping from various dangers, they joined the Sheikh on the banks of a large piece of water called Dummasak. Hearing that a caravan had arrived at Kouka from Fezzan, they were anxious to return to the capital. They sent word to the Sheikh, but their communication was not delivered, and, before they could see him he and his troops had moved off. They were, however, on their way to Kouka, when Omar Gana overtook them, entreating them to return to the Sheikh, who, angry at their having gone, had struck him from his horse, and directed him to bring them to the army without delay. They had nothing to do but to obey.

Many of the spots they passed presented much picturesque beauty. In several places were groups of naked warriors resting under the trees on the borders of the lake, with their shields on their arms, while hundreds of others were in the water, spearing fish, which were cooked by their companions on shore. The margin was crowded with horses, drinking or feeding, and men bathing, while, in the centre, hippopotami were constantly throwing up their black muzzles, spouting water.

The march of the Bornou army now commenced; but little order was preserved before coming near the enemy. The Sheikh took the lead, and close after him came the Sultan of Bornou, who always attended him on these occasions, though he never fought. The Sheikh was preceded by five flags with extracts of the Koran on them, and attended by about a hundred of his chiefs and favourite slaves. A negro boy carried his shield, a jacket of mail, and his steel skull-cap, and his arms; another, fantastically dressed with a straw hat and ostrich feathers, carried his timbrel or drum. In the rear followed the harem; but on such occasions the Sheikh takes but three wives, who are mounted astride on trained horses each led by a slave boy, their heads and figures completely enveloped in brown silk bournouses, with an attendant on either

side. The Sultan had five times as many attendants as his general, and his harem was three times as numerous.



KANEMBOO MAN AND WOMAN.

On reaching Kabshary, the Sheikh reviewed his favourite forces, the Kanembo spearmen, nine thousand strong. With the exception of a goat or sheep's skin, with the hair outwards, round their middles, and a few strips of cloth on their heads, they were nearly

naked. Their arms were spear and shield, with a dagger on the left arm, reversed. The shield is made of a peculiarly light wood, weighing only a few pounds. Their leaders were mounted and distinguished merely by a shirt of dark blue, and a turban of the same colour.

The Sheikh's attendants were magnificently dressed, but his own costume was neat and simple, consisting only of two white figured muslin shirts, with a bournous, and a Cashmere shawl for a turban: over all hung the English sword which had been sent him.

On the signal being made for his troops to advance, they uttered a yell, and moved by detachments of eight hundred to a thousand each. After striking their spears against their shields for some seconds, which had an extremely grand effect, they filed off on either side, again forming and awaiting their companions, who succeeded them in the same way.

There appeared to be a great deal of affection between these troops and the Sheikh. He spurred his horse onwards into the midst of some of the troops as they came up, and spoke to them, while the men crowded round him, kissing his feet and stirrups. He seemed to acknowledge how much his present elevation was owing to their exertions; while they displayed a devotion and attachment denoting the greatest confidence.

The next day a number of captives—women and children—were brought in: one poor woman accompanied by four children—two in her arms and two on the horse of the father who had been stabbed for defending those he loved. They were uttering the most piteous cries. The Sheikh, after looking at them, desired that they might all be released, saying: "God forbid that I should make slaves of the wives and children of any Mussulman! Go back: tell the wicked and powerful chiefs who urged your husbands to rebel, that I shall be quickly with them, and will punish them instead of the innocent!"

This message had its effect; for, during the following day, many hundreds of the Munga people came in, bowing to the ground and throwing sand upon their heads in token of submission. Several towns also sent their chiefs and submitted in this manner, bringing peace offerings, when the Sheikh swore solemnly not to molest them



further. Their principal leader, fearing to lose his head, would not come: but offered to pay two thousand slaves, a thousand bullocks, and three hundred horses as the price of peace. The offer was refused; and, compelled by his people, he made his appearance, poorly dressed, with uncovered head. The Sheikh received his submission; and, when he really expected to hear the order for his throat to be cut, he was clothed with eight handsome shirts or robes, and his head made as big as six, with turbans from Egypt. This matter being settled, the army returned to the capital.

Major Denham soon after this visited a caravan which had come from the Soudan, on its way to Fezzan. The merchants had nearly a hundred slaves, the greater part female, mostly very young—those from Nyffe of a deep copper colour, and beautifully formed; the males were also young, and linked together in couples by iron rings round their legs, yet they laughed and seemed in good condition. It was said to be a common practice with the merchants to induce one slave to persuade his companions that on arriving at Tripoli they will be free and clothed in red—a colour of which negroes are passionately fond. By these promises they were induced to submit quietly until they were too far from their homes to render escape possible.

An extraordinary event occurred here, showing the despotic power of the Sheikh. Barca Gana, his general, a governor of six large districts, had offended the Sheikh, who sent for him, had him stripped in his presence and a leathern girdle put round his loins, and, after reproaching him with his ingratitude, ordered that he should be forthwith sold to the Tibboo merchants, for he was still a slave. The other chiefs, however, falling on their knees, petitioned that their favourite general might be forgiven. The culprit at that moment appeared to take his leave. The Sheikh, on this, threw himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, and suffered Barca Gana to embrace his knees, and, calling them all his sons, pardoned his penitent slave.

Poor Dr. Oudney had never risen since his return from Munga, and Clapperton and Hillman were also dangerously ill. The latter had manufactured some carriages for two brass guns, which had been sent to the Sheikh from Tripoli. The Sheikh was delighted

when the major, the only person capable of attending to them, fired them off. He now thought himself able to attack all who might become hostile to him.

On December 14th Mr. Clapperton and Dr. Oudney, having somewhat recovered, set out with a large *kafila*, bound to Kano in the Soudan. Dr. Oudney, however, was in a very unfit state to travel, being almost in the last stage of consumption. A few days after they had gone, a *kafila* arrived from the north, and with it came a young ensign of the 80th Regiment, Mr. Toole, who had taken the place of Mr. Tyrwhit, detained on account of sickness. Major Denham was much pleased with his appearance and manners—his countenance, indeed, being an irresistible letter of introduction. He had made the long journey from Tripoli to Bornou in three months and fourteen days, arriving with only the loss of five camels. Denham's spirits revived with the society of so pleasant a friend, and he determined to take the first opportunity of visiting the Shary. The Sheikh willingly gave them permission, appointing a handsome negro, Bellal, to act as their guide and manager. He was altogether a superior person, and was attended by six slaves. These, with themselves and personal attendants, formed their party.

The journey was commenced on January 23rd, 1824. They proceeded east, along the borders of the lake, to Angala, where resided Miram, the divorced wife of the Sheikh, in a fine house, her establishment exceeding sixty persons. She was a very handsome, beautifully formed negress, about thirty-five, and had much of the softness of manner so extremely prepossessing in the Sheikh. She received her visitors seated on an earthen throne covered with a Turkey carpet, and surrounded by twenty of her favourite slaves, all dressed alike in fine white shirts which reached to their feet; their neck, ears, and noses thickly ornamented with coral. A negro dwarf, measuring scarcely 3 feet, the keeper of her keys, sat before her richly dressed.

On reaching the Shary, the travellers were surprised at the magnitude of the stream, which appeared to be fully half a mile in width, running at the rate of two or three miles an hour towards the Tchad. Remaining some days at the town of Showy, on the



banks of the river, they embarked, accompanied by the governor, and eight canoes carrying ten slaves each. After a voyage of nearly eight hours, they reached a spot thirty-five miles from Showy. The scenery was highly interesting; one noble reach succeeded another, alternately varying their courses; the banks thickly scattered with trees, rich in foliage, hung over with creepers bearing varied-coloured and aromatic blossoms. Several crocodiles were seen, which rolled into the stream and disappeared as they approached.

After proceeding further down the river, they returned to Showy and then made another excursion up the stream. With much grief Denham perceived symptoms of illness in his companion, who, however, complained but little. While he was suffering they reached a place which is so infested by flies and bees that the inhabitants cannot move out of their houses during the day. Their houses are literally formed one cell within another, five or six in number, in order to prevent the ingress of the insects. One of their party, who went out, returned with his eyes and head in such a state that he was ill for three days.

Mr. Toole's sufferings increased, though they managed to reach Loggun, on the banks of the Shary. As they approached, a person, apparently of consequence, advanced towards them, bending nearly double and joining his hands, followed by his slaves, stooping still lower than himself. He explained that he was deputed by the Sultan to welcome the white men, and, preceding their party, conducted them to a habitation which had been prepared for them, consisting of four separate huts, well built within an outer wall, with a large entrance-hall for their servants.

Next morning Denham was sent for to appear before the Sultan. After passing through several dark rooms, he was conducted to a large square court, where some hundred persons were assembled, seated on the ground. In the middle was a vacant space, in which he was desired to sit down. Two slaves in cotton *tobes*, who were fanning the air through a lattice work of cane, pointed out the retired position of the Sultan. This shade was removed, and something alive was discovered on a carpet, wrapt up in silk *tobes*, with the head enveloped in shawls, and nothing but the eyes visible. The

whole court prostrated themselves and poured sand on their heads, while many horns blew a loud and very harsh-sounding salute.

This great man, however, was not above doing a stroke of business, for, after inquiring whether the major wished to buy female slaves, he observed: "If you do, go no further; I have some hundreds, and will sell them to you as cheap as anyone."



BEGHARMI LANCERS.

The province of which Loggun is the capital is called Begharmi. The people are in many respects similar to the Bornouese, with whom they are constantly at war. They possess a strong force of cavalry, clothed in suits of strong quilted armour, with helmets of the same material, easily penetrated, however, by bullets, though impervious to arrows. Their horses are also covered in the manner

of their riders. So unwieldy are these warriors, that they require to be assisted when mounting their steeds. Their weapons are long double-headed spears, something like pitchforks with flattened prongs.

The Loggun people have made considerable progress in the arts of peace. The clothes woven by them are superior to those of Bornou, being beautifully glazed, and finely dyed with indigo; and they make use even of a current coin of iron, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, which none of the neighbouring nations possess. Their country abounds in grain and cattle, and is diversified with forests of acacias and other beautiful trees.

As they proceeded on their journey, poor Mr. Toole grew worse. Escaping several dangers, they returned to Angala, where at first the major hoped his poor friend would recover, but on February 26th a cold shiver seized him, and just before noon he expired, completely worn out and exhausted. He had scarcely completed his twenty-second year, and was in every sense an amiable and promising young officer.

On Denham's return to Kouka, he found the Sheikh with a large army collected to attack the Begharmis, who were scouring the country. The Sheikh's expedition was successful, and the people were highly delighted with the plunder which had been obtained. Sickness, however, was at work in the city. At this time, Major Denham was cheered by the arrival of Mr. Tyrwhit, who had been sent out by the British Government to strengthen the party. He brought a present of two swords, two brace of pistols, a dagger, and two gold watches, which were received by El Kanemy with great delight.

On the termination of the Ramadan, June 1st, the Sheikh again took the field, proceeding eastward along the shores of the Tchad, against a powerful Biddomah chief, called Amanook, who held a strong position on some islands near the shores of the lake. The object of the expedition had been kept a great secret till the neighbourhood of the country to be attacked was reached. The army marched through the country of the Shooas, a people who live entirely in tents of leather and huts of rushes, changing only from necessity, on the approach of an enemy or want of pasturage

for their numerous flocks. They seldom fight, except in their own defence. Their principal food is the milk of camels, in which they are rich, and also that of cows and sheep; often they take no other nourishment for months together. They have the greatest contempt for and hatred of the negro nations, and yet are always tributary either to one black Sultan or another.

The Sheikh having halted the main body of his army, Barca Gana advanced with 1,000 men, being joined also by 400 Dugganahs. They found the chief, Amanook, posted, with all his cattle and people, on a narrow pass between two lakes, having in front of him a lake which was neither deep nor wide, but full of holes, with a muddy bottom.

The Sheikh's troops had long been without food, and the sight of the bleating flocks and lowing herds was too much for them. Barca Gana, however, seeing the strength of the enemy's position, wished to halt, and to send over spearmen on foot, with shields, who would lead the attack. The younger chiefs, however, exclaimed: "What! be so near them as this, and not eat them? No, let us on; this night their flocks and women will be ours!" In this cry the Shooas also joined. The general yielded, and the attack commenced. The Arabs led the way with the Dugganahs. On arriving in the middle of the lake, the horses sunk up to their saddle-bows; most of them were out of their depth, and others floundering in the mud; the ammunition of the riders became wet, and their guns useless. As they neared the shore, Amanook's men hurled at them, with unerring aim, a volley of light spears, charging with their strongest and best horses, trained and accustomed to the water, while at the same time another body, having crossed the lake higher up, came by the narrow pass and cut off the retreat of all those who had advanced into the lake. The Sheikh's people now fell thickly. Barca Gana, although attacking against his own judgment, was among the foremost, and received a severe spear wound in his back, which pierced through four *tobes* and his iron chain armour, while attacked by five chiefs, who seemed determined on finishing him. One of these he thrust through with his long spear, and his own people coming to his rescue with a fresh horse, he was saved, though

thirty of his followers were either killed or captured by Amanook's people.



SHOOA WOMEN.

It was expected that Amanook would attack the camp, but instead of doing so, he sent word that he would treat with the Sheikh for peace.

Denham and his companions visited the general, whom they

found suffering much from his wound, but Denham, acting as surgeon, cured him in a short time. Barca Gana then strongly advised him to return to Kouka. A little sheikh, who had arrived from Fezzan, endeavoured to poison the mind of El Kanemy against the English, telling him that they had conquered India, and probably fully intended to attack Bornou.

On the major's return to Kouka, he found that Lieutenant Clapperton had just returned from the Soudan. On going to the hut where he lodged, Denham did not know his friend as he lay extended on the floor, so great was the alteration in him; and he was about to leave the place, when Clapperton called out his name. Notwithstanding this, so great were Clapperton's spirits, that he spoke of returning to the Soudan after the rains. He had performed a very interesting journey, of which we will give some particulars.

Accompanied by Dr. Oudney, he had set out for Kouka on December 14th, 1823, for the purpose of exploring the Soudan. Their party consisted of Jacob, a Jew, two servants, and three men of Fezzan, with three saddle-horses and four sumpter mules. They travelled in company with a *kafila*, or caravan, in which were twenty-seven Arab merchants and about fifty natives of Bornou. Most of the Arabs rode on horseback, some having besides a led horse, but all the rest of the party were on foot.

Passing old Birnie, they journeyed through an undulating country, frequently wading across hollows filled with water. Having to cross a river, the greatest difficulty was with camels and female slaves, the women screaming loudly. The camels were towed across, one man swimming before with a halter in his teeth, while another kept beating the animal behind with a stick, as it every now and then attempted to turn back.

The next day they were exposed to another danger. The grass having been set on fire, the flames advanced rapidly, and must have put them all to flight, had they not sought shelter within some ruined walls. They passed through numerous towns and villages, the people belonging to a tribe of Shooa Arabs. The women were really beautiful. They wore their hair in a form which at a distance might be mistaken for a helmet, a large braid at the crown having some resemblance to a crest.

They had now to pass through a country inhabited by Bedites, who had not embraced Islamism. Protected by the natural fastnesses of their country, they were held in dread and abhorrence by all the Faithful. The road lay over very elevated ground, and so low was the temperature in the morning, that the water in their shallow vessels was crusted with thin flakes of ice, and the water-skins themselves were frozen as hard as a board. The horses and camels stood shivering with cold. Dr. Oudney also became extremely ill, probably from the low temperature.

They had just entered the country of the Bedites when two men were met, who were immediately seized by the Arabs; one was a Shooa and the other a negro. One of the Bornouese had inflicted a dreadful cut under the left ear of the negro, and, notwithstanding his wound, they led the poor fellow by a rope fastened round his neck, Clapperton could not refrain from beating the merciless Bornouee, and at the same time threatening to lodge the contents of his gun in his head if he repeated his cruelties. He took occasion to impress on the minds of the Arabs how unworthy it was of brave men to behave so cruelly to their prisoners, and he thoroughly shamed them into good behaviour.

Having crossed the River You, they reached the city of Katagum, when a servant of the governor met them with a present, and, accompanied by a band of horsemen with drummers drumming and two bards singing the praises of their master, they entered the city. This was the most eastern of the Felatah towns. They were here visited by a Tripolitan merchant, who was very rich, possessing no less than 500 slaves and a vast number of horses.

Through all the towns and villages which they had passed, the sick were brought to be cured, while numbers came for remedies against all sorts of fancied diseases.

The governor received them in the most primitive fashion. They found him seated under a rude canopy, on a low bank of earth, with three old men attending on him. They shook hands and then sat down on the floor. He was highly pleased with the presents he received, and offered anything they might wish for, especially slaves. Clapperton told them that a slave was unknown in



England, and that the moment one set foot on British ground he was instantly free. When he heard that their only object was to see the world, he told them that they must go to the Sultan Bello, who was a learned man, and would be glad to meet people who had seen so much.

A lucky omen, as the natives supposed it, occurred. Among the presents offered by the King was a jar of honey; this one of the servants upset without breaking the pot. Had it been broken, the omen would have been unfortunate; as it was, the governor was highly pleased, and ordered the poor to be called in to lick up the honey. They rushed in, squabbling among themselves. One old man, having a long beard, came off with a double allowance, for he let it sweep up the honey and then sucked it clean.

Dr. Oudney soon after this became too weak to sit his horse, but still he begged to be carried on. They therefore travelled forward to the town of Murmur. The doctor next morning, after drinking a cup of coffee, dressed with the assistance of his companions; but it was soon evident that he would be unable to proceed. He was carried back into his tent, where in a short time Captain Clapperton, with unspeakable grief, witnessed his death without a struggle or a groan. He was but thirty-two years of age. His friend had a deep grave dug, and enclosed it with a wall of clay to keep off the beasts of prey. He had also two sheep killed and distributed among the poor.

Ill as Clapperton himself was, and now left alone among strange people, the loss to him was severe and afflicting. Still, his ardent spirit triumphing over sorrow and trouble, he pursued his journey, and, on January 20th, entered Kano, the great emporium of the kingdom of Haussa. He dressed himself in his naval uniform to make an impression on the inhabitants of the city, which, from the description of the Arabs, he expected to see of surprising grandeur. His disappointment was therefore great, when he traversed the place. He found the houses nearly a quarter of a mile from the walls, and in many parts scattered into detached groups between large stagnant pools of water. Not an individual turned his head round to gaze at him, all being intent on their own business. The market-place was bordered on two



sides by an extensive swamp, covered with weeds and water, and frequented by wild ducks, cranes and vultures. The house which had been provided for him was close to a morass, the pestilential exhalations of which were increased by the sewers of the houses all opening into the street. Fatigued and sick, he lay down on a mat which the owner had spread for him. His house had six chambers above, extremely dark, and five rooms below, with a dismal-looking entrance, a back court, draw-well, and other conveniences. Little holes, or windows, admitted a glimmering light into the apartments. Nevertheless, this was thought a handsome mansion.

All the Arab merchants, not prevented by sickness, who had travelled with him from Kouka, came to see him, looking more like ghosts than men, as almost all strangers at the time were suffering from intermittent fever. The governor gave him a private audience, and seemed highly pleased with the presents he received, promising to forward them on to his master, the Sultan Bello, at Sackatoo, after his own return from an expedition which would occupy him fifteen days. During the interval, Clapperton suffered greatly from fever. The newspapers, which he here received from Major Denham, apprised him of Belzoni's attempt to penetrate to Timbuctoo by way of Fez.

On returning from a ride, he met two large bodies of troops, who were to accompany the governor, each consisting of five hundred horse and foot. The latter were armed with bows and arrows, the cavalry with shields, swords and spears, and sumptuously accoutred. The swords were broad, straight and long, and were, indeed, the very blades formerly wielded by the knights of Malta, having been sent from that island to Tripoli, where they were exchanged for bullocks, and carried across the Desert to Bornou, thence to Haussa, and, at last, re-mounted at Kano for the use of the inhabitants. The shields were covered with hides of animals, and were generally round; but there were some of an oval shape, in the centre of which was scored a perfect Maltese cross. He observed crosses of other forms cut in the doors of the houses. Several camels, loaded with quilted cotton armour, both for men and horses, were in attendance. This armour was arrow proof, but it is seldom worn

except in actual combat. The saddles had high peaks before and behind, and the stirrup-irons were in the shape of a fire shovel.

A nephew of the Sultan Bello paid him a visit the next morning, and told him, after taking a cup of tea, which he liked very much, that he had hitherto looked upon a Christian as little better than a monster, though he now confessed that he liked the traveller. Another nephew came also, a most intelligent young man, who read and spoke Arabic with fluency, and was very anxious to see everything and to hear all about England.

He found the market well supplied with every necessary and luxury in request among the people of the interior. The Sheikh, who superintended it, however, fixed the prices of all wares, for which he was entitled to a commission; and, after every bargain, the seller returned to the buyer a stated part of the price by way of a blessing. Cowries were here used as coins, though somewhat cumbersome, as twenty were worth only a halfpenny. As he remarks, "The great advantage of the use of the cowrie is that forgery is excluded, as it cannot possibly be imitated." The natives show also great dexterity in counting out even the largest sums.

The butchers were numerous, and understood showing off animals to the best advantage. Sometimes they even stuck a little sheep's wool on a leg of goat's flesh, to make it pass for mutton. When a fat bull was brought to the market to be killed, its horns were dyed red with *henna*, the drummers attended, a mob soon collected, the news of the animal's size and fatness spread, and all ran to buy. Near at hand were small wood fires, stuck round with wooden skewers, on which small bits of fat and lean meat, the size of a penny-piece, were roasting, superintended by a woman with a mat dish placed on her knees, from which she served her guests, who were squatted round her. Indeed, the market was as busy a one as can be seen in any country. Jugglers also, like those of India, were practising their tricks with snakes, having extracted the venomous fangs.

Haussa is celebrated for its boxers, the most expert of whom are found among the butchers. Clapperton having intimated his willingness to pay for a performance, a number of combatants arrived, attended by two drummers and the whole body of butchers.

A ring was soon formed, by the master of the ceremonies throwing dust on to the spectators to make them stand back. The drummers entered the ring, followed by one of the boxers, who was quite naked, with the exception of a skin round his middle. Placing himself in an attitude as if to oppose an antagonist, he wrought his muscles into action, and then went round the ring, showing his arms to the bystanders and exclaiming: "I am a hyæna! I am a lion! I am able to kill all that oppose me!" To which the spectators replied, "The blessing of God be upon thee!—Thou art a hyæna: thou art a lion."

A number of fighters then came forward, when they were next ranged in pairs. If they happened to be friends, they laid their left breasts together twice, and exclaimed: "We are lions! we are friends!" Then one left the ring, and another was brought forward. If the two did not recognize one another as friends, the combat immediately commenced. They parried with the left hand open, and struck as opportunity offered with the right, generally aiming at the pit of the stomach and under the ribs. Occasionally they closed with one another, when one seized the other's head under his arm and beat it with his fist, at the same time striking with the knee. Clapperton, hearing that they sometimes gouged out each other's eyes, and that such combats seldom terminated without one or more being killed, having satisfied his curiosity, ordered the battle to cease, and gave the promised reward.

The custom in this place is to bury the people in their own houses, which are occupied as usual by the poorer classes; but when a great man is buried, the house is for ever after abandoned. A corpse being prepared for interment, the first chapter of the Koran is read over it. The funeral takes place the same day. The bodies of slaves are dragged out of the town and left a prey to vultures and wild beasts in most places; but in Kano they are thrown into the morass or nearest pool of water.

On February 22nd, Clapperton commenced his journey toward Sackatoo, in company with an Arab merchant, having left his Jew servant, Jacob, to return in case of his death, with his effects to Bornou. At the towns where he stopped he was generally taken for a *fighi*, or teacher, and was pestered to write out charms.

One day his washerwoman insisted on being paid with a charm in writing, that would induce people to buy earthenware of her.

After travelling for some days, he was met by an escort of 150 horsemen with drums and trumpets, sent by Sultan Bello to conduct him to his capital, which he reached on March 16th. Clapperton, as usual, dressed himself in his naval uniform; and, as he approached the gates, was met by a messenger from the Sultan, to bid him welcome, and to acquaint him that his master, who was out on an expedition, would return to Sackatoo in the evening.

Large crowds came out to look at him, and he entered the city amid the hearty welcomes of young and old. He was conducted to the house of the vizier, where apartments were provided for him and his servants. His host, himself, arrived in the evening, and was excessively polite, but would not drink tea with him, as he was a stranger in their land, and had not yet eaten of his bread. Next morning the Sultan sent for him. Clapperton found him seated on a small carpet, between two pillars supporting the roof of a thatched house. The walls and pillars were painted blue and white in the Moorish taste. Giving him a hearty welcome, the Sultan at once entered into conversation. He asked numerous questions about Europe, and seemed perfectly well acquainted with the names of the more ancient sects, inquiring whether his visitor was a Nestorian or a Socinian. Clapperton replied that he was a Protestant, but had to acknowledge that he was not sufficiently versed in religious subtleties to solve all the knotty points on which Bello wished for information. He then ordered some books belonging to Major Denham to be brought, among which was his journal, and they were all in a handsome manner returned. He spoke with great bitterness of Boo-Khaloum for making predatory inroads into his territories, next putting the puzzling question: "What was your friend doing there?" Clapperton replied that Major Denham had no other object than to make a short excursion into the country.

The Sultan was a noble looking man, somewhat portly, with short, curling, black beard, and large black eyes. He was habited in a light blue cotton shirt, with white muslin turban, the small end of which he wore over the nose and mouth.

This was the first of many visits Clapperton paid the Sultan, who was highly pleased with the various presents which the King of England had sent him. He asked what he could give in return. Clapperton replied that the most acceptable service he could render would be to assist the King of England in putting a stop to the slave trade.

"What!" he asked; "have you no slaves in England? What do you do for servants?"

He was much astonished at hearing that regular wages were paid, and that even soldiers were fed, clothed and received pay from government.

"You are a beautiful people," he observed.

The usual question was also put: "What are you come for?" Clapperton replied, "To see the country—its rivers, mountains, and inhabitants. My people had hitherto supposed your's devoid of all religion, and not far removed from the condition of wild beasts, whereas I now find them to be civilized, learned, humane and pious."

On another occasion Clapperton exhibited a planisphere of the heavenly bodies. The Sultan knew all the signs of the zodiac, some of the constellations, and many of the stars by their Arabic names. He was greatly interested with the sextant, or, as he called it, "the looking-glass of the sun." Clapperton showed him how to obtain an observation with it.

The Sultan made minute inquiries as to the conquests of the English in India, and also the reason of their attack on Algiers, evidently suspecting that they contemplated similar proceedings against his country. Clapperton explained that the King of England had a vast number of Moslems who were his willing subjects, and that their object in India was to protect the natives, and to give them good laws, not to tyrannize over them; while, with regard to Algiers, the Algerines had been punished because they persisted in making slaves of Europeans.

The Sultan, however, as after events proved, was far from satisfied, his fears being increased by the Arabs, who were aware that the chief object of the English was to open up a trade from the west coast with the country, and, should they succeed, they

themselves would thus be deprived of their trade across the Desert from the north.

At Clapperton's request the Sultan ordered a chart of the Quorra (Niger), to be drawn by one of his learned men, who asserted that that river entered the sea at Fundah, near a town called Jagra, governed by one of Bello's subjects. This made the traveller still more anxious to proceed down that river to the coast, but the Sultan, though he at first promised an escort, ultimately declined sending it, declaring that he could not sanction so rash an enterprise, and that his guest could only return home by the way he had come.

From an Arab chief residing here, Clapperton obtained much information about Mungo Park and the way in which he had lost his life, which confirmed what had previously been heard.

The Sultan made an especial request that an English consul and physician should be sent to reside at Sackatoo, and Clapperton promised that he would represent the matter to his own government, and he had no doubt that his request would be complied with. He also begged that guns and rockets might be sent out by way of Tripoli and Bornou, under the escort of the Arab leader who had conducted the last caravan. This Clapperton had no doubt was a device of this man, to have the opportunity of conducting another English mission and fleecing them as he had done the last. When the Arab found that his plans were opposed by the traveller, he set to work to revenge himself, and by his machinations succeeded in compelling Clapperton to abandon his intended journey to the sea-coast by way of Youri.

Frequent attempts were made to induce the traveller to turn Mahomedan, especially by a famous old *maraboo*; but after his failure the Moslem appeared to have given up the attempt as hopeless.

At length, on May 4th, he was allowed to take his departure from Sackatoo, escorted by one of the Sultan's officers, with a party of merchants and their slaves. As the country was in a disturbed state, they pushed on night and day through a dense underwood, which tore their clothes and scratched the legs of the riders. Several of the poor natives on foot, who had taken advantage of the escort to pass through this part of the country, over-

come with fatigue and thirst, sank down never to rise. One of Clapperton's servants also dropped, apparently dead; but his master had him lashed on a camel, when he recovered. The next day many of the horses died, and all the people were overcome with fatigue and thirst. On the third day no less than nine men and six horses were found to have perished on the road.

Clapperton was taken to the town of Kashna, where an old Arab chief, who had resided there for some years, took compassion on him and sent an elderly black slave woman to nurse him, with two younger attendants. This was the first offer of the kind he had ever received from a Mussulman, and under their care and attendance he soon recovered his health and strength.

After meeting with numerous adventures and being exposed to many dangers, on July 8th he reached Kouka, when he found that Major Denham was absent on a journey to the east side of the Tchad. Hillman, the carpenter, was busily employed in finishing a covered cart, to be used as a carriage for the Sheikh's wives. The workmanship reflected the greatest credit on his ingenuity, though it was neither light nor handsome.

On August 16th, soon after Major Denham returned from the eastward, he and Clapperton, accompanied by William Hillman, the carpenter, took their departure from Kouka, with the intention of first visiting the shores of Lake Tchad, and then joining the *kafila* which was on its way from the Soudan to Tripoli. On the morning of their departure they went to take leave of the Sheikh, whom they found in his garden. He gave them a letter to the King of England and a list of requests, and expressed himself very kindly. At parting he offered his hand, which excited an involuntary exclamation from his attendants.

Meeting with no event of any especial interest on their visit to the lake, they joined the caravan on September 14th. Throughout the journey they found that they got on as well, if not better, than their companions, who looked to them both for safety and protection, as well as for the direction of the route. They had upwards of fifty miles to cross, over a waste of shifting sand-hills, to Zow, when many of the poor children, panting with thirst, were scarcely able to creep along.

At Bilma they laid in a stock of dates for the next fourteen days, during which man and beast nearly subsisted upon them, the slaves for twenty days together mostly getting no other food.

Then came the stony desert, which the camels, already worn out by the heavy sand-hills, had to cross for nine days.

On the day they made El Wahr, and the two following, camels in great numbers dropped down and died, or were quickly killed and the meat brought in by the hungry slaves.

On January 21st, 1825, they reached Tripoli, and soon after embarked for Leghorn. Before leaving, however, Major Denham obtained the freedom of the Mandara boy, whose liberation from slavery he had paid for some months before. He now got the Pasha to put his seal on the necessary document, the only way in which a Christian can give freedom to a slave in a Mahomedan country.

The travellers were long detained by quarantine at Leghorn, so that the three survivors of the expedition did not reach England till June 1st.

From the favourable report which Clapperton on his return home brought of the Sultan Bello of Sackatoo, and his wish to open up a commercial intercourse with the English, the Government determined at once to send out another expedition, in the hopes that that object might be carried out, and that means might be found for putting a check on the slave trade in that part of Africa.

Clapperton, now raised to the rank of commander, was placed at the head of the expedition. Captain Pearce and a Mr. Morrison, a naval surgeon, were appointed to serve under him. He also engaged the services of Mr. Dickson, another surgeon, and of a very intelligent young man, Richard Lander, who was to act as his servant.

As Sultan Bello stated that there were two large towns under his government near the coast, called Funda and Raka, and that he would send down messengers, whom his friends would meet on their arrival, it was settled that the expedition should proceed to the Bight of Benin, and thence make its way to Sackatoo. After a stay of only four months, Clapperton sailed from Portsmouth on board H.M. sloop *Brazen*, and, touching at Sierra Leone, arrived at Benin on November 26th.



Mr. Dickson, wishing to make his way alone to Sackatoo, was landed at Whidah, taking with him Columbus, Denham's former servant, and thence, in company with a Portuguese of the name of De Sousa, he set off for Dahomey. Here he was well received and was sent forward to a place called Shar, seventeen days



CHIEF AND SOLDIERS.

journey from Dahomey. From thence he was known to have set forward with another escort, but from that time nothing whatever was heard of him or his attendant, Columbus.

At Benin, Clapperton met an English merchant of the name of Houtson, who advised him not to ascend the river, but to take a route from Badagarry across the country to Katunga, the capital of Youriba. Under the sanction of the King of Badagarry, the

mission set out on its long and perilous journey on December 7th, accompanied by Mr. Houtson. At Badagarry, Clapperton had engaged an old negro, named Pasco, who had been a sailor, and from his knowledge of English was likely to prove useful as an interpreter.

Travelling on sixty miles, the mission entered the town of Jannah. By this time all its members were suffering greatly from the climate; Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison especially were very ill, and Richard Lander was also suffering. Those who were able had ridden on horseback, but the sick were carried in hammocks.

They halted in the palaver-house, an open shed, which was soon surrounded by thousands of people making a great noise. Here they waited till the chief man made his appearance. He was gorgeously attired in a large yellow silk shirt and red velvet cap, with a silver-mounted whip ornamented with beads in one hand, and a stick covered with bells in the other, which he rattled whenever he spoke. He took his seat on a large leathern cushion, placed on a scarlet cloth. When Captain Clapperton was going to sit down on the cloth, the attendant ladies pulled it from under him; so he took his seat on a mat. The members of the commission then shook hands with the head man, who said he was glad to see them, and that his master the King would grant them a passage through his country, but that they must ride on horseback, as his people were unaccustomed to carry hammocks. They were then shown to a house, where they remained during their stay.

As Captain Clapperton and Mr. Houtson walked through the town, they were followed by an immense and curious crowd; yet not a word of disrespect was uttered to them. They remarked the kind way in which the dogs in this place were treated, their necks being ornamented with collars of different colours and cowries. No great man was without one, which always had a boy to tend it.

The people, hearing that a Brazilian brig had arrived at Badagarry, were preparing to set out on a slaving expedition to a place to the eastward. Slave dealers as the people were, they deserve to be commended for their honesty; for during the whole journey

hitherto, although the mission had had ten relays of carriers, not a single article had been stolen.

A few days later, Dr. Morrison, who continued to get worse, requested to return, hoping that the sea air would restore him. Mr. Houtson accompanied him back to Jannah. The next day, Dawson, a seaman, who, while suffering from ague caught at Jannah, had fallen off into the water in the morning, died in the evening. Three days afterwards, Captain Pearce, who, supported by his wonderful spirits, insisted upon coming on, grew much worse, and at nine in the evening he breathed his last. The death of his friend was a serious loss to Clapperton, for he was eminently qualified by his talents and perseverance to render essential service to the mission.

Another three days passed, when Mr. Houtson returned with the sad news that Dr. Morrison had died at Jannah on the same day as Captain Pearce. Mr. Houtson, though unwell, still insisted on accompanying Clapperton.

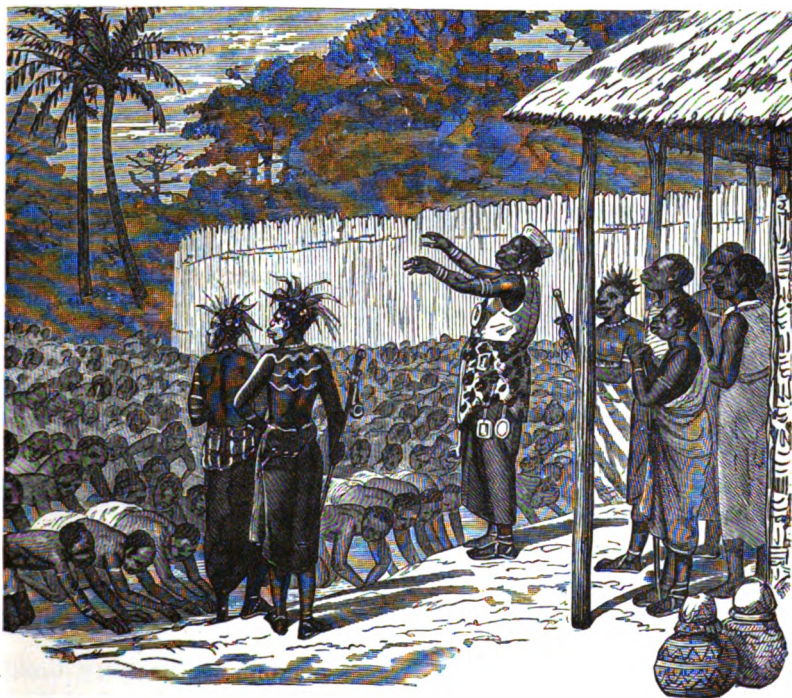
On January 6th, 1826, the travellers entered the town of Chocho, beyond which their road lay through beautiful rocky valleys, cultivated in many places, and planted with cotton, corn, yams, and bananas, and many watered by little streams. Numbers of little huts were seen perched on the tops and in the hollows of the hills. Beautiful as the country was, it was the scene of the miserable devastating wars carried on in all parts of Africa for the purpose of obtaining slaves to be sold on the coast.

On the 8th, they entered Duffo, a town containing 15,000 people. The crowd which came to see them in the house where they were lodged, was immense. When the people were told to go away, they said: "No; if the white man would not come out, they would come in to see him."

They passed numerous other large towns, and were received in a friendly manner, and well supplied with fowls, sheep, and goats. Yet the people, though kind, were exceedingly curious, and allowed them but little rest. Further eastward they passed a number of Felatah villages, whose inhabitants attend to the pasturage of their cattle, without interfering in the customs of the country, or

receiving any annoyance from the natives. Some of them, as they passed, brought them milk to drink.

As they approached Katunga, the capital of Youriba, the head man, with an enormous escort, came out to meet them. His musicians kept drumming, playing, dancing, and singing, all night. The country round was well cultivated, and the city, as they saw



THE KING ADDRESSING HIS SUBJECTS.

it lying below them, appeared surrounded and studded with green, shady trees, forming a belt round the base of a granite mountain.

The King was found seated under a verandah of his house, with two red and blue umbrellas, raised on large poles, held over him by slaves. The crowd, as they advanced, had to be kept back with sticks and whips; but they were used in a good-natured manner.

Clapperton was told that he must prostrate himself before the King; but this he declined doing, saying that he would turn back unless he was allowed to act as he would do before his own sovereign; that he would only take off his hat, and bow, and shake hands with his majesty, if he pleased. The King agreed to this, and the English were introduced in due form. Behind the King were an immense number of ladies, so closely packed that it was impossible to count them. They stood up as the strangers approached and cheered them, shouting, "Oh, oh, oh!" equivalent to "Hurra," while the men outside joined them.

The King had on a large white shirt, with a blue one under it, and a pasteboard crown covered with blue cotton, made apparently by some European on the coast, and sent up to him as a present.

Comfortable apartments were provided for them, and in the evening the King himself made his appearance, plainly dressed, with a long staff in his hand, saying that he could not sleep till he had personally ascertained how they were. They spent two very pleasant days here, resting after the fatigues of their journey. The King pressed them to remain to see the national amusements, which would begin in about two months. On this, Mr. Houtson inquired whether they were such as took place at Dahomey, on which the King declared that no human beings were ever sacrificed in Youriba, and that if he ordered the King of Dahomey to desist from such a practice, he must obey him. The King had sent forward a messenger to open the way to Nyffe, and till he returned they were compelled to remain at the capital.

They were entertained here with a pantomime, the stage being the open ground before his majesty's residence, the characters appearing in masks. One of them represented an enormous snake, which crept out of a huge bag, and followed the manager round the park while he defended himself with a sword. Out of another sack came a man, covered apparently with white wax to look like a European, miserably thin and starved with cold. He went through the ceremony of taking snuff and rubbing his nose. When he walked it was with an awkward gait, treading as the most tender-footed white man would do in walking with bare soles over rough ground. Clapperton pretended to be as much pleased with

this caricature of a white man as the natives were. Between each act the King's women sang a number of choral songs, joined by the crowd outside.

They were glad to hear, on March 6th, that the messengers had returned, and that they might set out the next day, when the King presented Clapperton with a horse and bade him farewell. Mr. Houtson, who had been for some time suffering from illness, was compelled to return, and died on reaching the coast.

Clapperton, with his faithful attendant, Richard Lander, and the black, Pasco, proceeded alone. They had evidence, as they advanced, of the destruction caused by the Felatahs, in the number of villages which had been burnt down, while the inhabitants of others, who had taken to flight, were seen returning to their homes.

A few days after starting, they overtook a large caravan belonging to Hausa, on its way from Gonga and Ashantee. It consisted of upwards of a thousand men and women, and as many beasts of burden. The head man offered to carry Clapperton's baggage to Kano for a certain sum. He said that he had been detained in Gonga twelve months on account of the wars. Their goods were carried on bullocks, mules, asses, and also by a number of female slaves. Some of the merchants had no more property than they could carry on their own heads. The chief of the town, however, advised Clapperton not to trust the caravan leader, for, as he had no means of conveying his luggage, he would undoubtedly leave him in the lurch. He therefore proceeded, as he intended, alone.

On March 20th, Clapperton entered the village of Barakina, the inhabitants of which were noted as the best hunters in the country. As he entered, a hunter came in from the chase, followed by a slave carrying a dead antelope. He wore a leopard skin over his shoulder, carrying a light spear in his hand, and his bow and arrows slung over his shoulder. He was followed by three cream-coloured dogs, their necks adorned with collars of different coloured leather.

On leaving this village he passed through a narrow gorge, shaded by tall majestic trees. "Here," he thought to himself, "are the gates leading to the Niger."

Next day he arrived before the walls of Wawa, in the neighbourhood of the far-famed river. Here he met with unexpected diffi-

culties. Not only did the daughter of the governor make love to him, but a rich widow called Zuma, the daughter of an Arab, who, though brown, considered herself a white woman, insisted on marrying either him or his servant Richard Lander. Being above twenty, she was considered past her prime; but had it not been for her stoutness, which made her look like a walking water-butt, she would really have been handsome. Finding that neither of the white strangers would accept her offers, she endeavoured to entrap them by giving a wife to Pasco, by which, according to the customs of the country, she obtained some sort of claim over his master. The governor soon became alarmed, declaring that, as the lady had a thousand slaves and enormous wealth, she would very likely drive him from the country, and, should the traveller accept her hand, raise him to the throne of Wawa. In the hopes of ending the matter, Clapperton set off for the Niger, leaving his baggage to follow him to the ferry of Comie, while he went round by Boussa. Greatly to his annoyance his baggage was, however, detained by the governor, who feared the widow Zuma's machinations, and refused to liberate it till her return. Clapperton had great difficulty in making him believe that he had no sort of communication whatever with the lady. Next day, however, the widow Zuma made her entrance into the city, sitting astride on a fine horse, with housings of scarlet cloth, trimmed with lace. She herself was habited in a red silk mantle, red trousers and morocco boots, numerous spells, enclosed in coloured leather cases, being hung round her. A large train of armed attendants followed her, while she was preceded by a drummer, decked in ostrich feathers.

Clapperton's resolution, however, was not to be overcome. To settle the matter he made Pasco give back his wife again, assuring the governor that he had no intention whatever of entering into any of her designs. She, therefore, indignantly shook the dust from her feet, and allowed the hard-hearted stranger to proceed unmolested on his way.

He made inquiries of all who could give him any information about the fate of Mungo Park. They all asked him whether he intended to take up the vessel, which they said still remained at the bottom. The governor's head man told him that the boat stuck fast between



two rocks; that the people in it laid down four anchors ahead, when, the water rushing down fiercely from the rocks as the white men attempted to get on shore, they were drowned; that crowds of people went to see them, but that the white men did not shoot at them, nor did the natives at the people in the boat, as they were too much frightened either to shoot at or assist them. They said, further, that a great many things were in the boat — books and riches, which the Sultan of Boussa had possession of; that there was an abundance of beef, cut in slices and salted, and that the people of Boussa who had eaten of it had died because it was human flesh, which it was well known white men eat. Another man, however, asserted that the natives did shoot arrows because the people in the boat had fired at them. They all treated the affair with much seriousness, looking on the place where the boat was wrecked with awe, and telling some most marvellous stories about her and her ill-fated crew. Boussa, Clapperton says in his journal, is a large town, with extensive walls, situated on an island in the Quorra, and to reach it he had to cross in a canoe, while his horse swam over.

After Captain Clapperton had offered the Sultan the presents he had brought for him, he inquired about the white men who had been lost in the river. He seemed very uneasy at the question, and replied that he was a little boy at the time, and had nothing belonging to them; indeed, Clapperton found that any books and papers which had been saved were in the possession of the Sultan of Youri. Shortly afterwards a messenger arrived from that chief, inviting him to his town, and offering to send canoes to convey him up the river; but Clapperton, anxious to proceed on his journey, unfortunately declined the offer. He was here treated in the kindest way possible, and every one was ready to give him information on all points, with the exception of that connected with Park's death.

The place, however, where the boat struck and the unfortunate crew perished, was pointed out to him. It was in the eastern of three channels into which the river is here divided. A low flat island, about a quarter of a mile in breadth, lies between the town of Boussa and the fatal spot. The banks are not more than



ten feet above the level of the water, which here breaks over a grey slaty rock, extending across to the eastern shore.

The Sultan made him a present of a fine young horse, and his brother, with many of the principal people, accompanied him when he set out on his journey. As he rode towards the ford at Comie, he ascended a high rock overlooking the river. From hence he saw the stream rushing round low rocky and wood-covered islands and among several islets and rocks, when, taking a sudden bend to the westward, the water dashed with great violence against the foot of the rock on which he sat. Below the islands the river fell three or four feet, while the rest of the channel was studded with rocks, some of which were above water. It seemed to him, that even had Park and Martyn passed Boussa, their vessel would almost to a certainty have been destroyed on these rocks, where they would probably have perished unheard of and unseen.

The traveller next entered the kingdom of Nyffe, which, in consequence of having been the prey of a desolating civil war, was almost ruined. A dispute had arisen between two rival princes, one of whom called in the aid of the Felatahs, who, in their usual way, had ravaged the whole country. Two large walled towns had, however, resisted the inroads of the invaders; one of these was Coolfu, where Clapperton and the caravan he had now joined halted for some days. Although the inhabitants were professedly Mussulmans, they were exceedingly lax in their religious duties, and none of the bigotry so prevalent in other places was discernible. The women, indeed, took an active part in public matters, many of them being engaged in mercantile pursuits. They have an odd idea about imbibing the precepts of the Koran; and, to do so, they get some learned man to write texts from it with black chalk on pieces of board. These are then washed off, when the water is drunk. They evidently consider it a fetish or charm of some sort.

Clapperton now entered the Felatah country of Zeg-zeg. The region, in the neighbourhood of its capital, Zaria, was the most beautiful he had seen in Africa, being variegated with hill and dale, resembling in many respects the most picturesque parts of England. It was covered with rich pastures and fields, now

blessed with plentiful crops, while the rice grown there was the finest in Africa. Zaria was said to contain fifty thousand inhabitants, a population exceeding that of Kano.

Arrived at Kano, he took up his quarters in his former residence. The city was, however, in a great state of agitation, in consequence of war raging on every side. Hostilities had broken out between the King of Bornou and the Felatahs, while other provinces were in open rebellion, so that a caravan had great difficulty in proceeding in any direction.

As Kano is midway between Sackatoo and Bornou, Clapperton, who purposed visiting the former city, determined to leave his baggage at Kano, under charge of Richard Lander, while he himself went forward, carrying only the presents intended for Bello.

His journey towards Sackatoo was very fatiguing; his camels were worn out, while he often suffered greatly from thirst. At the town of Jaza he met his old friend, the Sultan's general, with a numerous train on horseback and foot. The horsemen were armed with spears, swords and shields, the foot with bows and arrows. The women came behind, some riding on horseback astraddle, some on camels, others on foot, carrying the kitchen utensils. The general was preceded by a band, with four long trumpets, two drums and a pipe. On meeting Clapperton he dismounted, and, taking him by the hand, walked hand in hand with him into the house which had been prepared for his reception. He said that Bello had received no letters from Bornou appointing where his messengers were to meet the mission on the coast.

Clapperton, besides suffering from hunger and thirst, lost his horse and all his camels, while his journal, ink-horn, pens and spectacles were stolen; nor did he ever recover them—one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a traveller.

On October 15th, about noon, he arrived at Bello's camp, and was immediately admitted to an audience. The Sultan's residence consisted of a number of huts, screened off by cloth fixed on poles, making quite a village of itself. He received the traveller kindly and asked after the health of the King of England, and was greatly surprised to hear that Clapperton had remained only four

months at home, and had hastened back to Africa without seeing his friends.

Bello's army was on its march to attack Coonia, the capital of the rebels. Nothing could be more disorderly than the march. Horse and foot intermingled in the greatest confusion, all rushing to get forward; sometimes the followers of one chief tumbled amongst those of another, when swords were half-drawn, but they ended in making faces at each other, or putting on a threatening aspect. This disorderly army consisted of upwards of fifty thousand fighting men, horse and foot.

As soon as they arrived before the town, they formed a dense circle of men and horses around it. The horsemen kept out of bowshot, while the foot soldiers, as they felt courage or inclination to do so, rushed forward and kept up a straggling fire with about thirty muskets in addition to their bows. The Zeg-zeg troops had one French fusil, and the Kano force forty-one muskets. The Kano men, as soon as they fired their pieces, ran out of bowshot to reload. The enemy seldom threw away their arrows, not shooting till they were sure of doing so with effect. Occasionally a single horseman would gallop up and brandish his spear, while he covered himself with his large leathern shield, returning as fast as he went, and shouting: "Shields to the wall! Why do you not hasten to the wall?" Many of the soldiers answered: "You have a large shield to cover you," and disregarded the call. At length the troops habited in quilted armour were marched forward, presenting a somewhat fine appearance, as their helmets were ornamented with black and white ostrich feathers, while at the sides pieces of tin glittered in the sun, their long quilted coats of gaudy colours reaching down to the horses' tails and hanging over their flanks. The riders were armed with large spears, and they had to be assisted to mount their horses. Their quilted cloaks were so heavy that it required two men to mount a cavalier.

The besieged did wonderful execution with their single musket, which brought down the first of the quilted cavaliers, who fell from his horse like a sack of corn, when the footmen dashed forward and dragged him and his steed out of harm's way. He had been shot by two balls, which went through his body, one coming out

and the other lodging in his quilted armour. There were three Arabs, armed at all points, one of whom was struck by the Coonia musket, but the others kept carefully behind the Sultan.

The most useful as well as bravest person, was an old female slave of the Sultan, who, mounted astraddle on a long-backed horse, rode about with half a dozen gourds filled with water, and a brass basin, from which she supplied the wounded and thirsty.

In the evening this valiant army retired to their camp, when the Coonia force managed to cut off the water from the stream which supplied it, and then an alarm was raised that they were about to make an attack. On this the whole army, horse and foot, tumbled over each other pell-mell, trying who should get the soonest out of danger.

Clapperton had wisely not undressed, but, making his servant saddle his horse and load his camels, he set off in the morning with the army, which soon afterwards retreated, and returned to Sackatoo.

Though his old Arab acquaintances called upon him and pretended to be very friendly, they were plotting his destruction. Bello had also received a letter from the Sultan of Bornou, warning him against the machinations of the English. He likewise took steps to thwart the traveller's objects, though he did not treat him with any personal violence. When the chief people in the place found that their Sultan was no longer on friendly terms with the stranger, they also gave up visiting him, and he was left very much alone. Bello likewise insisted on seeing the letter which Clapperton was carrying to the King of Bornou, and when his request was refused, he seized it. He also, by false pretences, induced Lander to come on from Kano to Sackatoo with the presents, including several firearms, which were intended for the King of Bornou, that he might get them into his own possession.

This news preyed greatly on Clapperton's mind, besides which he caught a dangerous chill from lying down while hunting, when overcome with heat and fatigue, on a damp spot in the open air. He was soon afterwards seized with dysentery, which rapidly reduced his strength. During his illness he was watched over with the tenderest care by Richard Lander, who was also himself suffering

much from sickness. Old Pasco, who had been dismissed at Kano for stealing, was at Lander's suggestion forgiven, and greatly assisted their dying master.

The heat was intense, and Lander used to carry him to a couch outside the hut, where he might enjoy the air, and return with him in the evening. He also daily read to him some portions of the New Testament, and the 95th Psalm, which he was never weary of listening to. Twenty days he continued in this state, growing weaker and weaker.

At length he called his faithful servant to his bedside, and addressed him thus:—"Richard, I shall soon be no more; I feel myself dying."

Almost choked with grief, Lander replied: "God forbid, my dear master: you will live many years yet."

"Don't be so much affected, my dear boy," said Clapperton. "It is the will of the Almighty: it cannot be helped."

He then directed Lander how to dispose of his papers and all his property, adding, as he took his faithful attendant's hand: "My dear Richard, if you had not been with me I should have died long ago. I can only thank you with my latest breath for your kindness and attachment to me; but God will reward you."

During their conversation Clapperton fainted from weakness, but after this appeared to rally, and for several days Lander's hopes revived; but one morning he was alarmed by hearing a peculiar rattling sound proceeding from his master's throat. At the same instant Clapperton called out, "Richard!" in a low and hurried tone, when going to him, Lander found him sitting upright in his bed and staring wildly round. Placing his master's head gently on his left shoulder, Lander gazed for a moment at his pale and altered features. Some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips, and, in the attempt to give them utterance, he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

Having performed the last offices for his master and friend, Lander sent to the Sultan Bello for permission to bury him; and, in return, an officer arrived with four slaves, and Lander was desired to follow them. Placing Clapperton's body on the back of his camel, and throwing the Union Jack over it, he bade them proceed,

and they conducted him to the village of Jungavie, situated on rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Sackatoo. Here a grave was dug; and the faithful attendant, opening a prayer-book, read, with many tears, the funeral service over the remains of his beloved master.

Bello appeared to have regretted his treatment of the brave explorer. He furnished Lander with the means of returning home, and gave him permission either to proceed across the Desert or to take any other route. Lander, not wishing to trust the Arabs, determined to take the route by which he had come, among the better-disposed negroes. He was accompanied by old Pasco, who acted as his interpreter, and Mudey, a black, who had always been faithful.

On reaching Kano he determined to proceed southward to Funda, where, from the information he received, he hoped to be able to settle the problem of the course of the Niger, to ascertain whether it flowed from thence onward to the sea, or turned eastward into the interior of the country, as by many it was supposed to do. After travelling some distance he was warned that he would enter a mountainous region inhabited by cannibals, who would certainly put him to death, and who were reported to have killed and eaten a whole caravan a short time before.

On his way he passed through a large place called Cuttup, which consisted of 500 small villages clustered together. Here he was well received by the King, whose numerous wives were highly delighted when he made them a present of two or three gilt buttons from his jacket, which they, imagining them to be pure gold, fastened to their ears.

He had reached the village of Dunrera, near the large city of Jacoba, in the neighbourhood of which the Shary was said to flow in a continuous course between Funda and Lake Tchad. This raised his spirits, and he was expecting, in ten or twelve days, to solve the great problem, when, to his dismay, four horsemen galloped into the town, their leader informing him that the King of Zeg-zeg had sent to conduct him to Zaria.

Finding himself compelled to obey, he repaired to the capital, where the King boasted that he had done him an essential service;

for, as the people of Funda were at war with Sultan Bello, they would certainly have murdered him.

The King's chief object, however, was, it appears, to gratify his curiosity, for, as he had been absent when Clapperton and Lander passed through his capital, he had not before seen a white man. Lander was well treated by the King's eldest son, a handsome young man of two-and-twenty. As an especial mark of favour the prince introduced him to his fifty wives, who were found industriously employed in preparing cotton, making thread, and weaving it into cloth. They no sooner saw him than, dropping their work, they flew off and hid themselves. He here obtained a pack bullock and a pony in lieu of his asses, which were worn out; and, after some delay, the King gave him permission to continue his journey.

Leaving Zaria, he proceeded westward, along the route by which he had come into the country. Wherever he went inquiries were made about his father, as he was supposed to be Clapperton's son, and everyone expressed great grief on hearing of his death.

Lander not only made his way among the various tribes he had to pass through, but carried with him in safety a large trunk, containing Clapperton's clothes and other property, three watches, which he had secured about his person to preserve them from the rapacity of Bello, and all his master's remaining papers and journals, with which, after a journey of nine months, accompanied by three blacks, he arrived in safety at Badagarry.

From thence he was conveyed in the English brig *Maria* to Cape Coast, whence he obtained a passage home in the *Esk*, and arrived in safety in England.

## CHAPTER V.

### JOURNEY OF THE LANDERS TO THE NIGER.

*The Landers arrive at Boussa—Visit to Youri—Obtain relics of Mungo Park—The voyage down the Niger—Adventures on the river—Seizure and rescue by a chief—Safe arrival on the sea coast and return to England.*

**R**ICHARD LANDER possessed in no ordinary degree the qualities of a successful explorer. The courage, perseverance and judgment exhibited by him in making his way from Sackatoo to the coast after the death of Clapperton, and the bold attempt to follow the course of the Niger to the sea, pointed him out to the British Government as a fit person to lead another expedition with that object in view.

He at once accepted the offer made to him, and was allowed to take his younger brother John, a well educated and intelligent young man, as his companion. They were directed to proceed from Badagarry to Boussa on the Niger, where Mungo Park was wrecked and lost his life. Thence, after visiting Youri, the chief of which place was supposed to be in possession of Park's papers, he was directed to make his way, either down the Niger in canoes or along the banks by land, as he might find practicable, either to the sea, if the stream was found to flow in that direction, or eastward into Lake Tchad, which at that time, it was supposed, it might possibly do. In the latter case, if found advisable, he was to return home by way of Fezzan and Tripoli; but, in either case, his intentions were to follow its course, if possible, to its termination, wherever that might be.

Sailing from Portsmouth on January 9th, 1830, the Landers reached Cape Coast Castle in safety. Here they were fortunate enough to engage old Pasco and his wife, with Richard's former attendant, Jowdie, together with Ibrahim and Nimo, two Bornou



men, who could speak English, as also the Hausssa language. Hence they went to Badagarry, and, on March 31st, commenced their journey into the interior, proceeding up the river as far as it was navigable. Up country they procured horses, on which they continued their journey. Both the brothers suffered from sickness; but, undaunted, they pursued their course till they reached Katunga, the capital of Youriba.



KRUMEN AND THEIR CANOES.

The only difference between the residence of a chief and those of his subjects consisted in the number, though not in the superiority, of his court-yards. For the most part they were tenanted by women and slaves, together with flocks of sheep and goats, and abundance of pigs and poultry mixed indiscriminately.

The King had put on his robes of state to receive them, and amused them while dinner was preparing with a concert from a number of long drums, kettledrums and horns. He wore on his head an ornament like a bishop's mitre, covered with strings of

coral. His shirt, or principal garment, was of green and crimson silk, sewn together like a piece of patchwork. He wore English cotton stockings, and sandals of neat workmanship. His subjects, as they approached, prostrated themselves, rubbing their heads with earth, and kissing the ground repeatedly, till their faces were covered with the red soil.

The King was so amused with the very different style with which the Englishmen saluted him, that he burst out in a fit of laughter, in which his wives and subjects joined him. They parted with the worthy monarch, who forwarded them on their journey.

Avoiding Wawa, at which place the widow Zuma had laid siege to the hearts of Clapperton and his attendant, they proceeded on to Boussa, which, greatly to their surprise, they found standing on the mainland, and not on an island as Clapperton's journal had stated.

A hut having been selected for them, they repaired to it, and were well supplied with dishes of meat, rice, and corn for supper. They were astonished to receive a visit from the widow Zuma, who appeared in very humble apparel of country cloth. Having quarrelled with the ruler of Wawa, she had made her escape over the city wall in the night, travelling on foot to Boussa, where she had since taken up her abode.

The King was highly pleased with the presents which the Landers had brought him, and he and his wife, his chief counsellor and only confidant, honoured them with a visit at their hut. The queen was dressed in a check shirt, with several pieces of blue cotton—one tied round her waist, another hanging over her shoulder, and one covering her head—brass rings ornamenting her great toes, and bracelets her wrists; besides which she wore a necklace of coral and beads of gold, and small pieces of coral stuck in the lobe of each ear. Coral appeared to be in great demand wherever they went, and the Queen was disappointed on finding that they had brought none.

Lander, concealing the object of his journey, informed the King that his purpose was to go to Bornou by way of Youri, and requested a safe conduct through his territories. This permission was granted, and, sending their horses by land, they proceeded up the river in a canoe, which was furnished them, towards Youri.

The scenery on the main branch of the river was interesting and

picturesque. The bank was covered with hamlets and villages, and fine trees abounded.

After proceeding a short distance, the stream gradually widened to two miles, in some places the water being very shallow, but in others of considerable depth. Steering directly northward they voyaged on for four days, having passed, they were told, all the dangerous rocks and sand-banks which are to be found above Youri or below Boussa.



SALUTATION.

Landing at a little village on the bank, where their horses met them, they rode a distance of eight miles to the walls of Youri, which was entered through an amazingly long passage, at the end of which was an immense door, covered with plates of iron rudely fastened to the woodwork.

A habitation had been provided for them, to which they were conducted, excusing themselves from paying their respects to the Sultan on account of the fatigues of the journey. The following evening they visited the Sultan, whose palace consisted of a group

of buildings, enclosed by a high wall. Dismounting, they were conducted along a low, dark avenue, with pillars on either side, and entered a large square yard, where a number of servants were hurrying about, or seated on the ground. They were kept waiting for some time, till, receiving a summons to advance, they were introduced into another square, which resembled a clean farm-yard. Here they found the Sultan seated alone on a plain piece of carpet, with a pillow on each side of him and a neat brass pan in front. He was a big-headed, corpulent, and, though of advanced age, jolly-looking man. He expressed his annoyance that Clapperton did not visit him, and that Lander had not done so on his return, and they were not sorry to take their leave.

Their visit to the Sultan of Youri was not without great interest, as it enabled them to obtain the only relics of the last journey of Mungo Park that have ever come to light. These were a richly embroidered robe, a gun, an old nautical almanack, a book of the metrical version of the Psalms of David, and his journal,\* describing his journey from the Gambia to the Niger. The two latter relics were exhibited at the "Stanley and African Exhibition" of 1890, held in London.

The King, though he expressed his readiness to assist them declared that he could not forward them on their way to the eastward, as, from the disturbed state of the country, he would be unable to guarantee their safety, and that the best thing he could do was to send them back to Boussa. On this they immediately sent a message to the King of Boussa, saying that, as they were unable to continue their journey in the direction they had proposed, they would feel grateful if he would lend them a canoe, by which they might proceed down the river to the salt water, and that they would remunerate him to the best of their ability.

On August 2nd, they set off on their road to Boussa, but here

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\* With this journal was the following letter from the heroic traveller, addressed to Lord Camden, dated "On board H.M. schooner *JoMba*, at anchor off Sansandig, November 17th, 1808.—I have turned a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and set sail with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. . . . My dear friend Mr. Anderson, and likewise Mr. Scott, are both dead; but, though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still proceed, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die on the Niger." This heroic resolve the great traveller sealed a few days later with his life.

they were kept some weeks, during which either one or the other, of the brothers paid visits to the King of Wawa, from whom they found they had the best chance of obtaining a canoe. The King and Queen of Boussa were the most amiable couple they met with on their travels, and treated them with uniform kindness during their stay. The King was proud of his skill as a dancer, and exhibited his accomplishment at a grand festival which took place during their visit. Although advanced in life, he was as active as a boy, and indulged largely in his favourite amusement every Friday.

On the last day of the festival, while his subjects were gathered in large numbers on the racecourse, he appeared among them, followed by boys, carrying calabashes full of cowries, with which he rewarded the dancers, singers and musicians, scattering the remainder among the crowd to be scrambled for. Then, to show his affection for his subjects, unwilling to send them to their homes without giving them another treat, he danced sideways half way up the racecourse and back again to his residence, with much stateliness, his amiable wife smiling with pride in possessing such a spouse, while the people were louder than ever in their shouts and plaudits.

The travellers heard here that El Kanemy, Major Denham's friend, had fallen into disgrace with the Sultan of Bornou, who suspected him of treasonable practices, and of the intention of usurping the sovereignty. He had been imprisoned, and would have lost his head had not the Mahomedan priests interfered and obtained his liberation.

During their last visit to the King of Wawa, he exhibited a collection of charms written on sheets of paper, glued or pasted together. Among them was a small edition of Watts's Hymns, on one of the blank leaves of which was written, "Alexander Anderson, Royal Military Hospital, Gosport, 1804." This little book had belonged to Mr. Park's brother-in-law, who died in that neighbourhood. They saw also two other notes addressed to Park; one from a Mr. Watson, and the other from Lady Dalkeith.

It was not before September 30th, that, at length, having obtained the long wished for canoes, they were able to embark in the neighbourhood of Boussa. Cheered by the natives, they

sprang on board, and the current rapidly bore them down the stream. Their voyage began prosperously; but they were detained at several places by the chiefs, who wished to get as much as they could out of them.

At Lever a priest, attended by a number of followers, told them that they were in his power, and should not quit the town till he thought proper. The Landers had hitherto always behaved in the mildest manner possible, but now Richard replied that if the priest or anyone else attempted to hinder them from taking their departure, he should feel no hesitation in shooting him. In an instant the priest's manner changed, and he became civil and humble. They passed numerous islands, many of them several miles in length, and thickly inhabited.

At Leechee the Niger was found to be three miles in width. The inhabitants of the place had numerous canoes. The boatmen they engaged here, though they only paddled on for about forty minutes, refused to go further, and they were compelled to wait till they could obtain a fresh crew. Indeed, at the different places at which they stopped, they were vexatiously delayed on various pretexts by the natives.

At Belee Island a messenger arrived to inform them that they would be visited in the morning by the "King of the Dark Water." They embarked at an early hour, and about ten o'clock, the sound of voices singing, which reached their ears over the surface of the stream, warned them of the approach of his sable majesty. A small canoe came first, and then another, propelled by upwards of twenty fine young men. In this, under a decorated awning, on a piece of scarlet cloth, ornamented with beads and gold lace, sat the "King of the Dark Water." In the stern were a number of musicians, drummers and a trumpeter, and in the bow four little boys, neatly clad. The King, of coal-black hue, was a fine-looking man, well stricken in years. He was dressed in a *bourous* of blue cloth, under which was a variegated shirt made of figured satin, trousers, sandals of coloured leather, and a red cloth cap on his head. He was accompanied by six wives, also picturesquely dressed, their wrists ornamented with silver bracelets and their necks with coloured necklaces.

The travellers saluted him with a discharge from their muskets, and, while he went on shore, Richard arrayed himself in an old naval uniform coat, and his brother in the handsomest dress he possessed; their attendants also put on their best attire, while the British flag flew from the bow of their boat so that they might show him all the respect in their power. These arrangements being concluded, the English led the way down the river, followed by the King and a squadron of canoes, to the island of Zagozhi, on which a town of considerable size was situated. Opposite to it was the town of Rabba, said to be very large and populous. The Niger flows at this spot in a direction south of east.

While staying at this place, Lander was surprised by receiving an over-warm and embarrassing salutation from a little, ugly, old Arab, whom he recognized as having been employed by Clapperton, and afterwards acted as his own guide from Kano. He had cheated Clapperton, and had also stolen Captain Pearce's sword and a sum of money when sent back to Kano, from which he had decamped. When reminded of his rogueries, he only laughed and begged for everything he saw, whereupon Lander turned him out of the hut.

They found here Mallam Dendow, a cousin of Bello, very old and feeble. He was pleased with the presents he received, and, through his means, the "King of the Dark Water" promised to supply them with canoes and a guide to conduct them to the sea.

Just as the travellers were hoping to recommence their voyage, old Pasco returned from Mallam Dendow with the unpleasant information that the chief was dissatisfied with the gifts he had received, and that unless they presented him with others of more value he would take their guns and powder from them before he would permit them to leave Zagozhi. Having no articles left among their stores, they were most unwillingly compelled to present him with Mr. Park's *tobe*, which had been given him by the King of Youri. With this he was highly delighted, and now, declaring that he would be their friend for ever after, he not only obtained for them the restitution of their canoe, which had been seized by the "King of the Dark Water," but made them a present of a number of handsome mats and a supply of cowries and provisions.

On October 16th they again launched into the river, firing two muskets and uttering three cheers as a salute to the "King of the Dark Water" and the hundreds of spectators gazing at them, whom they soon left out of sight.

They were now, with the exception of a few bracelets and other trifling articles, possessed of nothing with which to make presents or pay tribute to the chiefs. It was, therefore, important that they should hasten down the stream, touching at as few places as possible. They passed a village on an island completely submerged, and were nearly upset by striking against the roof of one of the cottages, towards which a whirlpool had driven them. A number of canoes were engaged in carrying off the inhabitants.

At the Island of Fofa they heard that the frontiers of Funda were three days' journey down the Niger, and that the city itself was upwards of three days' journey inland from the waterside, and that thus it would be impossible for them to visit it.

In between three and four days after leaving Zagozhi they reached Egga, a large town situated behind a morass, several creeks leading out of it. A vast number of large canoes lay off the place, laden with all kinds of merchandise. The chief, a venerable man with a long white beard, examined them from head to foot and, remarking that they were strange looking people well worth seeing, placed at their disposal a commodious hut. It was a town of great extent and with a large population. The river varied in width from two to five and six miles.

They here observed Benin and Portuguese clothes worn by the inhabitants, who, being very enterprising, were engaged in trading up and down the river.

On the 22nd they once more embarked, their crew greatly alarmed with the prospect of meeting enemies ahead, who would, they said, very likely put them to death. Had they, however, remained at Egga, they would probably have been made slaves. They heard, indeed, dreadful reports of the character of the people occupying both sides of the Niger between Kakunda and Bocqua, and prepared to defend themselves.

One of their men, Antonio, son of a chief on the Bonny River, who had joined them from H.M. brig *Clinker*, was especially



alarmed—not on his own account, as he said that his life was of no consequence, but that he feared that his two white friends, whom he loved so dearly, might be killed. They accordingly pulled on during the night, passing a large town, from which issued a loud noise, as of a multitude quarrelling. Once they fancied they saw a light following them, but it turned out to be a will-o'-the-wisp.

On October 25th the river suddenly changed its course to the south-west, running between immensely high hills, and in the evening they passed the mouth of a considerable river entering the Niger from the eastward. After pulling up some little way, they found the current so strong against them that they were compelled to return. This they concluded to be the river known as the Binue.

While their men were on shore, collecting firewood, they came suddenly on a village, and, the people being aroused, the travellers, seated under a palm-tree, were quickly surrounded; but the chief, appearing, was persuaded that they only desired peace. Old Pasco was the only one who had stood by them during the interval, the rest having taken to their heels on the appearance of danger. On landing at another place, a number of women hastened out of an adjacent village with muskets; but, seeing the travellers sitting down quietly without making any hostile display, they soon became friendly.

They were detained three days at Damuggoo, a very dirty town, where, however, the people were generally dressed in Manchester cottons; that is to say, they wore pieces of them round their waists, extending to the knee. Continuing their voyage down the river, they observed the large market town of Kirree. Near it were a number of canoes of considerable size, with flags flying on long bamboos. Shortly afterwards a fleet of fifty canoes appeared ahead, with flags of all nations, among which the Union Jack was most conspicuous. All the people were dressed in European clothes, with the exception of trousers, which the chiefs alone are allowed to wear.

Lander, overjoyed by the sight, supposing that they must be friends, approached without fear, when a huge man of most forbidding countenance beckoned him to come on board his canoe.

The next instant the sound of drums was heard, and several men levelled their muskets at the traveller. In addition to the muskets, each canoe had a long four or six-pounder in its bow, besides which the crews were armed with swords and boarding-pikes. In an instant their baggage was transferred to the canoes of their opponents, while some of them seized Pasco's wife, and were dragging her out of the canoe. On this Lander, calling to his men to assist him, determined to sell his life as dearly as he could; and, having dragged back Pasco's wife, they fought so determinedly that they were able to effect their escape. None of the other canoes had interfered, and, seeing that which had plundered them making its way to the market, Lander pulled after her as fast as he could go, in the hopes of recovering their property. On their way they encountered another canoe, in which a person, apparently of consequence, hailed them with the words: "Hilloa, white man! You French? you English?" "English," answered Lander. "Come here in my canoe," was the reply. Lander accordingly got into his canoe, while the chief put three men into Lander's that they might assist in pulling to the market. He at once treated Lander with great kindness and promised him every assistance in his power.

Soon after this, what was Richard Lander's dismay to see the canoe of which his brother John had command, followed by the villains who had attacked him, capsized and sunk, while their baggage went to the bottom—his brother and crew being left struggling in the water. Richard was on the point of leaping in to help him, when he saw him dragged into another canoe, the other men swimming on shore. It was some time before he was able to reach him, when, with their new friend, they repaired to the market. Here they found a number of people who sided with them, and a Mahomedan from Funda urged them to keep up their spirits, and that all would be made right.

Search was then commenced for their property. A box of books, with the medicine chest and a few articles of clothing, were found, and after a palaver, were restored; but the whole of Richard Lander's journal, with the exception of one note-book, Mr. Park's gun and some of his cutlasses and pistols, some elephant tusks,

ostrich feathers, leopard skins, and a variety of seeds had all been lost, as well as their remaining cowries, buttons and needles, which were so necessary to enable them to purchase food.

The people who had attacked them, were from Eboe, and had come this distance on a plundering expedition, intending to trade when unable to carry off property without fighting. The leading man who attacked them was put into irons and doomed to die by the people of Kirree; and it was decided that if the King of Eboe, whose subject he was, should refuse to put him to death, no more of his canoes should be allowed to come to the country to trade.

Escorted by six war-canoes, the travellers left Kirree and continued their voyage down the river, passing through a large lake-like expanse of the Niger, till on the evening of the 8th, they reached the town of Eboe. The houses were mostly built of yellow clay, plastered over and thatched with palm-leaves. Courtyards were attached to each, in which plantations of bananas and cocoa-nut-trees grew.

Here they were addressed in English by several brawny fellows, with stentorian voices, who shook hands, asking them "how they did"—one calling himself Gun, stating that his brother was King Boy, and that his father was King Forday, who with King Jacket governed all the Brass country. He also informed them that a Spanish schooner and an English brig, *Thomas*, of Liverpool, were lying in the Brass River.

After resting for some time they were conducted to the palace of the dreaded Obie, King of the Eboe country. Instead of the savage monster they expected to see, a door opened, when a sprightly young man, with a mild countenance and an eye which indicated quickness and intelligence, appeared before them and cordially shook hands. His dress was covered with a profusion of coral ornaments. On his head he wore a sugar-loaf hat, thickly adorned with strings of coloured beads and pieces of broken looking-glass, while several strings of beads were tightly fastened round his neck. He had on a short Spanish surtout of red cloth, ornamented with gold epaulettes, and a pair of trousers of the same material, while both his legs and wrists were covered with

strings of beads, and to each leg, above the naked ankles and feet, was suspended a string of little brass bells, which jingled as he walked.

An account of what had happened at Kirree was narrated to him, and he declared his intention of settling the matter. Notwithstanding his protestations, however, the fair-spoken King detained the travellers, and would have kept them and their followers in slavery had not King Boy, the eldest son of the King of Brass Town, volunteered to pay their ransom on receiving a written promise that it should be repaid to him by the master of the *Thomas*, then lying in the Brass River, or by any other merchantman captain who might be found there. King Boy wished to send the document down to the brig at once; but fortunately Lander told him that he was sure the captain would not pay it till he had been received on board. On this the King of Eboe allowed them to embark in King Boy's canoe. It was a large craft, paddled by forty men and boys, in addition to whom there were, besides the King and his wife and their own party, several slaves, so that the number on board amounted to fully sixty people. There were also cannon lashed to the bows, and a number of cutlasses and chests of spirits, silk, and cotton goods.

Thus laden, the Brass canoe took her way down the river, her unfortunate English passengers dreadfully cramped for room—John Lander one night, while suffering from fever, having the feet of the royal couple in his face.

On November 15th they landed at the excessively dirty town of King Forday, situated in the middle of a marsh. Here they took up their quarters at Boy's house. Soon after their arrival, they were cheered by recognizing the features of a European in the midst of a crowd of savages. He proved to be the master of a Spanish schooner lying in the Brass River for slaves. He was affable and courteous, and told them that six of his crew were ill of fever, and that the rest were suffering.

Their residence was built close to the water, of yellow clay, but with several windows, all furnished with shutters.

Having paid his respects to King Forday, Richard Lander, leaving his brother and his men at the town, set off, in King Boy's

canoe, to go sixty miles down the river to the brig. His feelings of delight may be imagined when he had ocular evidence that he had at length succeeded in tracing the mysterious Niger down to the ocean, by seeing before him two vessels, one the Spanish slaver, the other an English brig, on board which he fully expected to receive the assistance he so greatly required.

To his utter surprise and consternation, on going on board, Captain Lake, though almost himself at death's door from fever, flatly refused to give him a single thing. By his language and behaviour he showed himself to be a greater savage than the ignorant blacks among whom Lander had been travelling. Lander in vain expostulated with the captain; fearful oaths and flat refusals were the only answers he made. At last, when Lander suggested that he had five men, who might be useful in working his vessel out of the river, he softened a little, and gave him a change of linen and some provisions for his brother.

King Boy was ultimately induced to go back to bring John Lander and the rest of the men, on Richard's reiterated promise that he would, at some time or other, obtain the goods they had promised him. He presented him also with some silver bracelets, which they had before overlooked, and a native sword. These articles Boy accepted; but when John Lander offered him his watch it was refused with disdain, the savage not knowing its value.

The captain of the brig had in the meantime loaded his guns and got his arms ready, and when Boy came up to him once more, to demand the bars which had been promised, he replied, in a voice of thunder, "I no will!"

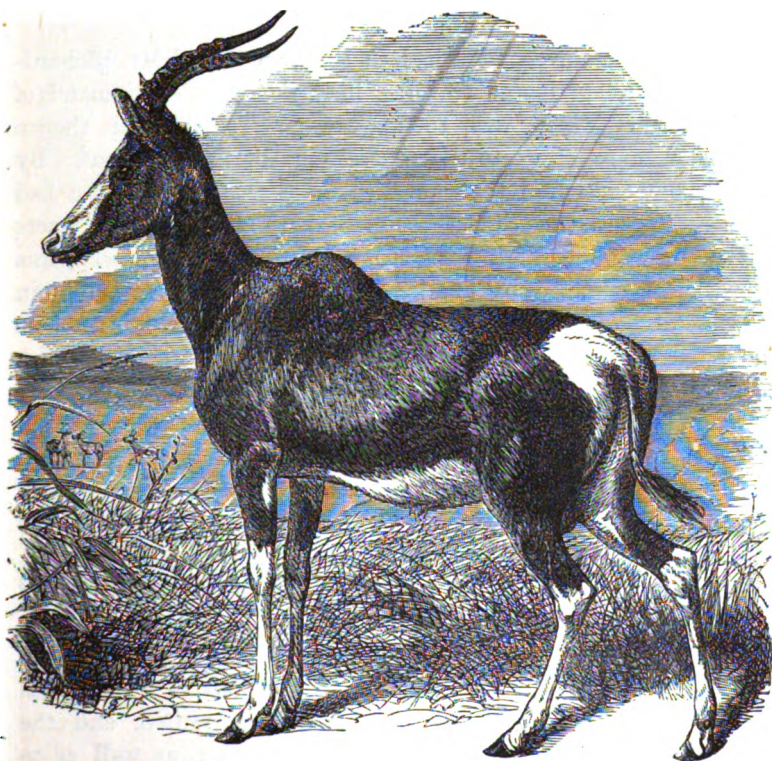
As the pilot, to whom the captain had also refused to pay his demand, could not be trusted to take the brig out, she narrowly escaped shipwreck on the bar, but, happily, at length getting clear of the river, she steered a course for Fernando Po, where the travellers landed. Hence they sailed for Rio de Janeiro, which they reached on March 16th, and from that port obtained a passage on board the *William Harris* to England, which they reached safely on June 10th.

Thus, with very humble means, by the energy and courage of two

unpretending men, was the long disputed problem of the course of the Niger\* to the sea at length completely solved. Besides the payment which the Government had promised to Richard Lander, he received a premium of fifty guineas, placed at the disposal of the Royal Geographical Society by the King, and his brother John obtained employment under Government suitable to his abilities.

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\* The British sphere of influence in the Niger territories is now of great extent. It includes the thirty-mile strip on each side of the Benue and of the Niger up to and beyond Borni, also the whole of Sackatoo, and of the countries over which it claims suzerainty. This gives a broad belt stretching on each side of the Niger and extending northwards until it comes to an apex at about 19° N. lat., thus reaching over a length of 15°. All this, except the Oil Rivers territory, the whole of the Yomba country, and the Colony of Lagos, is within the sphere of the Royal Niger Company; while from the Gold Coast colony a belt runs northwards through Ashantee into the extensive area on the west of the Niger, also claimed by the Royal Niger Company.



## CHAPTER VI.

### EXPLORATIONS OF DR. BARTH IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

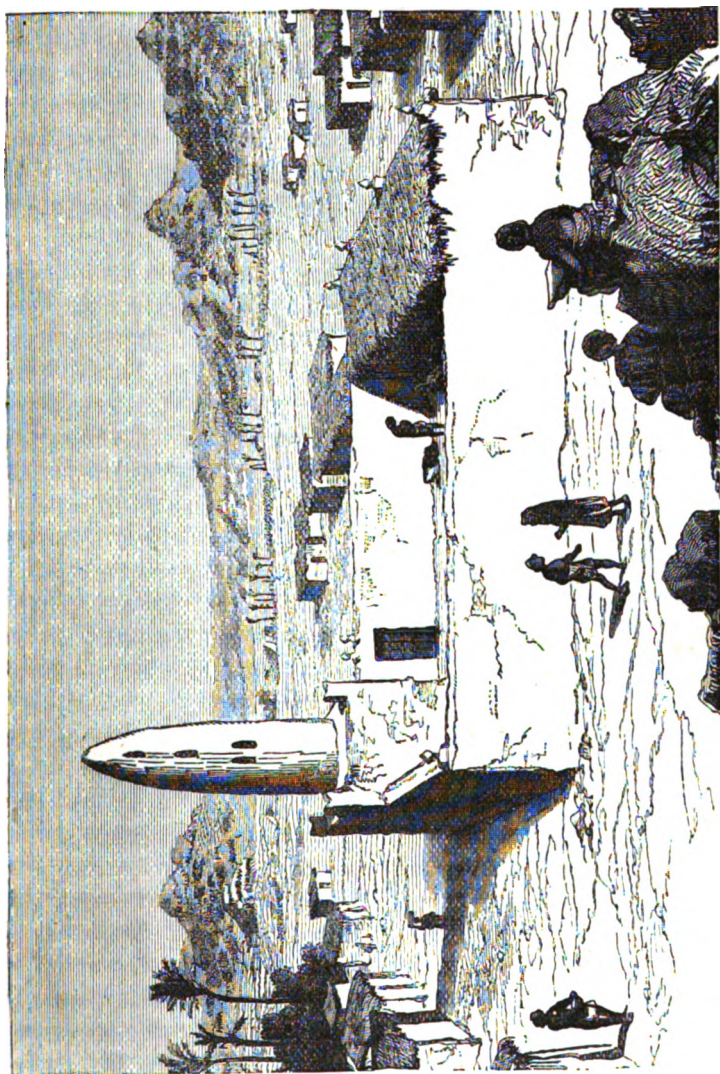
Dr. Barth leaves Tripoli with Mr. Richardson and Dr. Overweg—They reach Mourzouk—Nearly perish in the Desert—Camp fired upon—Saved by friendly chief—Dr. Barth journeys alone to Kano—Death of Richardson—Arrival at Kouka—Visits Lake Tchad—Reaches the Binue river—Journey to Begharmi—Returns to Kouka—Death of Overweg—Dr. Barth starts for Timbuctoo—Enters Bambarra and voyages on the Niger—Reaches Timbuctoo—Visit to Jackatoo—Returns to Tripoli—Geographical results of Dr. Barth's Travels.

THE British Government had, in 1849, appointed Mr. Richardson, an experienced traveller in Africa, to the command of an expedition which was to start from Tripoli, and thence endeavour to penetrate to the central part of the continent. By the recommendation of the Chevalier Bunsen, Dr. Barth, who had spent three years travelling through Barbary and the desert tracts to the westward bordering the shores of the Mediterranean, was allowed, accompanied by another German, Dr. Overweg, to join the expedition. A light boat, which was divided into two portions and could be carried on the backs of camels, was provided, and a sailor to navigate her either on Lake Tchad or down the Niger.

One of the principal objects of the expedition was the abolition of the slave trade, which it was known was carried on to a fearful extent in those regions. The principal employment of the Moorish tribes on the borders of the territories inhabited by blacks was still, as in the days of Mungo Park and Clapperton, slave-hunting. Villages were attacked for the purpose, when the prisoners captured were carried northward across the Desert and sold in Morocco and the other Barbary states.

Another object was the opening up a lawful commercial intercourse with the people who might be visited, and the exploration of the country for scientific purposes, as well as to





TOWN IN THE DESERT.



discover the course of the great river which the Landers had seen flowing into the Niger in their adventurous voyage down that stream.

On the arrival of Mr. Richardson the travellers at length set out from Tripoli, on March 24th, 1850. They rode on camels, a considerable number of which were also required to carry their baggage. The boat had unfortunately been divided only into two pieces instead of four, thus causing much trouble. The two Germans alone required eight camels for their luggage, besides those they rode. The travellers were well armed, as they had to pass through disturbed districts, and were likely to encounter open enemies, and might have to keep treacherous followers in awe.

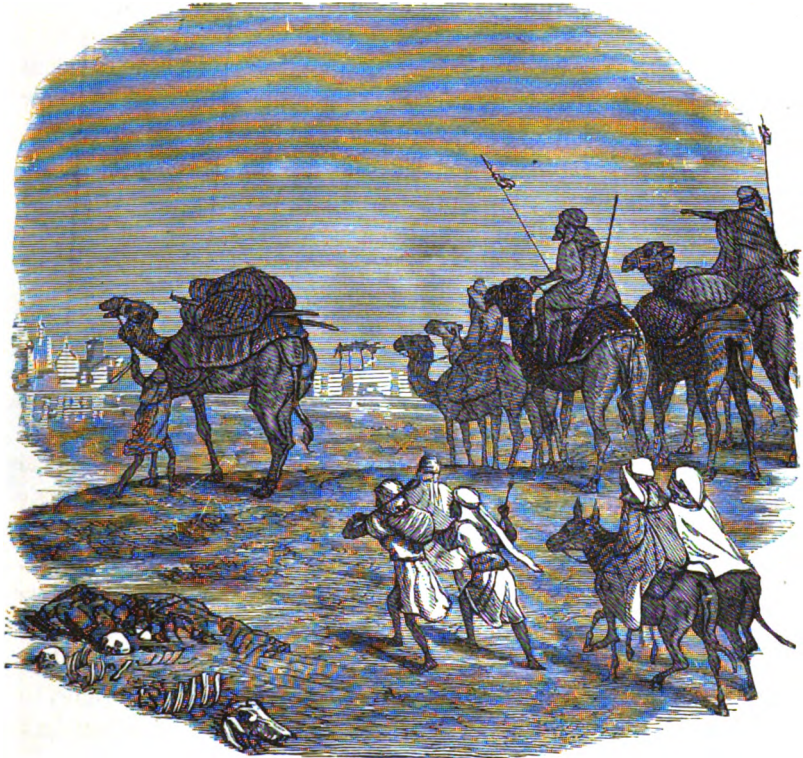
Day after day they travelled on, passing through rocky *wadies* and narrow defiles, out of the sides of which projected jet-black masses of sandstone, giving a wild air to the desolate region. At length in the distance appeared a town perched on the top of a broad, terraced rock, called Ederi.

It is rarely such a place is seen in that part of the world. The rock rose in the midst of a valley, occupying a position which in days of yore must have made it a place of great importance.

On May 6th they reached the plantations surrounding Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan. The walls are built of a sort of clay glittering with saline incrustations. Going round the whole of the western and northern sides, which have no gateway wide enough for a caravan, they halted on the eastern side of the town, not far from the camp of the pilgrims who were returning from Egypt to Morocco. They were here welcomed by a Greek merchant, who received them into his house.

The buildings are mostly of one story, with flat roofs and parapets, with interior courts and broad porticoes supported by pillars in front. The town contains a bazaar, and is a thoroughfare rather than an emporium of commerce. They were here joined by a man of influence, named Mahomet Boro, an elderly, respectable looking personage, wearing a green bournous over white underclothes. He was to act as mediator between them and the inhabitants of the countries they were to visit. He was now on his homeward journey from a pilgrimage to Mecca.

On June 13th they left Mourzouk by the eastern gate. Some chiefs from Ghat had arrived, to whose charge their Greek friend committed the travellers. At this Mahomet Boro became very indignant, and threatened that he would take care that they should be attacked on the road by his countrymen; nor were these empty threats.



TRAVELLERS AND THE MIRAGE.

They travelled on without any adventure of note, until July 15th, when Dr. Barth determined to visit a remarkable mountain, which appeared in the distance. Being unable to obtain a guide, he set off, taking with him as provision only dried biscuits and dates.

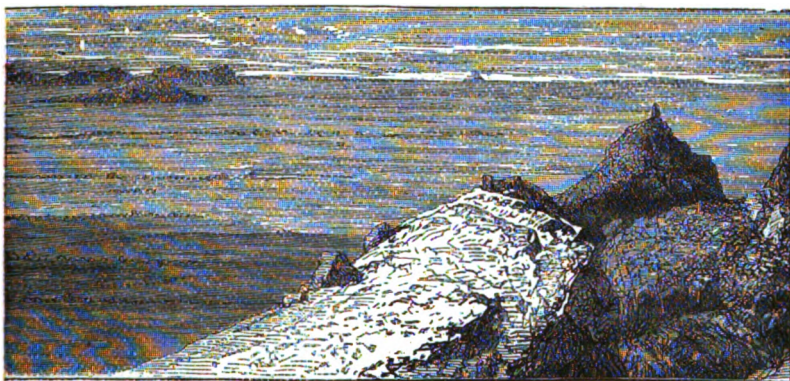
The distance proved far greater than he had imagined; indeed,

there was a deep valley between him and the side of the mountain. Still, eager to reach its summit, he pushed on. The sun put forth its power, and there was not the slightest shade around. At length he reached the height at which he was aiming, but, on looking round, he in vain sought for any traces of the caravan. Having but a small supply of water in his water-skin, he could only venture to sip a few drops, while he could with difficulty eat his dry biscuit and dates.

Fearing that the caravan might push on, believing him to be in advance, he immediately descended the mountain, in order to follow its course. At noon he swallowed the remainder of his water, but, taken on an empty stomach, it did not restore his strength. Believing that his party were to encamp at no great distance from the mountain, he strained his sight in hopes of seeing his friends; but no living being was visible. Having walked some distance, he ascended a mound crowned with a tamarind, where he fired his pistols; but a strong east wind blowing against him, he in vain waited for an answer. Crossing some sand-hills, he again fired, and, at last convinced that there could be nobody in that direction, he supposed that his party were still behind him, and unluckily kept more to the east. At last some small huts appeared in the distance. He hastened towards them, but they were empty, nor was a drop of water to be obtained. His strength being exhausted, he sat down on the bare plain, hoping that the caravan would come up. For a moment he thought he saw a string of camels passing in the distance, but it was the mirage.

He mustered strength sufficient to scramble to a tree on an elevated spot, intending to light a fire, but unable, from fatigue, to move about, he could gather no wood. Having rested after dark for an hour or two, he once more rose, and discovered in the south-west a large fire. Again he fired his pistols, but no answer was returned. Still the flames rose towards the sky, telling him where deliverance was to be found, but he was unable to drag his weary limbs so far. Having waited long, he fired a second time, yet no answer came. At last, resigning himself to the care of Providence, he tried to sleep, but in vain—he was in a high fever. The long night wore away and dawn was drawing nigh. All was repose and silence:

he was sure that he could not choose a better time for trying to inform his friends by signal of his whereabouts. Collecting his remaining strength, he loaded his pistol with a heavy charge and fired once and then again. His companions seemed not to have heard his signals. The sun he had half longed for, half looked forward to with terror, at last rose. His condition, as the heat increased, became more dreadful. He crawled round the tree, trying to enjoy the little shade afforded by the leafless branches. About noon there was only sufficient shade left to shelter his head. He suffered greatly from the pangs of thirst, till at last, becoming senseless, he fell into a sort of delirium, from which he only re-



THE DESERT.

covered when the sun went down behind the mountain. Crawling from beneath the shade of the tree and throwing a glance over the plain, suddenly the cry of a camel reached him. It was the most delightful music he had ever heard in his life. Raising himself a little, he saw a mounted Tarki passing at some distance and looking eagerly around. The Tarki had discovered his footprints in the sandy ground. Crying as loud as his faint strength would allow for water, he was rejoiced to see the Tarki, Musa by name, approaching, and in a few moments he was at his side, washing and sprinkling his head. His throat was, however, too dry to enjoy the draught which Musa poured into it. His deliverer then

placed him on his camel, mounted himself in front, and carried him to the tents. Next day, however, Dr. Barth was able to continue his journey.

Ghat, well situated in the centre of an oasis, was next reached. It is surrounded by mud walls with flat-roofed houses, while outside are plantations of date trees.

On July 26th the caravan again set out. On the 29th they commenced the ascent to the greatest elevation of the Desert, four thousand feet above the sea. The path winding along through loose blocks of stone, the precipitous ascent proved very difficult. Several loads were thrown off the camels, and the boat frequently came in contact with the rocks. It is, indeed, the wildest and most rugged region of the whole Desert. At one place the road meandered in a remarkable way, sometimes reduced to a narrow crevice between curiously terraced buttresses of rocks. Two hours were occupied in descending.

At the bottom was a *wady* between steep, precipitous cliffs, looking almost like walls erected by the hand of man. They were more than a thousand feet high, with a pond of rain water at the bottom. They had now to pass a region of sand-hills. During their passage the mirage set before their eyes beautiful sheets of water, which quickly disappeared as they approached. Desolate as the country was, large herds of wild oxen rove over it. Though the men tried to catch some of them they were unsuccessful, as the animal, sluggish as it seems, rapidly climbs the rocks and is soon lost to sight.

The travellers, having now entered the tropics, expected to reach pleasanter regions than they had hitherto passed through. Their guides, however, were leading them further to the west than they wished.

On August 18th they were quietly pursuing their road, when one of their party was seen running up behind them, swinging his musket over his head, and crying, "Lads, our enemy has come!" Alarm was spread through the caravan; everyone seized his arms, and those who were riding, jumped from their camels. The man reported that a number of Tawârek, mounted on camels, had been seen rapidly approaching, with the evident intention of attacking





NATIVE MATCHLOCKWOMEN.

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the caravan. But the affair ended in much clamour and boasting, and no attack was made.

While resting in their tents they were alarmed by a report that a body of sixty Mehâra were about to attack them, and again everybody was excited, all calling out for powder and shot. It was evident that there was an entire want of union among the members of the caravan.

The scene which followed in the bright moonlight evening, and lasted through the night, was animating and interesting in the extreme. The caravan was drawn up in line of battle, the left wing being formed by the travellers and the detachment of the Berbers, who had posted themselves in front of their tents. About ten o'clock a small troop of Mehâra, so called from riding on *mehâra*, or swift camels, made their appearance. Immediately a heavy fusilade was commenced over their heads, and was kept up with shouting during the night.

The enemy hovered around them during the whole of the next day, and prevented them from making progress.

Leaving their camping ground on August 24th, they travelled on without molestation ; but soon after their tents had been pitched the next evening in a valley, the marauders again made their appearance, mounted on camels, and, dismounting within pistol-shot of the tents, discussed, with wild, ferocious laughter, their projects with their confederates in the caravan. Some of these soon afterwards came and told them that they might sleep with perfect security ; others, however, warned them that they must on no account rest during the night. Preparations for an attack were therefore made, and the camels of the travellers were brought close to the tents.

In the morning it was found that all the camels had been carried off. On this, Boro led on the more warlike members of the caravan in pursuit. The enemy were overtaken, and, alarmed by the appearance of the bayonets, which they saw would place the Europeans on an equality even after the guns had been fired, offered to come to terms. They declared that they had only come against the white men because they were Christians, and immediately all sympathy for the travellers ceased in the caravan, and the robbers were allowed to retain their booty.



They now hoped to proceed without further molestation ; and the chief, who had accompanied and sanctioned the expedition against them, was allowed to join their party, as it was thought to be the best means of preventing any further molestation. Boro, who passed the evening with Mr. Richardson's interpreter, in reading the Koran, treated him hospitably.

When about eight miles from Selufiet, the chiefs insisted on encamping, and a number of men of a fanatical tribe insisted that they should turn Mahomedans. Their friends and servants urged them to do so, as the only means of saving their lives. They were kept seated in their tent while the fanatics discussed the subject. The travellers sat in silence. At last Mr. Richardson exclaimed : " Let us talk a little. We must die. What is the use of sitting so mute ? " For some minutes death seemed really to hover over their heads. Mr. Richardson proposed trying to escape for their lives, when he learned that the fanatics were content instead to receive a heavy tribute. Unfortunately, the merchandise they carried, instead of consisting of a few valuable things, was composed of worthless, bulky objects ; and, as they had also ten iron cases filled with dry biscuits, the ignorant people supposed that they carried enormous wealth. In consequence, when all the claims had been settled, the rebels threatened to fall upon the rest of the baggage. Their friendly chief on this declared that some of it was his own, and also dashed to pieces one of the iron cases, when, to the astonishment of the simple people, instead of beholding heaps of dollars, they saw a dry and tasteless sort of bread ! Meanwhile, the persecuted Christians made off under the escort of the Berbers, and the whole caravan was once more collected together.

On September 4th they encamped on the summit of a sand-hill, in a broad valley, near the village of Tintellust, the residence of a chief, under whose protection they were now to proceed. The chief received them in a friendly way, and assured them that, even though Christians, the danger and difficulties they had gone through would suffice to wash off their sins, and that they had nothing to fear but the climate and the thieves. He told them that they were welcome to proceed to the Soudan at their own risk ; but that if they wished for his protection, they must pay him handsomely.

While the camp remained here, Dr. Barth paid a visit to the town of Agades, a place once of great importance, and then containing about 7,000 inhabitants, where he remained two months.

Barth now returned to Tintellust, where the expedition was detained six months waiting for an escort, without which they could not proceed with any degree of safety to the Soudan. At length, on December 5th, the first body of the salt-caravan, for which they had been waiting, arrived from Bilma, and on the 12th they began to move. The caravan looked like a whole nation in motion: the men on camels or on foot; the women on bullocks or asses, with all the necessaries of the little household, a herd of cattle, another of milk-goats, and a number of young camels running playfully alongside, and sometimes getting between the regular lines of the laden animals. The old chief walked ahead like a young man, leading his camel by the nose-cord.

The whole caravan consisted of about two thousand camels, of whom two hundred were laden with salt. At night their camp presented many lively and merry scenes, ranging as it did over a wide district illuminated by large fires. Dancing was going forward and the drummers were vying with each other, one especially, rivalling their drummer Assam, and performing his work with great skill, caused general enthusiasm among the dancing people.

The ground was very rocky and rugged, and looked bare and desolate in the extreme. Several high peaks, which characterize this volcanic region, rose on either side.

On their journey, they found the ground covered with *had*, a plant regarded by the Arabs as the most nutritious of all the herbs of the Desert for the camel. Numerous footprints of the giraffe were seen, besides those of gazelles and ostriches, and also of the large and beautiful antelope. Here, too, was seen the *margaria*, a tree which bears a fruit of the size of a cherry, of a light brown colour. When dry it is pounded and formed into little cakes, and is thus eaten.

On January 1st, 1851, they fell in with a tribe of the Tagana, whose morality is of the lowest order. Hunting, together with cattle-breeding, is their chief occupation, and on their little swift

horses they catch the large antelope as well as the giraffe. A steep descent of a hundred feet conducted the caravan off the high region of the Hammáda to a level plain.

On the 7th they came in sight of a village, where they saw for the first time that style of architecture which extends over the



DANCE OF ARAB WOMEN.

whole of central Africa. The huts are composed entirely of the stalk of the Indian corn, with only a slight support from the branches of trees. They are somewhat low, curved over at the top. Amid them were seen small stacks of corn, raised on scaffolds of wood about two feet high, to protect them from the white ant and mouse, as also from the *jerboa*, which is a pretty object to

look at as it jumps about the fields, but is an especial foe to the natives. The people came forth from the villages to offer cheese and Indian corn. They were negroes and slaves, meanly and scantily dressed, but far more civilized in reality than the fanatical people among whom Barth and his companions had hitherto been travelling.

On January 9th the travellers reached Tâgelel. From this place there was little danger in their proceeding singly, and it was agreed, in consequence of the low state of their finances, that they should separate, in order to try what each might be able to accomplish single-handed and without ostentation, till new supplies should arrive from home.

Parting from Mr. Richardson, the two Germans continued on to Chirak, where Overweg quitted Dr. Barth, who intended to proceed to Tassâwa. The latter disposing of a favourite camel, obtained horses for the remainder of the journey and now went on alone; but, accustomed to wander by himself among strange people, he felt in no degree oppressed. His travelling companion was a black, a Mahomedan, and though communicative, rather rude and unable to refrain from occasionally mocking the stranger who wanted to know everything but would not acknowledge the prophet.

Mounted on an active steed, he and his attendants soon reached Tassâwa, the first large place of Negroland proper which he had seen. Everywhere were unmistakable marks of the comfortable, pleasant sort of life led by the natives. The court-yards, fenced with tall reeds, closed to a certain degree the gaze of the passer-by, without securing to the interior absolute secrecy. Near the entrance was a cool shady hut for the transaction of ordinary business and the reception of strangers. The lower portions of most of the houses consisted of clay, and the upper part of wicker-work, while the roof was composed of reeds only. The dwellings were shaded with spreading trees and enlivened with groups of children, goats, fowls, pigeons, and where a little wealth had been accumulated, by a horse, or pack-ox. The men wore white shirts and trousers of dark colour, while their heads were generally covered with light caps of cotton cloth. Only the wealthier wore the shawl, thrown over the shoulders, like the plaid

of a Highlander. The dress of the women consisted almost entirely of a large cotton cloth, of dark colour, fastened round the neck with a few strings of glass beads.

On February 1st, Dr. Barth approached the important city of Kano. Almost all the people he met saluted him kindly and cheerfully, only a few haughty Fèllani passing without a salute.

The villages were here scattered about in a manner only practicable in a country in a state of considerable security. Some of them were surrounded by a bush like the broom, growing to a height of ten or twelve feet. Barth and his native companions passed through a village in which was a large market-place consisting of several rows of well built sheds. The market women who attached themselves to the cavalcade assured them that they would be able to reach the city that day, but that they ought to arrive at the outer gate before sunset, as at that time it is shut. The party accordingly pushed on; but, after entering the gate, it took them forty minutes to reach the house of Bâwu, and, as it was quite dark, they had some trouble in taking possession of the quarters assigned to them by their host.

Kano had been one of the great objects of our traveller's journey. It is the chief central point of commerce, a great storehouse of information, and was, Barth considered, the point from whence a journey to more distant regions might be most successfully attempted. At length, after nearly a year's exertions, he had reached it. He was, however, greatly inconvenienced by not being provided with ready cash, instead of which merchandise had been provided for the expedition, which, they had been assured, would not only be safer than money, but would also prove more advantageous.

Barth had now to pay away a large sum, and all the smaller articles, which had been carried for barter, having been expended by the heavy extortions to which they had been subjected, he was placed in much difficulty for want of means. He soon found also that Bâwu could not be implicitly relied on.

The currency of the country consists of cowrie shells, which are not, as in regions near the coast, fastened together in strings of one hundred each, but are separate, and must be counted one by one.

The governors of towns make them up in sacks containing twenty thousand each, but private individuals will not receive them without counting them out.

The doctor had now to borrow two thousand cowries, which did not amount to the value of a dollar. He was forbidden to leave his quarters until he had seen the governor, and he was thus kept within them for several days, till he was attacked by fever. At length, on February 18th, he received a summons to attend the great man. The ceremonies to be gone through were almost as tedious as those of any European court.

Arousing himself and putting on his Tunisian dress, wearing over it a white *tobe* and a white bournous, he mounted his poor black nag and followed his friend. Before him lay the town in its great variety of clay houses, huts, sheds, green open places affording pasture for oxen, horses, camels, donkeys and goats, in motley confusion, with many beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom—the slender date-palm, the spreading *allehoba*, and the majestic silk-cotton tree—the people in all varieties of costume, from the almost naked slave to the most gaudily dressed Arab, all formed a most animating and exciting scene.

Passing through the market-place, they entered the quarters of the ruling race—the Fulbe or Fëllani, where conical huts of thatched work and the gonda-tree are prevalent. They first proceeded to the house of the head of the treasury. It was an interesting specimen of the domestic economy of the tribe, who do not disown their original character of nomadic cattle-breeders. Its courtyard, though in the middle of the town, looked like a farm-yard, and could not be commended for its cleanliness.

The treasurer having approved of the presents and appropriated to himself a large gilt cup, Barth and his companions were conducted to the audience hall. It was very handsome, and even stately for this country. The rafters of the elevated ceiling were concealed by two lofty arches of clay, very neatly polished and ornamented. At the bottom of the apartment were two spacious and highly decorated niches, in one of which the governor was reposing on the *gadô* spread with a carpet. His dress consisted of all the mixed finery of Hausa and Barbary, and he allowed his

face to be seen, the white shawl hanging down far below his mouth, over his breast.

He was highly pleased with the handsome presents he received, and Barth, notwithstanding the fatigue he had gone through, quickly recovered from his fever.

The next day he rode round the town. Here were a row of shops filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion and dress, yet all intent upon their little gain. There a large shed, full of naked half-starved slaves, torn from their homes—from wives or husbands, children or parents—ranged in rows like cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessaries of life; here a rich Grandee, dressed in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly caparisoned steed and followed by a host of idle, insolent slaves; there a poor blind man, groping his way through the multitude and fearing at every step to be trodden down.

There were pleasant scenes, too. A snug looking cottage, with the clay walls nicely polished, beneath the shade of the wide spreading *alleluba*-tree; or a *papaya* unfolded its large leather-like leaves above a slender, smooth and undivided stem; or the tall date-tree waved over the whole scene. A matron, in clean black cotton gown, was, perhaps, busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and urging the female slaves to pound the corn; and there were children, naked and merry, playing about in the sun, or chasing a straggling, stubborn goat. In one place dyers were at work, mixing with the indigo some coloured wood in order to give it the desired tint; others drawing a shirt from a dye pot, or hanging it up on ropes fastened to the trees. Further on, a blacksmith, busy with his rude tools making a dagger, or formidable barbed spear, or some more useful instrument of husbandry. Here a caravan appears from Gonga, bringing the desired kola-nut—similar to the beetul of India—chewed by all who have ten cowries to spare; or another caravan, laden with salt for the neighbouring towns; or some Arabs, leading their camels, conveying the luxuries of the north and east. Everywhere human life was to be seen in

its varied forms, the most cheerful and most gloomy closely mixed together, as in the more civilized cities of Europe.

The doctor met with many friends and was very kindly treated at Kano. He was again attacked with illness, but, recovering, prepared to set out for Kouka, where he had arranged with Mr. Richardson to arrive in the beginning of April. The capital of the large province of Sakatoo contains 60,000 inhabitants during the busy time of the year, about 4,000 of whom belong to the nation by whom the people were conquered. The principal commerce consists in cotton cloth, woven and dyed here and in the neighbouring towns in the form either of *tobes*, the oblong piece of dress of dark colour worn by the women, or plaids of various colours. A large portion of it is sent to Timbuctoo, thus bringing considerable wealth to the population. Leathern sandals are also made with great neatness and exported in large quantities. Tanned hides and red sheep-skins are sent even as far as Tripoli. The chief article of African produce sold in the Kano market is the kola-nut, which has become to the natives as necessary as coffee or tea to Europeans. The slave trade is an important branch of commerce, though the number annually exported from Kano does not exceed 5,000; but very many are sold into domestic slavery, either to the inhabitants of the province itself or to those of the adjoining districts.

The principal English goods brought to the market of Kano during the time of Dr. Barth's visit were bleached and unbleached calicoes and cotton prints from Manchester, also French silks and red cloth from Saxony, beads from Venice and Trieste, a coarse kind of silk from Trieste, paper, looking-glasses, needles and small-ware from Nuremberg, sword blades from Solingen and razors from Styria.

On March 9th, Dr. Barth, mounted on his little black nag, rode out of Kano. He had but one servant to load his three camels. He was, however, attended by a horseman to see him to the frontier of the Kano territory. The latter, being showily dressed and well mounted, gave himself all possible airs as they rode through the narrow streets into the open fields. Hence he took an easterly course towards Bornou proper. After passing a num-



ber of places, on March 22nd the doctor entered the region of Bornou.

He enjoyed an interesting and cheerful scene of African life in an open, straggling village, amid which, divided into two distinct groups by a wide, open space, were numerous herds of cattle just being watered. How melancholy came afterwards the recollection of that busy scene when, on his return, three and half years later, he found it an insecure wilderness, infested by robbers, the whole of the inhabitants having been swept away.

On March 24th, as he was approaching a more woody district than he had hitherto passed, a richly dressed person rode up to him and gave him the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Richardson, at Kouka. He could scarcely believe the news; but it was confirmed afterwards by another party of horsemen whom he met. At first he felt as if the death of Mr. Richardson involved the return of the mission; but, after some consideration, he resolved to persevere by himself.

On April 2nd, pushing on ahead of his camels, on horseback, he approached Kouka, or Kukawa, the capital of Bornou. Proceeding towards the white clay wall which encircles the town, he entered the gate, gazed at by a number of people, who were greatly surprised when he enquired for the residence of the Sheikh. Passing the daily market, crowded with people, he rode to the palace, which bordered a large promenade on the east. It was flanked by a mosque, a building of clay with a tower on one side, while houses of grandees enclosed the place on the north and south sides.

On approaching the house of the vizier, to whom he had been directed, he found assembled before it about two hundred gorgeously dressed horsemen. The vizier, who was just about to mount his horse in order to pay his daily visit to the Sheikh, saluted him cheerfully and told him that he had already known him from the letter which had been despatched. While he rode to the Sheikh he ordered one of the people to show the doctor his quarters.

Some days passed before he was introduced to the Sheikh. In the meantime he had a good deal of trouble regarding the means of paying Mr. Richardson's servants. By great firmness he obtained possession of all Mr. Richardson's property, which would otherwise

have been appropriated by the chiefs. He found the Sheikh reclining upon a divan in a fine, airy hall. He was of a glossy black colour, with regular features, but a little too round to be expressive, and was dressed in a light *tobe*, with a bournous wrapped round his shoulder, and a dark red shawl round his head.

The doctor spent a considerable time in Kouka, devoting himself to the study of the language, and making enquiries about the surrounding country. Kouka was not so bustling a place as Kano, but thickly inhabited, and on market day crowded with people.

He became acquainted with many visitors to the place, among them a *hadji* (or one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca), named Ibrahim. On one occasion Ibrahim, being unwell, asked Dr. Barth for medicine, and received in return five doses, which he was to take on successive days; but Ibrahim, being in a great hurry to get well, took the whole at once, and was very nearly dying in consequence—an event which would have placed the doctor in a very dangerous position.

His stay at Kouka was agreeably interrupted by an excursion to Ngornu in which he accompanied the Sheikh, and from thence paid a visit to the shores of Lake Tchad. Attended by two horsemen and his servants he set out for the lake. After an hour's ride they reached swampy ground, and had to make their way through the water, often up to their knees on horseback. After the dry and dreary journey over sands, he found it very pleasant thus wading through deep water. Two boats were seen with men in them, watching evidently to carry off into slavery any of the blacks who might come to cut reeds on the banks of the lagoon. Further on they reached another creek inhabited by hippopotami, which were snorting about in every direction, and by two species of crocodile. There were no elephants seen, however, as the *habitat* of that animal is on dry ground or sand, elevated above swampy ground, where it may be free from mosquitoes. On the northern part of the lake, where there are ranges of low sand-hills, immense herds are to be met with.

At a village he made the acquaintance of a chief, Fugo Ali, who treated him with great kindness and continued his friend ever afterwards. It was at his house, a year and a half later, poor

Dr. Overweg was destined to expire. Accompanying Fugo Ali, he made a long excursion in the neighbourhood of the lake, which is difficult to be reached, as it is surrounded by forests of reeds and broad creeks. He, however, got to one of these, a fine open sheet of water, now agitated by a light east wind, which sent the waves rippling on the shore. The surface was covered with water plants, and numberless flocks of fowl of every description disported



FISHING SCENE.

themselves about. To reach it he had to pass through very deep water, which nearly covered his saddle, though he was mounted on a tall horse.

The inhabitants on the shores of the lake subsist chiefly on fish, which they catch in an ingenious way. The fisherman takes two large gourds, which he connects by a bamboo of sufficient length to allow him to sit astraddle between them. He then launches forth on the water, taking his nets. These are weighted by little leathern bags filled with sand and supported by bits of bamboo. Having shot his net, he paddles about with his hands, driving the

fish into it, and then, taking them out, kills them with a club and throws them into the gourds. When they are full he returns to the shore.

Returning to Kouka, Dr. Barth found encamped outside the town a large slave caravan. There were seven hundred and fifty slaves in the possession of the merchants who went with it. Human flesh was, at that time, the principal export from Bornou.

Soon after his return to Kouka Dr. Overweg arrived, looking greatly fatigued and much worse than when the doctor parted from him four months before. On May 29th, 1851, Drs. Barth and Overweg set out on a journey to Adamawa, in the south. As they advanced, their camels were objects of great curiosity and wonder to the natives, that animal seldom getting thus far south, as it will not bear the climate for any length of time.

The country was generally level, with high conical mountains separated from each other. Though at first swampy, it became woody and well watered, in many parts densely inhabited, with numerous villages.

At last Mount Alantika appeared in sight, eight thousand feet above the plain. Near it flows the Binue, that long looked for stream, supposed to make its way westward to the Niger, and which it had been Barth's great object to reach. There were no signs of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the country on both sides. His feelings may be imagined when he stood at length on the banks of the stream, which here flowed from east to west in a broad and majestic course through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains rose up in solitary grandeur. Not far off another river, the Faro, rushed forth, not much inferior to the principal river, descending from the steep sides of Mount Alantika.

On reaching Yola, the capital of the province of Adamawa, he was, greatly to his disappointment, compelled by the governor to turn back.

Slavery exists on an immense scale in this province, many private individuals having more than a thousand slaves. The governor, Mohamet Lowel, is said to receive five thousand every year in tribute, besides horses and cattle.

This is one of the finest districts in Central Africa, irrigated as it is by numerous rivers besides the Binue and Faro, and being diversified with hill and dale. Elephants were exceedingly plentiful, and the rhinoceros is also met with in the river. Barth was told that there lives in the river an animal resembling the seal, which comes out at night and feeds on the fresh grass.

His adventurous journey obtained the doctor so much fame at Kouka that, on his return, a party of horsemen galloped out to salute him and led him in procession to his house. Dr. Overweg, who had in the meantime been exploring Lake Tchad in a boat, now rejoined him. His next excursion was to Kanem, on the east of Lake Tchad, for which he set out on September 11th, by the way of its northern shores. He had received a valuable horse from the vizier, which was his companion for the next three years, and was attended by two Arabs and a couple of Fezzan lads he had taken into his service. He soon felt revived by the fresh air of the country. The region through which he passed was unusually rich, partly forest and partly cultivated.

On the 18th he was joined by Overweg, who arrived accompanied by a band of horsemen, who treated the natives with the utmost cruelty, stealing their property wherever they went. One day, meeting some cattle breeders, they plundered them of their milk and of the very vessels which contained it. On applying to Dr. Barth for redress, he was enabled not only to restore to them their vessels, but to make them a few small presents.

Descending from the high ground they continued their course between the sand-hills and the blue inlet of the lake to the south. Some way to the right they caught sight of a whole herd of elephants, ranged in regular array like an army of rational beings, slowly proceeding to the water.

It had been supposed that Lake Tchad is salt. This is not the case. The natron or soda, which is procured in the neighbourhood, is found alone in the ground. When an inundation reaches a basin filled with soda, the water of course becomes impregnated. The soda, indeed, has very little effect so long as the basin is deep, and does not begin to make itself felt till the water becomes shallow.

Shortly afterwards, passing a grove of minosa, two of the horse-

men who had been in front came galloping back with loud cries. On approaching the spot they saw a large snake, hanging in a threatening attitude from the branches of a tree. On seeing the strangers it tried to hide itself, but after several balls had struck it, it fell down, and its head was cut off. It measured eighteen feet and seven inches in length, and five inches in diameter.

They now joined themselves to a party of Arabs, by whom they hoped to be protected on their journey. The expedition was not without danger. One night they were aroused by a terrible screaming and crying from the women, and shouts of "Mount! mount!" Another band of freebooters had attacked the camels, and, having put to flight two or three men and killed a horseman, had driven off part of the herd. The robbers were pursued and overtaken, when they gave up their booty. The lamentations of the females for the man who had been slain sounded woefully through the remainder of the night.

Two days afterwards the Arabs were in great commotion, in consequence of the handsomest of the female slaves, who composed part of the spoil that was to be taken to the vizier, having made her escape during the night. They were eagerly searching for her from dawn of day, but could not find her. At length they discovered her necklace and clothes, and the remains of her bones—evident proofs that she had fallen a prey to the wild beasts.

As they advanced eastward the attitude of the Arab robbers became daily more threatening, and it was determined to retrace their steps westward. Barth was lying in his tent, suffering from fever, when the alarm was given that the enemy had arrived within a short distance of the camp. He heard firing, when Overweg, mounting his horse, galloped off, calling on his friend to follow him. The doctor, while his servant was saddling his horse, flung his bournous over himself, and, grasping his pistols and gun, mounted and started off towards the west, ordering Mahomet to cling fast to his horse's tail. Not a moment was to be lost, as the enemy had begun to attack the east side of the camp. Soon afterwards, however, he saw the Arab horsemen rallying to attack the enemy, who had dispersed in order to collect the spoil, and, overtaking Mr. Overweg, informed him that the danger was over.

On returning to the camp they found that their baggage and even their tent had gone. The Arabs, however, pursuing the enemy, got back most of their things.

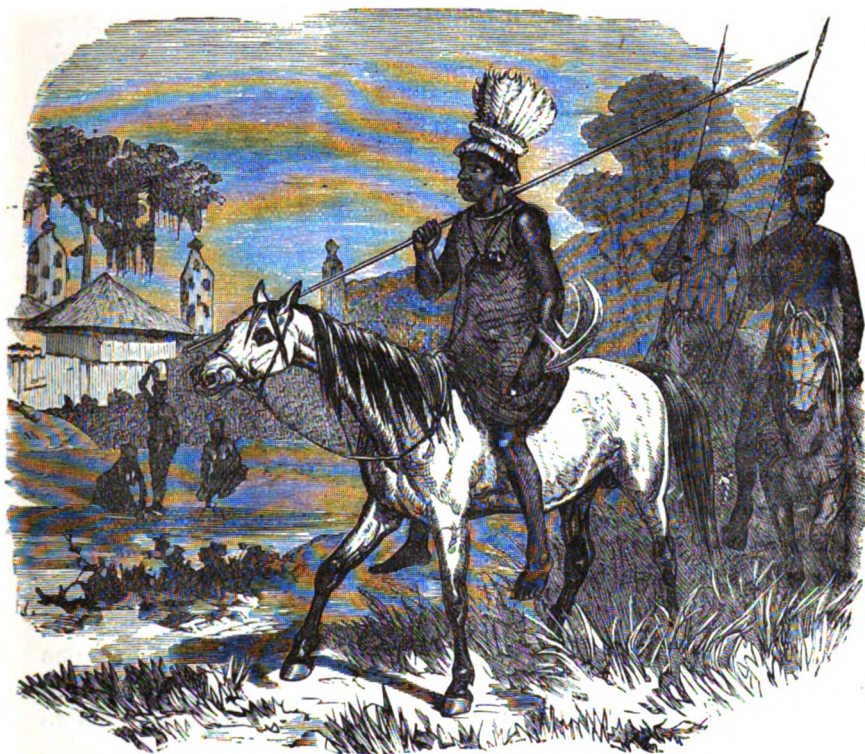
The natives again attacked the camp in the evening, but were beaten off. Hearing, however, that a large body of horsemen were to join their enemies, the Arabs retreated, and Barth and his friends, finding a caravan on its way to Kouka, returned with it on November 25th.

After a rest of ten days the persevering travellers again set forth with the Sheikh and his vizier on an expedition against Mandara, the principal object of which was to replenish their coffers and stock of slaves; a secondary one being to punish the prince of that country, who, protected by its mountains, had behaved in a very refractory manner. The vizier treated the travellers with great courtesy, and desired them to ride by his side. The army, which was of considerable size, advanced in regular order. At first they amused themselves with hunting. One day a giraffe was caught. The vizier was attended by eight female slaves and horsemen, and the same number of led horses. The unfortunate natives had to provide grain for the army wherever it marched. They spent a day at a village where the troops had to lay in a supply of corn, as they were about to pass the border region, between the cities of the Mahomedans and those of the Pagan tribes, which, as is generally the case in this part of the world, have been reduced to desolation. The vizier made Mr. Overweg a present of a small lion. On a previous occasion he had given him a ferocious little tiger cat which, though young, was extremely fierce, and quite mastered the young lion. They, however, soon died, in consequence of the continual swinging motion they had to endure on the backs of the camels in the heat of the day.

Passing through a dense forest region, frequented by numerous elephants, they arrived at Gabari, the northern-most of the Musgu villages, surrounded by fields of native grain. The inhabitants had fled; for, though nominally under the protection of the rulers of Bornou, they had thought it prudent to take care of their own safety. Their village was completely plundered, the soldiers thrashing out their grain and loading their horses with it, while



their goats, fowls and articles of furniture fell a prey to the greedy host. The village had presented an appearance of comfort, and exhibited the industry of the inhabitants. Its dwellings were built of clay; and each court-yard contained a group of from three to six huts, according to the number of wives of the owner.



MUSGU CHIEF.

Continuing their march, on December 28th they reached the district devoted to destruction. The country was pleasant in the extreme; stubble-fields surrounded numerous groups of huts and wide-spreading trees, on whose branches was stored up the nutritious grass of those swampy grounds for a supply in the dry season. Broad, well trodden paths, lined by thick fences,



wound along through the fields in every direction. Near the village were regular sepulchres, covered in with large well rounded vaults, surrounded by an earthen urn. While the doctor was contemplating this scene he found that the vizier and his party had galloped on in advance. On looking round he saw only a few Shooa horsemen. Following them, he soon found that he was entirely cut off from the main body of the army.

A scene of wild disorder presented itself; single horsemen were roving about to and fro between the fences of the villages; here a poor native, pursued by sanguinary foes, was running for his life in wild despair; and there another was being dragged from his place of refuge; while a third was seen stealing past, under cover of a fence, and soon became a mark for numerous arrows and balls. A small troop of Shooa horsemen were collected under the shade of a tree, trying to keep together a drove of cattle which they had taken. Accompanying another band, Barth at length rejoined the vizier. News had just been received that the natives had broken through the line of march near the weakest point, and that the rear had been dispersed. Had these poor people been led on by experienced chieftains, they would have been able in their dense forests, where cavalry is of little use, to do an immense deal of damage to their cowardly invaders, and might easily have dispersed them altogether.

A large number of slaves had been caught, and in the evening a great many more were brought in, altogether between five hundred and a thousand. To the horror of the travellers, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body. The unwarlike spirit and dilatory proceedings of the army, large as it was, enabled the inhabitants of other villages to make their escape.

The village, which only a few moments before had been the abode of comfort and happiness, was destroyed by fire and made desolate. Slaughtered men, with their limbs severed from their bodies, were lying about in all directions.

The village of Denmo was next to be attacked. On reaching it, however, a large watercourse, two miles in width, appeared before-

them, across which the natives made their escape. The scene on its banks was highly interesting, and characteristic of the Equatorial regions of Africa. Instead of the supposed lofty range of mountains, only a few isolated peaks had been seen, and in place of a dry desolate plateau, they found wide and extremely fertile plains, less than one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and intersected by innumerable broad watercourses.

Led by a treacherous Musgu chief, the army attacked other places, till the river Loggun put a stop to their further advance. These unfortunate Musgus are an ugly-looking race. Only the chiefs wear clothing, consisting merely of the skins of wild animals, thrown over their shoulders. They adorn their heads with strange-looking feather caps, and their bodies with red paint, staining their teeth of the same colour. Their weapons are long spears, and formidable knives for throwing at their foes, while they ride strong, active horses, without saddles, guiding them by halters fastened round their muzzles.

Having accomplished these deeds of remorseless cruelty, the army halted for two days for the purpose of distributing the slaves taken during the expedition. The proceeding was accompanied by the most heart-rending scenes, caused by the number of young children, and even infants, who were distributed, many of the poor creatures being mercilessly torn from their mothers, never to see them again. There were scarcely any full-grown men.

Another expedition was undertaken by a part of the army, when, as they reached the river, a dozen courageous natives were seen occupying a small elevated island with steep banks, separated from the shore by a narrow but deep channel. Here they set at defiance the countless host of enemies, many of whom had firearms. Not one of the small band of heroes was wounded; either the balls missed their aim, or else, striking upon the wicker-work shields they carried, failed to penetrate. Barth was urged to fire, and on his refusing to do so, was abused by the soldiers. He and his companion returned to Kouka, on February 1st, 1852.

On March 4th, Dr. Barth again set out on a journey to Begharmi, a considerable distance to the south-east of Lake Tchad. His only transport animals were his own horse and a she-camel for his

baggage. The next day Overweg, who had resolved to explore Lake Tchad in a boat, parted from him, and he proceeded on his hazardous expedition alone, his course being to the south-east, along the shores of the lake. He passed several towns in a state of decay. In one the palace of the governor was of immense size for the country. It had large and towering clay walls, having the appearance of a citadel.

He was hospitably treated at the large town of Loggun. Here the river of the same name, which falls into Lake Tchad, is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred yards across. About forty or fifty boats of considerable size floated on the stream. He made an excursion on the river, when he excited great admiration by firing at a crocodile, though he did not kill the creature. The Sultan formed so high an estimate of the traveller, that he wished him to remain to assist him in fighting his enemies, but the doctor, being anxious to proceed eastward, induced him at length to permit him take his departure.

On March 16th he left Loggun to endeavour to penetrate into regions never before trodden by European foot. He crossed the river in a boat, while his horse and camel swam over. Passing through a dense forest, he observed the footprints of the rhinoceros, an animal unheard of in the western parts of the country and greatly feared by the inhabitants. Little further in advance he suddenly beheld, through the branches of the trees, the splendid sheet of a river far larger than that of Loggun. All was silence, the clear surface undisturbed by the slightest breeze; and there was no vestige of human or animal life, with the exception of two hippopotami which had been basking in the sun on shore, and now plunged into the water. This was the real Shary, the great river of the Kotoko, which, with the river Loggun, forms a large basin, giving to this part of Central Africa its characteristic feature.

After some time a ferry-boat appeared, but the ferrymen declined carrying the party over before they had informed their master. While waiting for them, a large troop of pilgrims on their way to Mecca, mostly from the western parts, came up, and the doctor made them a present of needles. The boatmen, returning, declared

that the chief of the village would not allow him to pass. He was, however, not to be defeated, and proceeding along the banks of the river, at length found some ferrymen who did not hesitate to take him across. He was, however, soon again stopped, and after repeated attempts to push on, was compelled to take up his residence at a place called Bakada.

Here the white ants waged relentless war against his property. Though he had placed his bed on the top of some poles, he found that they had not only reached the summit, but had eaten through both the coarse mats, finished a piece of his carpet, and destroyed other articles.

The doctor had sent a messenger to the capital, but as he did not return, he determined to set out. He had reached Mela, on the bank of the river, when, as he was seated in his tent, the head man of the village arrived, followed by a number of others, and he found himself suddenly seized and his feet placed in irons, his property being carried off. He was conveyed to an open shed, where he was guarded by two servants of the governor. His servants were also seized, but ultimately set at liberty that they might attend on him. He was liberated, however, the next day by the arrival of Hacik, whose friendship he had formed at Bakada, and who promised that he should without further difficulty visit the capital.

Setting out on his journey on April 27th, Mas-ena, the capital, appeared to view, extending beyond a fine stretch of verdure. He had a good house provided for him, and numbers of people came to visit him. Among them was Faki Sanbo, who was totally blind; he had travelled much and was well versed in Arabic literature, having read even portions of Aristotle and Plato, translated into Arabic. The doctor had many interesting conversations with this wonderfully well informed man.

The governor, however, grew suspicious of the traveller, as did many of the people. He had a narrow escape by being called in to visit a sick man, when, convinced that his illness was serious, he refused to give any medicine. The man died a few days afterwards, and his death would, had he done as he was asked, have been attributed by the savage people to him.

On July 6th the caravan from Fezzan arrived, bringing des-

patches from Kouka, sent from England, authorising him to carry on the objects of the expedition on a more extensive scale, while means were placed at his disposal for doing so. It was hoped in England that he and his companion would be able to cross the unknown region of Equatorial Africa and reach the south-east coast; but, as the state of his health made this impossible, he was glad to find that Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Minister, suggested he should endeavour to reach Timbuctoo. To this plan, therefore, he turned his attention. He, however, found it very difficult to leave the city. The Sultan, after some time, gave him an audience; that is to say, the doctor was admitted to his presence, but the great man did not allow himself to be seen. Barth presented his gifts, and received in return, at his request, a supply of the manufactures of the country, instead of a female slave and a white camel, which the Sultan offered him. He heard that the Sultan entertained the fear that he might poison or kill him by a charm, and that he had repeatedly consulted his learned men, or councillors, how he should protect himself against his witchcraft.

After repeated delays, on August 10th he was allowed to take his departure. The Sultan had set his eyes on his horse, and, just as he was starting, sent to ask him to sell it; but this he positively declined doing, and no attempt was made to seize the animal.

He reached Kouka after an interesting journey, without a mishap, on August 21st. He found Overweg very sickly. Unhappily, he thought himself strong enough to go out shooting, and was so imprudent as to go into deep water after water-fowl, and remain all the following day in his wet clothes. He was seized with a severe illness in consequence, but believed that he should get better if he removed to the country home of their friend, Fugo Ali. However, he became much worse, and in two days died. A grave was dug for him near the borders of the lake in the exploration of which he had taken so much interest.

Dejected at his lonely situation, and unwilling any longer to stay in a place which had become intolerable to him, Barth determined to set out as soon as possible on his journey towards the Niger.

On November 25th, 1852, having completed all arrangements,



**TYPES OF FACE AND HEAD-DRESS.**



Dr. Barth set out on his adventurous expedition to Timbuctoo, intending to proceed first to the town of Say, on the banks of the Niger. He had parted on friendly terms with the Sheikh, who sent him two fine camels as a present. His head servant was the faithful Gatroni, who had gone to Fezzan and had lately returned, five other freemen, and two slaves, beside another personage, who acted as his broker, well accustomed to travel in these parts of Central Africa; but being an Arab, Barth only put confidence in him as long as circumstances were propitious.

He encamped, as was his custom on commencing a journey, only two miles from the city. It was the coldest night he had experienced in his travels, the thermometer being only nine degrees above the freezing point. On December 25th, he arrived at Zinder, the frontier town of Bornou, built round and about masses of rock, which rose out of the ground, the picturesqueness of the place being increased by groups of date-palms. Water, which collects at short depths below the surface, fertilizes a number of tobacco fields and gives to the vegetation around a very rich character.

On February 5th, 1853, the party entered the town of Katseena, where Barth laid in a supply of articles. Here they were detained for a considerable time, as an expedition was setting out against the Fulbe, and it would have been dangerous to proceed until it was known what direction the hostile army would take. By March 25th, however, he was ready to continue his journey, the governor himself having arranged to accompany him for some days, as the whole country was exposed to imminent danger, and, further on, a numerous escort was to attend them.

Interesting as was this long and important journey of Dr. Barth, it is impossible to describe the various places he visited or the adventures he met with. Day after day he travelled on, sometimes detained for weeks and months together, at one town or another, though he was never idle, always employing himself in gaining information, or in studying the language of the district through which he was to pass.

On June 19th he was close to the Niger, and hoped that the next day he might behold that great river of Western Africa, the upper



part of the large eastern branch of which he had himself discovered. Elated with such feelings, he set out early the next morning, and after a march of two hours through a rocky wilderness, covered with dense bushes, he obtained the first sight of the river, and in another hour reached the place of embarkation, opposite the town of Say. Here he beheld, in a noble, unbroken stream, the mighty Niger gliding along, though at this spot, owing to its being hemmed in by rocky banks, its breadth is only about seven hundred yards. It had been seen by Mungo Park flowing eastward, and it was, therefore, till the Landers descended it, supposed that it might possibly make its way into some vast lake in Central Africa. On the flatter shore opposite, a large town lay spread out, the low ramparts and huts of which were picturesquely overtopped by numbers of slender palms.

After waiting some time, the boats he had sent for, which were about forty feet in length and four to five in width, arrived. They were formed by hollowing out two trunks of trees, which were sewn together in the centre. His camels, horses, people and baggage having crossed in safety, he followed in the afternoon, intending to survey the course of the river between the points where it has become well known by the labours of Mungo Park, the Landers, and others.

The language spoken here, the Songhay, differs materially from that with which he was acquainted, and he therefore was less able to converse with the people than he had been before.

Quitting Say, Barth left the Niger behind him, or rather on his right-hand side, proceeding north-west towards Timbuctoo. The country on this side of the Niger is thickly inhabited, and he passed numerous towns and villages on his way. At one village, he met an Arab from the west, called Wallati, who undertook to escort him safely to the town of Timbuctoo. He was a handsome, dignified fellow. His dress consisted of a long black gown, with a black shawl wound round his head, and he moved along at a solemn pace.

The inhabitants of this place were clothed in the purest white, even the little children wearing round their heads turbans composed of strips of white cotton.

He was detained some time in the populous town of Dore, and on July 21st set out on the most dangerous stage of his journey to Timbuctoo. Many large sheets of water had to be crossed, and occasionally swamps, which greatly impeded their progress. It was the rainy season, and he was thus at times unable to proceed.

As he had now to traverse the province of Dellah, which is ruled by a governor subject to the fanatical chief of Mas-ena, who would never allow a Christian to visit his territory, the doctor was obliged to assume the character of an Arab. At the town of Bambarra, situated among the creeks and back-waters of the Niger, he met an Arab native of Tisit, who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. The stranger cross-questioned him very narrowly about the place from which he came, and the doctor had reason to fear he should be discovered. However, the man's whole appearance inspired him with such confidence that he felt sure that he might be trusted.

On August 27th, the doctor set out on his last journey by land, in order to reach Sarawano, the place where he was to embark on the river.

It is only during the rainy season that there is communication by water to Timbuctoo, which lies directly north from this place. He here engaged a boat with two cabins of matting, one in the prow and the other in the stern. She was built of planks sewn together in a very bungling manner.

A labyrinth of creeks, back-waters, and channels spreads over the whole of this country, affording water-communication in all directions.

On September 1st the voyage commenced, and the doctor naturally felt in high spirits when he found himself floating on the river which was to carry him all the way to the great city of Timbuctoo. The water was greatly obstructed by long grass, which made rowing impossible, and the boat was therefore impelled by poles, generally moving at the rate of between two and three miles an hour. At night, a storm threatening, the boat was moored in a wide grassy creek; but numerous swarms of mosquitoes molested them greatly during the night. The barking sounds of

some animals were heard, which the doctor found proceeded from young crocodiles.

On September 2nd the boatmen made use of their oars, sometimes passing broad, open spaces, and again getting into narrow channels. Barth and his attendants were tolerably well supplied with fish, either purchased, or caught by the boatmen with a harpoon.

They at last entered a large tributary of the Niger, and glided pleasantly along, a short distance from the northern bank, which was thickly clothed with trees, till at length, darkness approaching, they crossed, fully a thousand yards, to the opposite bank, where the vessel was moored near a village. Most of the party slept on shore, but others made themselves comfortable in the boat and on the top of the matting which formed the cabins.

The next day they entered the mighty stream, along which they proceeded, here running from west to east. It was about a mile across at this spot, and its magnitude and solemn magnificence, as the new moon rose above them, with the summer lightning at times breaking through the evening sky, inspired his servants with awe and alarm, while he stood on the roof, looking out for the city, the great object of his journey.

Leaving the Niger and passing along a series of channels, the doctor landed at the village of Kabara on September 5th. Here he took up his quarters in a comfortable house while he dispatched messengers to the city. On their return, accompanied by the brother of the Sheikh El Bakay (who turned out a great rogue and cheated him in every way), with several followers, on September 7th, his cavalcade set out for Timbuctoo.

The short distance was soon traversed, the doctor riding on ahead to avoid the questions of those who met the party, as, had they felt the slightest suspicion with regard to his character, they might have prevented his entering the town, and thus endangered his life. Unfortunately he encountered a man who addressed him in Turkish, a language he had almost forgotten, and he had some difficulty in making a reply.

Traversing the rubbish accumulated round the clay walls of the city, and leaving on one side a row of dirty reed huts which

encompassed the place, he entered some narrow streets and lanes which scarcely allowed two horses to proceed abreast. He was not a little surprised at the populous and wealthy character which this quarter of the town exhibited, many of the houses rising to the height of two stories, their *façades* evincing even an attempt at architecture and adornment.

During the absence of the Sheikh the doctor found it prudent to remain within the walls of his house, though he received visits from numerous people. From the flat roof he was, however, able to enjoy air and exercise, and at the same time obtained a view of what was going on in the city. For some time he suffered severely from fever, while rain and thunder-storms occurred nearly every day.

He here heard much about Major Laing, who, after being almost killed by the Tawārek, was kindly received in the camp of the Sheikh's father. He tried to obtain the major's papers, but found that they had all been destroyed. He was much pleased with the Sheikh El Bakay, who treated him with real kindness and regretted that he could not keep his troublesome brother Alawate in order. On one occasion he made the doctor fire off his six-barrelled pistol, in front of his house, before a numerous assemblage of people. This excited great astonishment, and exercised much influence upon his future safety, as it made the people believe that he had arms all over his person, and could fire as many times as he liked.

The city of Timbuctoo is about three miles in circumference. The town is laid out partly in rectangular, partly in winding streets, covered with hard sand and gravel. Besides two market-places there are few open areas. There were at the time of Barth's visit nearly 1,000 clay houses and a couple of hundred conical huts, of matting mostly, on the outskirts. Three large mosques and three smaller ones are the only places of worship, there being no other public buildings of any size. It is divided into quarters, one of which is especially inhabited by Mahomedans, though the larger number of the people profess to believe in the Prophet. There were at this time about 13,000 settled inhabitants, and, during the time of the greatest traffic, from 5,000 to 10,000 people visit the city.

A fanatical party, hearing that a Christian had come to the place, made various attempts to destroy him. By the advice of his kind protector, the Sheikh, he determined to leave the city with him, and take up his residence in the desert. As he rode forth on his white mare, the natives thronged the streets in order to get a glance at the Christian stranger. He was thankful to find himself once more in the fresh air of the desert. Here he passed several days in the most quiet and retired manner, and improved his health.

He then paid another visit to Timbuctoo, and was able to explore the city and the great mosque, which made a strong impression on his mind by its stately appearance. He had again, however, to return to the camp of El Bakay, where the perils of his position daily increased, and he in vain urged his dilatory protector to enable him to make his escape. His enemies were legion—fresh parties arriving constantly to seize him, dead or alive. A band of them even made a descent on the camp, but were driven back by the bold front his friends exhibited.

He had an interesting visit from an Arab chief, who was acquainted with Mungo Park, and gave him a full account of the way in which he had been attacked by the Tawârek as he descended the great river in his boat.

On December 12th, Barth heard that Ali, a fanatical chief of the Berabish, had arrived with a large body of followers, to take his life. Suddenly, however, Ali fell ill and died, and the people believed that it was a judgment on him, as his father had killed Major Laing, whose son it was supposed the doctor was. Many of the Berabish, indeed, came to El Bakay, to beg his pardon and to obtain his blessing, saying, that they would no longer impede the stranger's departure.

The river had gradually been rising, and on December 25th, the water entered the wells situated to the south of the town. On January 4th, 1854, the first boat from Kabara reached Timbuctoo, and other boats arriving laden with corn, the supply shortly became plentiful and cheap. The inundation attained its greatest height towards the end of January, an event possessing almost the same importance as that of the rising of the Nile. The city

depends entirely upon commerce, the manufactures being confined to the art of the blacksmith, and a little leather work.

Another year, 1854, of the persevering traveller's stay in Central Africa, began with the fervent prayer that he might return home before the end of it. His hopes were raised that he might soon be able to set off. Numberless disappointments, however, occurred.

On March 17th, by the advice of his friends, he returned to the camp, such a step being deemed essential for the security of the town and their own personal interests. He was kept here till April 19th, and even then his friend, the Sheikh El Bakay, could not overcome his habitual custom of taking matters easy, and the sun was already high in the sky and very hot before the camels were loaded and the caravan began to move.

In consequence of the progress the French were making in Algiers at this time, much suspicion was attached to the European traveller, as the people could not but think that his journey to the country had some connection with them. Even after this he was detained till May 17th at an encampment amidst swamps, when at last the news arrived that the Sheikh, who had left them, had gone on ahead, and all was joy and excitement.

On overtaking the Sheikh, who, as he awoke from his slumbers, received the doctor with a gentle smile, despatches were delivered to him from England. One from Lord John Russell expressed the warmest interest in his proceedings, and the others informed him that Dr. Vogel, with two sergeants, had set out to join him, and that he would probably meet them in Bornou. He was much surprised that he received no news from his friend, the vizier, as the parcel had evidently come by way of Bornou—little aware, at the time, of the murder of that friendly official.

The following day they passed through a dense forest, reputed to be frequented by lions. Keeping along the course of the river, which was here very shallow, crocodiles were seen in abundance, and anxiety was felt for the horses, which were pasturing on the fine, rank grass at its borders.

Owing to the dilatory character of his friend the Sheikh, the progress was very slow, but he was thus enabled to enter into

conversation with the natives, and obtained much information.. On his way he visited Gogo, situated at the southern limits of the Great Desert, one portion on the banks of the river, and another on an island, that to the east having been inhabited by the Mahomedans, the other by idolators. He found the place, however, in a most ruinous condition, even the mosque itself being in a dilapidated state. Indeed, the once great city of Negroland now consisted of only from three to four hundred huts, grouped in separate clusters and surrounded by heaps of rubbish, which indicated its former site. Here it is believed that Mungo Park was buried.

While encamped at a place close to the banks of the river, a number of hippopotami made their appearance, snorting fiercely at being disturbed, and put their horses to flight. At times they interrupted the intercourse between the banks, and in the evening became still more noisy, when they habitually came out to feed.

He was fortunate in having so able a protector as the Sheikh El Bakay, who, in consequence of his supposed sacred character, was treated with honour wherever he went.

After visiting a number of places, both on the banks and eastward of it, he reached Sackatoo on August 24th. Here he received intelligence of the arrival of five Christians, with a train of forty camels, at Kouka, and had little doubt that it was the expedition under Dr. Vogel.

On October 14th, Dr. Barth arrived in Kano, where he found everything prepared for his reception. Here he received the intelligence that Sheikh Omar, of Kouka, had been dethroned, his vizier slain, and that in a fierce battle a number of his other friends had fallen. He had made up his mind, therefore, to proceed to Aïre, instead of returning to Bornou; but, subsequently hearing that Omar had been again installed, he kept to his former determination.

At length, escaping from greedy rulers, hostile populations, wild beasts, swamps, rains and fevers, he reached Bundi, near Kouka, on November 30th.

He had again left that place, when, riding through the forest

with his head servant, he saw advancing towards him, on horseback, a young man, of fair complexion, dressed in a *tobe*, with a white turban, and accompanied by two or three blacks, also on horseback. The stranger was Dr. Vogel, who dashed forward, when the two travellers gave each other a hearty reception on horseback. Dismounting in the forest, they unpacked their provisions and sat down to enjoy a social repast; Barth, however, being greatly disappointed that not a bottle of wine, for which he had an extraordinary longing, had been brought.

Vogel, with Corporal Church and Private Macguire, had come out to strengthen the expedition, and to follow up Barth's discoveries. Unhappily, the young traveller succumbed to the climate about a year afterwards, on a journey to Adamawa. After his death, Macguire was killed on his way home, and Church returned with Dr. Barth.

While Vogel pursued his journey to Zinda, Barth proceeded on to Kouka. He found the village of Kaleemri, which, on his outward journey, was so cheerful and industrious, now a scene of desolation—a few scattered huts being all at present to be seen.

His old friend, the Sheikh Omar, who had been reinstated, sent out a body of horsemen to give him an honorable reception on his return to Kouka. Here he had to remain for four months, greatly troubled by financial difficulties, and finding that a considerable portion of his property had been stolen by the rascality of one of his servants. His health, too, was greatly shattered.

It was not till May 4th, that, in company with a Fezzan merchant, Kolo by name, he commenced his return journey, with a small caravan, towards Tripoli. At Barruwa they laid in a supply of dry, ill-smelling fish, which constitutes the most useful article of exchange in the Tebu country. The region to his right, over which he had previously passed, was now entirely covered with water from the overflowing of the Tchad, which had submerged several villages. He met with no unusual adventures during his long tedious journey northward across the Desert.

At Mourzouk he met Warrington, and remained with him here six days, discharging some of his servants, and among them the faithful Gatroni.

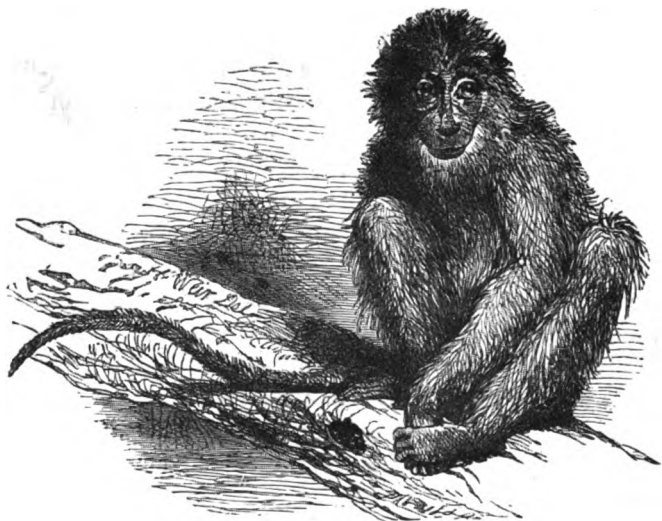


Some tribes of Arabs had rebelled against the Turks, and he was in some danger while in their hands. Escaping, however, from them, he reached Tripoli in the middle of August, and, embarking at the end of four days, arrived safely in London on September 6th, 1855.

Although much of the country he had passed over was already known, no previous African traveller more successfully encountered and overcame the difficulties and dangers of a journey through that region.

The most important result of his adventurous journey was the discovery of a large river, hitherto unknown, falling into the Lake Tchad from the south, and of the still larger affluent of the Niger, the Binue, which, rising in the far-off centre of the continent, flows through the province of Adamawa.

The courage and perseverance of Dr. Barth, while for five years travelling many thousand miles, amidst hostile and savage tribes, in an enervating climate, frequently with unwholesome or insufficient food, having ever to keep his energies on the stretch to guard himself from the attack of open foes or the treachery of pretended friends, have gained for him the admiration of all who read his travels, and place him among the foremost of African travellers.



## CHAPTER VII.

### DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAINS BURTON AND SPEKE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

**Expedition to the Somali country—Attacked by Somalis—Escape and return to Aden—Burton and Speke proceed on an expedition to the Mountains of the Moon—Arrival at Casé—Illness of Captain Burton—Discovery of Lake Tanganyika—Arrival at Ujiji—Sail up the Lake Tanganyika—Return to Casé—Speke's discovery of the Victoria Nyanza Lake—Speke navigates the Lake—Rejoins Burton—Return to Zanzibar.**

**S**IR RICHARD BURTON, better known as a traveller by the name of Captain Burton, may be regarded as the *doyen* of African travellers. Burton's discovery of Lake Tanganyika in 1857, started the race for Central African exploration, in which he was followed by his fellow traveller on that occasion, Speke, the discoverer of Lake Victoria Nyanza, by Grant, the companion of Speke, by Sir Samuel Baker, and by Stanley, the "Prince of African travellers," as Burton acknowledged him to be in a letter dated February 15th, 1890.

Captain Burton's name was already familiar to the public, especially in India, by his adventurous journey to Mecca, where, in the character of one of "the faithful," he worshipped at the Kaaba, the shrine of Mahomed, in the eyes of every Mussulman the most sacred spot on earth. Burton's adventures on this memorable journey had made him a notable man when he undertook the exploration of Somaliland, and his pen had already found congenial occupation in writing an account of the newly acquired province of Scinde, where he had served under Sir Charles Napier.

Besides being, perhaps, the most eminent linguist of his age—he is more or less familiar, we believe, with twenty-five languages of Europe, Asia and Africa—he has explored many parts of East and West Africa. He is the author of numerous books of travel, and

is distinguished as an archæologist and man of letters, as his work on Etruria, and his translations of Camoens, and of "The Thousand and One Nights," prove. Sir Richard Burton is, indeed, one of the most remarkable men of the day, and his many-sidedness is shown in his physical acquirements, no less than in the points indicated above. He is noted as an accomplished swordsman, and his book on the sword is a standard work. Altogether, we may regard him as a veritable "Admirable Crichton."



OSTRICH HUNTING.

Burton's companion in his expedition to Lake Tanganyika was Lieutenant John Hanning Speke, of the 46th Bengal Native Infantry, who had served under Lord Gough in the Punjaub campaign. He had, at intervals, during leave, travelled in the Himalaya Mountains, and in Thibet, for the purpose of collecting specimens of the Fauna of those regions, and while thus occupied he formed the design of traversing Africa.

Hearing that an expedition was to be sent by the Indian Government, under the command of Captain Burton, of the 18th Bombay Native Infantry, to explore the Somali country, on the African coast, lying due south of Aden, he offered his services, and was accepted. Two other officers, Lieutenants Stroyan, of the Indian Navy, and Herne, of the Bombay Fusiliers, also joined the expedition.

The Somali are Mahomedans, descendants of Arabs who have inter-married with negroes. They are a savage, treacherous race, noted for their cheating and lying propensities; in figure tall, slender, light and agile, scarcely darker than Arabs, with thin lips and noses, but woolly heads like negroes. The Somali are keen and cunning sportsmen, and have various methods of killing elephants, ostriches and gazelles.

Caravans pass through their country, which has been since traversed frequently by Englishmen, to their only port and chief market, Berbera, which at the time of the fair is crowded with people, though entirely deserted for the rest of the year.

It was proposed that the expedition should follow the route of these caravans, or accompany one of them, and thus penetrate through the country, into the interior. Some time was spent in making excursions for short distances, but unfortunately the petty chief, who undertook to be the protector and guide, proved to be a great rascal, and cheated and deceived them in every possible way.

The party at length secured, after considerable trouble, the camels and horses they required, and were encamped at Berbera, which was completely deserted by its inhabitants at this season of the year, when they were attacked by night by the Somalis. Lieutenant Stroyan, of the Indian navy, an accomplished and popular officer, was killed, and Lieutenant Speke was made prisoner and desperately wounded, but, springing to his feet just as his assailant was about to run him through with his spear, he knocked him over and made his escape to the sea-shore, to which the rest of the party had already fled. Here, fortunately, a native vessel was at anchor, and in her they returned to Aden.

Although his first expedition had terminated so disastrously, on his arrival in England, Speke again volunteered to accompany

Burton on an expedition to explore that part of the centre of Africa, in the neighbourhood of the Mountains of the Moon, where an enormous lake was supposed to exist.

Returning to Bombay, Burton and Speke set sail on December 3rd, 1856, for Zanzibar, on board the H. E. I. C. sailing sloop-of-war, "*Elphinstone*."\* At Zanzibar, they were warmly welcomed by the consul, Colonel Hamerton, and well received by the Sultan Majid.

As they had arrived at an unfavourable season, they were unable to commence their journey, and some time was spent in visiting different parts of the island and coast.

Their intention was to proceed to Ujiji, on the shores of lake Tanganyika, which was then supposed to be the southern end of the great central lake. They engaged as their *kafila bashi*, or head of the caravan, a well disposed man, Sheikh Said. A body of the Sultan's Belooch soldiers, under a *jemadar*, or native Lieutenant, and a party of slaves armed with muskets, formed their escort. Besides them, they had their private servants, Valentine and Gaetano, Goa men, who spoke Hindostanee, and a clever little liberated black slave, Bombay by name. This man, who took part in several expeditions at a later date, and was famous in African travel, had been captured from his native place, Uhiyou, to the east of Lake Nyanza, and sold to an Arab merchant, by whom he was taken to India. Having served this master for several years, on his death he obtained his liberation, and made his way to Zanzibar. Here he took service in the army of the Sultan, and was among those engaged by the travellers. He was a remarkably quick, clever, honest fellow, and in most instances could thoroughly be trusted.

Crossing to the mainland, on June 16th, 1857, they were detained there collecting baggage animals. The first five hundred miles of their journey to Cazé, a place in the centre of Unyamwezi, the Land of the Moon, was performed with comparative ease, and they were subjected only to annoyances from the savage people and the grasping chiefs on the way.

Cazé was in the occupation of Arab merchants as a central

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\* The writer of this book was serving at this time as midshipman on board the "*Elphinstone*" and has a lively recollection of the pleasant days passed in the society of these famous travellers.

trading depôt. They arrived at Ujiji on November 7th, 1857, and were kindly received by the Arab merchants, especially by Sheikh Snay, and had a house appropriated to them.

The houses of the Weezee, the people among whom they were living, are built of mud, generally with flat tops; this description



ARCHITECTURE OF THE WEEZEE.

is called a *tembe*. Others, however, are in the form of haystacks, and are constructed with great care: the door is small, that only one person can enter at a time. The villages are surrounded with a strong fence, having taller stakes on each side of the entrance, which are decorated either with blocks of wood or the skulls of those who have been put to death. The flat-roofed houses are

built round a large court, the outer walls serving as the walls of the villages, all the doors opening into the interior.

Some time was usefully spent in gaining information from the Arabs and others, who told them that the Nyanza was a separate lake to that of Ujiji, and that from the latter a river ran out to the northward—though, at first, they had stated that it ran into it.

Their porters, who had come from this part of the country, now deserted, and they found the greatest difficulty in procuring others. Captain Burton here fell dangerously ill, and, in order to save his life, his companion had him carried to Zimbili, where, by degrees, he recovered. At length a sufficient number of porters were obtained, and they broke ground on January 10th, 1858.

Proceeding due west about 150 miles, when moving over the brow of a hill, they came in sight of the lovely Tanganyika Lake, which could be seen in all its glory by everybody but Speke, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, caught by sleeping on the ground while his system was reduced by fevers and the influence of the vertical sun. It had brought on almost total blindness, and every object before him appeared clouded by a misty veil.

They were now standing on the eastern horn of a large, crescent-shaped mass of mountains, overhanging the northern half of the lake. Reaching the margin of the lake, a canoe was hired to carry them to Ujiji, the chief place on its shores, frequented by Arabs. The waters are sweet and abound with fine fish, and the sides of Lake Tanganyika are thickly inhabited by numerous negro tribes.

The explorers took up their abode in the deserted house of an Arab merchant, at a small village called Kawéle; but unfortunately, the chief of the place, Kannina, was a tyrannical extortioner, and caused them much trouble. They wished to engage an Arab dhow for navigating the lake, sufficiently large to carry provisions and to resist hostile attacks, but could only obtain a long and narrow canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. She carried Bombay, Gaetano, two Belooch soldiers, and a *nakidar*, or captain, with twenty stark-naked savage sailors. In this Speke set out on March 3rd, 1858, while Burton, too sick to move, remained at Ujiji. Speke and his attendants had moved but a short distance along the



shore, when a storm came on, and they had to camp till the afternoon of the 5th, when all got on board.

To pack so many men together was no easy matter. Speke had his bedding amidships, spread on reeds; his servant, the Belooch soldiers and Bombay were near him. Beyond them, in couples, were the crew, the *nakidar* taking post in the bows. Steering southwards, they passed the mouth of a river. They paddled on all night, and after dawn landed in a secluded nook for breakfast. All were busily occupied. Gaetano dipped his cooking-pot in the lake for water, greatly to the annoyance of the natives, who declared that the dregs would excite the appetites of the crocodiles, who would be sure to follow the boat. They have as great an aversion to the crocodile as English seamen have to sharks.

Suddenly there was a cry that foes were coming. All, jumping up, rushed to the boat, some seizing one thing, some another, the greater number being left on the ground. A breathless silence followed; then one jumped on shore to secure a pot, and then another, and, gaining courage, they searched around, crawling cautiously in the bush, others stealthily moving along, till at last a single man was pounced upon. They broke his bow and arrows, and, though some of the crew proposed taking his life, he was allowed to go. The native boatmen, on their return, each vaunted the part he had taken in the exploit, as though a mighty battle had been won.

They passed along a border of aquatic reeds, tenanted by crocodiles and hippopotami, the latter staring, grunting and snorting, as if vexed at the intrusion on their privacy. Many parts of the shore were desolate, the result of slave-hunting and cattle-lifting parties. Says the journalist of the expedition:—

“At night Speke’s tent is pitched; the men build huts for themselves, with boughs covering the top with grass, two men at the most occupying a hut. When it rains they are covered by their mats, but, as they are all stark naked, the rain can do them no harm. Interesting shells, unknown to the conchological world, are picked up, numbers of which are lying on the pebbly beach.

“They are delayed by another storm. The superstitious captain will answer no questions, for fear of offending the *ugaga*, or church,



whilst at sea; he dreads especially to talk of places of departure and arrival, for fear ill-luck should overtake them.

"Fourteen hours are occupied in crossing the lake, when they reach a group of islands. The sailors and the people fraternize, and enjoy a day of rest and idleness. At night they are attacked by a host of small black beetles, one of which gets into Speke's ear and causes him fearful pain, biting its way in, and by no means can he extract it. It, however, acts as a counter-irritant, and draws away the inflammation from his eyes.

"The population of the neighbouring shore is considerable, the inhabitants living in mushroom huts, and cultivating manioc, sweet potato, maize, and various vegetables. The people dress in monkey-skins, the animals' heads hanging in front, and the tails depending below. They are very inquisitive, and, by their incessant jabberings and pointings, want Speke to show everything he possesses.

"He gets away the next day, and reaches a fish market, in the island of Kabizia, in time to breakfast on a large, black-backed, scaleless monster, the *singa*. The sailors, considering it delicious, are disinclined to move on.

"Again detained by a high wind, they cross, at noon on the 11th, to Kasenge, where Sheikh Hamer, an Arab merchant, receives Speke with warm and generous hospitality. His house is built with good, substantial walls of mud, and roofed with rafters and brushwood, the rooms being conveniently partitioned off to separate his wife and other belongings, with an ante-room for general business. His object in coming to the remote district is to purchase ivory, slaves and other commodities. He is the owner of the dhow which Speke is anxious to obtain; but though he professes his readiness to lend it, he makes numberless excuses, and finally Speke has to continue his voyage in his small canoe.

"Slavery is the curse of this beautiful region. Here, for a loin-cloth or two, a mother offers eagerly to sell one of her offspring, and deliver it into perpetual bondage to his Belooch soldiers. Whole villages are destroyed, in the most remorseless manner, by the slave-hunters to obtain their victims. The chiefs of the interior are as fond of gain as those on the coast, and this sets one against the other, for the sake of obtaining slaves to sell.

"From Hamed, Speke learns that a large river runs from the mountains into the northern end of the lake.

"On the 13th, the dhow comes in, laden with cows, goats, oil and *ghee*; but, though Speke offers five hundred dollars for her hire, the Arab merchant still refuses to lend her. On the 27th, Speke commences his return voyage, and arrives on the 31st at Ujiji.

"Captain Burton is somewhat recovered, and, though unfit to travel, insists on starting in the canoe to explore the head of the lake—the chief, Kannina, offering to accompany them. Their object is to examine the river which is said to fall into it. They start in two canoes, the chief and Captain Burton being in the largest. In eight days they arrive at Uvira. The chief, however, will go no further, knowing that the savages of the Warundi are his enemies. He confirms the statement that the river runs into the lake.

"The black, naked crews are never tired of testing their respective strengths. They paddle away, dashing up the water whenever they succeed in coming near each other, and delight in drenching the travellers with the spray. Their great pleasure appears in torturing others, with impunity to themselves. They, however, wear mantles of goat-skins in dry weather, but, as soon as rain comes on, they wrap them up and place them in their loads, standing meantime trembling like dogs which have just emerged from the water.

"In no part of Africa have they seen such splendid vegetation as covers this basin from the mountain-tops to the shores."

On returning to Ujiji. Speke wished to make a further survey of the lake, but was overruled by Burton, who considered that their means were running short; indeed, had not an Arab merchant arrived, bringing supplies, they would have been placed in an awkward position. This timely supply was one of the many pieces of good fortune which befell them on their journey. Help had always reached them when they most required it.

Captain Burton, being too ill to walk, was carried in a hammock, and, setting out, they returned safely to Cazé.

They were here again received by their friend, the Sheikh, who gave Speke an account of his journey to the Nyanza Lake. His

statements were corroborated by a Hindoo merchant called Musa, who gave him also a description of the country northward of the line, and of the rivers which flowed out of the lake.

Eager to explore the country, Speke arranged to set off, leaving Burton at Cazé. The Sheikh, however, refused to accompany him, and he had in consequence some difficulty in arranging with the Belooch guard.

On July 9th, 1858, Speke started with his caravan, consisting of twenty porters, ten Beloochees, and his servants. The Beloochees were, from the first, sulky and difficult to manage, while the *pagazis*, or porters, played all sorts of tricks, sometimes leaving their loads and running off to amuse themselves, and in the evening they would dance and sing songs composed for the occasion, introducing everybody's name, and especially the wise or white man.

The Weezee villages are built in the form of a large hollow square, the outer wall of which serves for the backs of the huts; another wall forms the front, and the intermediate space is partitioned off by interior earthen walls. The roofs are flat, and on them are kept firewood, grain, pumpkins and vegetables. Each apartment contains a family, with their poultry and cooking utensils; some, however, are devoted exclusively to goats and cows.

They passed through forests of considerable size; caravans from the north were also met with. At one place the country was found to be governed by a sultana, the only one they met with in their travels. She did her utmost to detain Speke, not allowing him an interview till the next day. On paying the lady a visit, he was received by an ugly, dirtily garbed old woman, though with a smiling countenance, who, at his request, furnished him with eggs and milk. At length the Sultana appeared—an old dame, with a short, squat figure, a nose flabby at the end, and eyes destitute of brows or lashes, but blessed with a smiling face. Her dress consisted of an old garment, dirtier even than her maid's. Her fingers were covered with rings of copper wire, and her legs staggered under an immense accumulation of anklets, made of brass wire wound round an elephant's tail or that of a zebra. On her arms were solid brass rings, and from other wire bracelets depended a variety of brazen, horn and ivory ornaments.

Squatting by his side, the Sultana, after shaking hands, felt Speke all over, wondering at his dress. She insisted on his accepting a bullock; but, anxious to be off, he declined waiting for it. She at last consented to send it after him by some of his porters, who were to remain for the purpose.

He was constantly detained by the laziness of his porters, who, on entering a rich country, preferred eating the meat, eggs and vegetables they could obtain to doing work.

He unfortunately had only white beads with him, which were not the fashion: with coloured beads he could have purchased provisions at a much cheaper rate. Had the people also been addicted to wearing cloth, instead of decorating themselves with beads, he would have been able to make his purchases much more advantageously, as he had a supply of cloth.

As the country was at war, it was necessary to make a tortuous track to avoid the combatants.

The *jemadar* and two Beloochees complained of sickness and declared they could not march, and poor Gaetano fell ill and hid himself in the jungle, being thus left behind. Men were sent off to search for him, and the next day the Beloochees brought him in, looking very repentant.

The chiefs of the different villages were generally friendly, and when a desert tract had to be passed, the men went on cheerfully enough, hoping to obtain food at the next cultivated district.

On July 30th Speke discerned, four miles off, a sheet of water which proved to be a creek at the most southern portion of the Nyanza, called by the Arabs the Ukerewe Sea. Passing amidst villages and cultivated grounds they descended to a watercourse which he called the Jordan. It is frequented by hippopotami, and rhinoceros pay frequent visits to the fields.

Iron is found in abundance in this district, and nearly all the iron tools and cutlery used in this part of Eastern Africa is manufactured here. It was in truth at this time the Birmingham of the land. The porters therefore wished to remain to make purchases of hoes.

A rich country was passed through, and on August 4th, the

caravan, after leaving the village of Isamiro, ascended a hill, when the vast expanse of the pale blue waters of the Nyanza burst suddenly on the traveller's gaze. It was early morning. The distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and west points of the compass. An archipelago of islands intercepted the line of vision to the left. The sheet of water extended far away to the eastward, forming the south and east angle of the lake, while two large islands, distant about twenty or thirty miles, formed the visible north shore of this firth. Below, at no great distance, was the *débouchure* of the creek along which they had travelled for the last three days.

This scene would anywhere have arrested the traveller by its peaceful beauty. Speke writes enthusiastically—

"The islands, each swelling in a gentle slope to a rounded summit clothed with wood, between the rugged, angular, closely cropping rocks of granite, seem mirrored in the calm surface of the lake, on which is here and there detected a small black speck—the tiny canoe of some fisherman. On the gently-shelving plain below me blue smoke curled above the trees, which here and there partially concealed villages and hamlets, their brown thatched roofs contrasting with the emerald green of the beautiful milk-bush, the coral bunches of which clustered in such profusion round the cottages, and formed alleys and hedgerows about the villages, as ornamental as any garden shrub in England.

"But the pleasure of the mere view vanished in the presence of those more intense and exciting emotions which were called up by the consideration of the commercial and geographical importance of the prospect before me. I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation and the object of so many explorers. The Arab's tale was proved to the letter. This is a far more extensive lake than the Tanganyika: so broad, you could not see across it, and so long that nobody knew its length." To this magnificent lake Speke gave the name of Victoria Nyanza.

Speke now descended to Muanza, on the shores of the lake, having altogether performed a journey of two hundred and twenty-six miles from Cazé. He was here kindly treated by Sultan

Mahaya, with whom an Arab merchant, named Mansur, was residing, who gave him much valuable information.

Taking a walk of three miles along the shores of the lake, accompanied by Mansur and a native, the greatest traveller of the place, he ascended a hill whence he could obtain a good view across the expanse of water spread out before him. Several islands were seen, but some so far off as scarcely to be distinguishable. Facing to the west-north-west was an unbroken water horizon, and he calculated that the breadth of the lake was over a hundred miles. The native, when asked the length of the lake, faced to the north, and, nodding his head, indicated by signs that it was something immeasurable, adding that he thought it probably extended to the end of the world.

Poor Mansur had been robbed of his merchandise by a sultan whose territory was on the shore of the lake, and he had very little chance of obtaining redress.

Sultan Mahaya was considered the best and most just ruler in those quarters; and when Speke proposed crossing the lake to the island of the Ukerewe, he urged him on no account to make the attempt. Mansur also did his best to dissuade him, and, boats not being obtainable, he was compelled to give up his design.

Speke, arguing from the fact that the source of the Nile at the highest spot which had yet been reached, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, is considerably lower than the surface of the lake, which is four thousand feet, felt convinced that the lake he had discovered was the source of the Nile.

As no boats of any size were to be obtained, and having gained all the information obtainable, he bade the Sultan and his Arab friend adieu, and on August 6th commenced his return journey.

The country through which he passed abounded in game. Elephants of great size were seen, which are finer here than in any other part of the world, and some have tusks exceeding five hundred pounds the pair in weight. The people are mostly agricultural; and so hospitable that when a stranger comes among them, they welcome him, considering his advent as a good omen, and allow him to do what he likes.

His black attendants were in much better humour on the

return journey, and, as the country was well stocked with cattle, they could obtain as much meat as was required. One village through which he passed, being full of sweet springs, had a dense population, possessing numerous herds of cattle. Captain Speke says: "If they were ruled by a few score of Europeans, what a revolution a few years would bring forth! An extensive market would be opened to the world, and industry and commerce would clear the way for civilization and enlightenment."

The country is also, he says, high, dry and healthy, while the air is neither too hot nor too cold.

On the evening of August 25th Speke re-entered Cazé, under the influence of a cool night and bright moon, his attendants firing off muskets and singing, while men, women and children came flocking out, piercing the air with loud, shrill noises. The Arabs all came forth to meet him and escort him to their depôt, where he was greeted by Captain Burton, who had been very anxious as to his safety, numerous reports having been set afloat about him.

His fellow traveller being now restored to health, they set off together for Zanzibar, whence they shortly afterwards returned to England.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT'S TRAVELS TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, AND DOWN THE NILE.

Speke and Grant leave Zanzibar—Arrival in the country of the Usugara—Illness of Grant—Speke arrives at Casé—Customs of the people—Difficulties of the Journey—Illness of Speke—Weezee villages and the customs of the people—Speke and Grant unite—Journey to Karagwe—Speke starts for Uganda—Reception by King M'tesa—The Isambu Rapids and Ripon Falls—Arrival in Unyoro—Reception by Kamrasi—The Falls of Karuma—Journey down the Nile—They meet with Sir Samuel Baker—Arrival in England of Captains Speke and Grant.

CAPTAIN SPEKE, accompanied by an old Indian brother officer, Captain Grant, of the Bengal Army, left England for Zanzibar on July 30th, 1858, with the object of proving that the Nile had its source in Lake Victoria Nyanza, which he had recently discovered. Zanzibar was left September 25th, in a corvette placed at their disposal by the Sultan, and they crossed over to Bagomoyo, on the mainland. They had engaged ten men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who were Hottentots; a native commandant, Sheikh Said; five black sailors, who spoke Hindostanee; "Bombay," Speke's former attendant; a party of sixty-four Waguana blacks, emancipated from slavery; and fifteen porters of the interior. The two chief men, besides Said, were Bombay and Baraka, who commanded the Zanzibar men. Fifty carbines were distributed among the party, and Said was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, given to him by Captain Speke. The Sultan also sent, as a guard of honour, twenty-five Beloochees, with an officer, to escort them a portion of the journey. They had also eleven mules to carry ammunition, and five donkeys for the sick.

Their whole journey was to be performed on foot, and the baggage was carried on the backs of men. The captain of the porters, distinguishable by a high head-dress of ostrich plumes stuck



through a strip of scarlet flannel, led the march, flag in hand, followed by his gang of woolly-haired negroes, armed with spears or bows and arrows, carrying their loads either secured to three-pronged sticks or, when they consisted of brass or copper wire, hung at each end of sticks laid on the shoulder. The Waguana



BOMBAY.

followed, carrying goods, next came the Hottentots, dragging the mules with the ammunition, whilst lastly marched the Sheikh and the Belooch escort, the goats and women, the sick and stragglers bringing up the rear.

On October 2nd, the march began, the first part being a journey of five hundred miles to Cazé.

Captains Speke and Grant divided the duties of the expedition between them, the first mapping the country, which is done by timing the rate of march, taking compass-bearings, noting the water-shed, and making other observations. Then, on arriving in camp, it was necessary to boil the thermometer to ascertain the altitude of the station above the sea-level, and the latitude by the meridional altitude of a star; then, at intervals of sixty miles, lunar observations had to be taken to determine the longitude; and, lastly, there was the duty of keeping a diary, sketching, and making geological and zoological collections. Captain Grant made the botanical collections, had charge of the thermometer, kept the rain-gauge and made water colour sketches of the scenery.

The march was pursued before the sun was high, then came breakfast and a pipe before exploring the neighbourhood, and dinner at sunset, then tea and pipe before turning in at night.

Scarcely had they commenced the journey than the porters struck for higher wages; but, the leaders going on, they thought better of the matter, and followed. The poor Hottentots suffered much from the climate, and were constantly on the sick-list. The Waguana treated them with great contempt, and one day, while a little Tot was trying to lift his pack on his mule, a large black grasped him, pack and all, in his muscular arms, lifting them above his head, paraded him around the camp amid much laughter, and then, putting him down, loaded his mule and patted him on the back. Captain Speke writes:—

“A day’s march being concluded, the Sheikh and Bombay arrange the camp, issuing cloths to the porters for the purchase of rations; the tents are pitched, the Hottentots cook, some look after the mules and donkeys, others cut boughs for huts and fencing, while the Beloochees are supposed to guard the camp, but prefer gossiping and brightening their arms, while Captain Grant kills two buck antelopes to supply the larder.”

The country through which they were passing belonged to the tribe of Wazaramo. It was covered with villages, the houses mostly of a conical shape, composed of hurdle-work, and plastered

with clay, and thatched with grass or reeds. Though professing to be the subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar, they rob travellers, when they can do so with impunity. They also demand more tribute than they expect to get, generally using threats as a means of extortion. One of their chiefs, the Lion Claw, was very troublesome, sending back the presents which had been made him, and threatening dire vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Further on, Monkey's-Tail, another chief, demanded more



HAIR-DRESSING.

tribute; but Speke sent word that he should smell his powder if he came for it; and, exhibiting the marksmanship of his men, Monkey's-Tail thought better of it, and got nothing.

The people, though somewhat short, are not bad-looking. Though their dress is limited, they adorn themselves with shells, pieces of tin, and beads, and rub their bodies with red clay and oil, till their skins appear like new copper. Their hair is woolly, and they twist it into a number of tufts, each of which is elongated by the

fibres of bark. They have one good quality, not general in Africa the men treat the women with much attention, dressing their hair for them, and escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

Kirkunda was reached on October 14th. Hence the Belooch escort was sent back the next day, with the specimens of natural history which had been collected.

Proceeding along the Kinganni River they reached the country of the Usagara, a miserable race, who, says Speke, to avoid the slave-hunters, build their villages on the tops of hills, and cultivate only just as much land among them as will supply their wants. Directly a caravan appears they take to flight and hide themselves, never attempting resistance if overtaken. Their only dress consists of a strip of cloth round the waist.

Captain Grant was here seized with fever, and the sickness of the Hottentots much increased.

A long day's march from the hilly Usagara country led the party into the comparatively level land of Ugogo. Food was scarce, the inhabitants living on the seed of the calabash to save their stores of grain. The country has a wild aspect, well in keeping with the natives who occupy it. The men never appeared without their spears, shields and *assegaïs*. They are fond of ornaments, the ordinary one being a tube of gourd thrust through the lower lobe of the ear. Impulsive and avaricious, they forced their way into the camp to obtain gifts, and thronged the road as the travellers passed by, jeering, quizzing and pointing at them.

On the 27th they encamped on the eastern border of the largest clearing in Ugogo, called Kanyenye, stacking their loads beneath a large gouty-limbed tree. Here eight of the porters absconded, carrying off their loads, accompanied by two boys.

Speke set off to shoot a rhinoceros at night. Having killed one, two more approached in a stealthy, fidgety way. Stepping out from his shelter, with the two boys carrying his second rifle, he planted a ball in the largest, which brought him round with a roar in the best position for receiving a second shot; but, on turning round to take his spare rifle, Speke found that the black boys had scrambled off like monkeys up a tree, while the rhinoceros, fortu-



nately for him, shuffled away without charging. He hurried back to let his people know that there was food for them, but before they had got the skin off the beast, the natives assembled like vultures, and began fighting the men. The scene, though grotesque, was savage and disgusting in the extreme; they fell to work with



WAGOGO GREEDINESS.

swords and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, up to their knees in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel was obtained by one a stronger would seize it and bear off the prize—might was now right. Fortunately no fight took place between the travellers and the villagers. The latter, covered with blood, were soon scampering home, each with a part of the spoil.

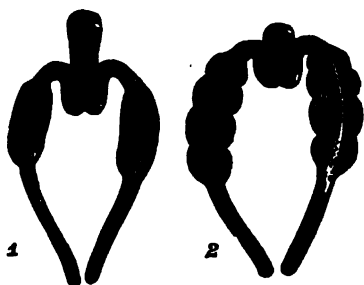
The Sheikh Magomba did his utmost to detain them, sending his Prime Minister, in an apparently friendly manner, to beg that they would live in his palace. The bait, however, did not take—



WEEZEE SALUTATION.

Speke knew the rogue too well. Next day the Sheikh was too drunk to listen to anyone, and thus day after day passed by. The time was employed in shooting, and a number of animals were

killed. Magomba, however, induced nearly the whole of the porters to decamp, and there was great difficulty in obtaining others to take their places. An old acquaintance, whom they met in a caravan, urged them not to attempt to move, as he thought that it would be impossible for them to pass through the wilderness, depending only on Speke's and Grant's guns for their support. Still Speke resolved to push on, and most of the men who had deserted came back. To keep up discipline, one of the porters, who had stolen seventy-three yards of cloth, which was found in



WEEZEE TWEEZERS.

his kit, received three dozen lashes, and, being found to be a murderer and a bad character, he was turned out of the camp.

They spent New Year's Day at Round Rock, a village inhabited by people who, by their quiet and domestic manners, made them feel more at home. Provisions were now obtained by sending men to distant villages;

but they were able to supply the camp with their guns, killing rhinoceros, wild boar, antelope and zebra.

On January 23rd, 1859, they entered Unyamwezi, or the country of the moon, abbreviated to Weezee.

On the following day they reached Cazé, where Speke had remained so long on his former visit. His old friend Musa came out to meet them, and escorted them to his house, where he invited them to reside till he could find porters to carry their property to Karagwé, promising to go there with them himself. They found here also Sheikh Snay, who, with other Arab merchants, came at once to call on them. The Sheikh told them that he had an army of four hundred slaves prepared to march against the chief, Manua Sera, who was constantly attacking and robbing their caravans. Speke advised him not to make the attempt, as he was likely to get the worst of it. The other Arab merchant agreed that a treaty of peace would be better than fighting.

Musa gave him much information about the journey northward,



and promised to supply him with sixty porters from his slave establishment, by which arrangement Speke would have a hundred armed men to form his escort. Musa loudly praised Rumanika, the King of Karagwé, through whose dominions the expedition was to pass.



THE HUSBAND'S WELCOME.

Some time, however, was of necessity spent at Cazé in making preparations for the journey, the two travellers employing their leisure in gaining information about the country.

The Wanyamwezi, among whom they were residing, are a polite race, having a complete code of etiquette for receiving friends or strangers; drums are beat both on the arrival and departure of great people. When one chief receives another, he assembles the



inhabitants of the village, with their drums and musical instruments, which they sound with all their might, and then dance for his amusement. The drum is used, like the bugle, on all occasions; and, when the travellers wished to move, the drums were beaten as a sign to their porters to take up their burdens. The women curtsy to their chief, and men clap their hands and bow themselves. If a woman of inferior rank meets a superior, she drops on one knee and bows her head; the superior then places her hand on the shoulder of the kneeling woman, and they remain in this attitude some moments, whispering a few words, after which they rise and talk freely.

The Wanyamwezi, or, as they are familiarly called, the Weezees, are great traders, and travel to a considerable distance in pursuit of their business.

When a husband returns from a journey, his favourite wife prepares to receive him in a peculiar manner. Having put on all her ornaments, to which she adds a cap of feathers, she proceeds, with her friends, to the principal wife of the chief, when, the lady coming forth, they all dance before her, taking care to be thus occupied when the husband makes his appearance, a band of music playing away and making as much noise as possible with their instruments.

On February 7th, news was brought that Sheikh Snay had carried out his intention of attacking Manua Sera, whom he found ensconced in a house at Tura. Manua, however, made his escape, when the Sheikh plundered the whole district, and shot and murdered everyone he encountered, carrying off a number of slaves. The chief, in consequence, threatened to attack Cazé as soon as the merchants had gone off on their expedition in search of ivory. Soon after this, Snay and other Arabs were killed, as well as a number of slaves.

Finding that nothing more could be done at Cazé, the travellers, assembling their caravan, commenced their march northward on March 17th. On the 24th they reached Mininga, where they were received by an ivory merchant named Sirboko. Here one of Sirboko's slaves, who had been chained up, addressed Speke, piteously exclaiming: "Oh, my lord, take pity on me! When I

was a free man, I saw you on the Tanganyika Lake; my people were there attacked by the Watuta, and, being badly wounded, I was left for dead, when, recovering, I was sold to the Arabs. If you will liberate me, I will never run away, but serve you faithfully." Touched by this appeal, Speke obtained the freedom of the poor man from his master, and he was enrolled among his other free men.

The abominable conduct of the Arabs, who persisted in attacking the natives and devastating the country, placed the travellers in an awkward position. The Hottentots, too, suffered so much from sickness that, as the only hope of saving their lives, it was necessary to send them back to Zanzibar. Speke therefore determined to return to Cazé, which he reached on May 2nd, leaving Grant, who was ill, behind at Mininga.

They were still in the country of the Weezee, of whose curious customs they had an opportunity of seeing more. Both sexes are inveterate smokers. They quickly manufacture their pipes of a lump of clay and a green twig, from which they extract the pith. They all grow tobacco, the leaves of which they twist up into a thick rope like a hay-band, and then coil it into a flattened spiral. They are very fond of dancing. A long strip of bark or cow-skin is laid on the ground, and the Weezee arrange themselves along it, the tallest man posting himself in the centre. When they have taken their places the musicians begin playing on their instruments, while the dancers commence a strange chant, more like a howl than a song. They bow their heads, putting their hands on their hips and stamping vigorously. The men not dancing look on, encouraging their friends by joining in the chorus, while the women stand behind without speaking. Meantime, the elders sit on the ground, drinking *pomba*. *Pomba* is a sort of spirituous liquor, produced from a kind of grain grown in the country, which is cultivated by women, who nearly entirely superintend the preparation of the drink.

While the party were thus engaged, two lads, with zebra manes tied over their heads, and two bark tubes, formed like huge bassoons, in their hands, leaped into the centre of the dancers, twisting and turning and blowing their horns in the most extraordinary

manner. The men, women and children, inspired by the sound of the music, on this began to sing and clap their hands in time.

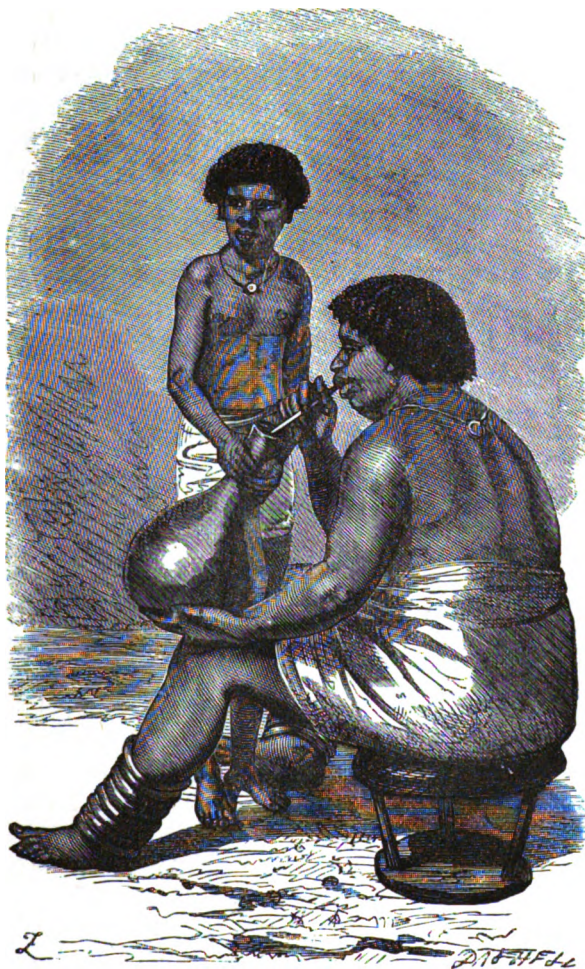
They received a visit from Sultan Ukulima, of Unyamwezi, a fine hale old man, who was especially fond of *pomba*, drinking it all day long. He was pleasant enough in manner, and rather amusing



HARVEST SCENE.

when he happened not to be tipsy. Being fond of a practical joke, he used to beg for quinine, which he would mix slyly with *pomba*, and then offer it to his courtiers, enjoying the wry faces they made when partaking of the bitter draught. He used to go round to the houses of his subjects, managing to arrive just as the *pomba*-brewing was finished, when he would take a draught, and then go on to

the next. He sometimes sucked it through a reed, just as a sherry cobbler is taken, while one of his slaves held the jar before him.



DRINKING POMBA.

The women and men do not drink it together. It is the custom of the ladies to assemble in the house of the Sultana, and indulge in *pomba* in her company.

The women, as has been said, are employed in the cultivation of

the grain from which the beverage is made. When it is green, they cut off the ears with a knife. They are then conveyed to the village in baskets, and spread out in the sun to dry. The men next thrash out the grain with long, thin flails. It is afterwards stacked in the form of corn-ricks, raised from the ground on posts, or sometimes it is secured round a tall post, which is stuck upright in the ground, swelling out in the centre somewhat in the shape of a fisherman's float. When required for use, it is pounded in wooden mortars, and afterwards ground between two stones.

Speke reached Mininga again on the 15th, when he found Grant much better. During his absence three villagers had been attacked by a couple of lions. The men took to flight, and two gained the shelter of their hut, but the third, just as he was about to enter, was seized by the monsters and devoured.

Difficulties of all sorts beset the travellers. The chief was seeking for porters; Musa, too, who pretended to be so friendly, did not keep faith with them; but, rather than be delayed, Speke paid the beads demanded and prepared to start. He obtained the services of a leader, by name Ungurué, which may be translated the "Pig." He had frequently conducted caravans to Karagwé, and knew the languages of the country. He proved to be what his name betokened—a remarkably obstinate and stupid fellow.

Speke was still detained by the difficulty of procuring porters, some being engaged in harvest, while others declared that they feared the Watuta and other enemies in the districts through which they would have to pass. An Arab caravan, which had followed them, was in the same condition. At length, having obtained a part of the number he required, a camp was formed, where Grant, with Bombay to attend on him, remained in charge of part of the baggage, while Speke, with the "Pig" as his guide and Baraka as his attendant, pushed on ahead.

The chiefs of every district through which they passed demanded *hongo*, or tribute, without which the travellers could not move forward. This caused numberless provoking delays, as the chiefs were often not content with what was offered to them.

On June 9th Speke arrived in a district governed by a chief called Myonga (M'wanga), famed for his extortions and infamous con-





MAKING POMBA.

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duct, in consequence of which no Arabs would pass that way. On approaching his palace, war drums were heard in every surrounding village. The "Pig" went forward to obtain terms for the caravan to pass by. Myonga replied that he wished to see a white man, as he had never yet set eyes on one, and would have a residence prepared for him. Speke declined the favour, but sent Baraka to arrange the tribute. Baraka amused himself, as usual, for some hours, with firing off volleys of ammunition, and it was not till evening that the palace drums announced that the terms had been settled, consisting of six yards of cloth, some beads, and other articles. On this Speke immediately gave orders to commence the march, but two cows had been stolen from the caravan, and the men declared that they would not proceed without getting them back. Speke knew that if he remained more cloths would be demanded, and as soon as the cows arrived, he shot them and gave them to the villagers. This raised a mutiny among his men, and the "Pig" would not show the way, nor would a single porter lift his load. Speke would not enter the village, and his party remained therefore, in the open all night. The next morning, as he expected, Myonga sent his Prime Minister, who declared that the ladies of his court had nothing to cover their nakedness, and that something more must be paid. This caused fresh difficulties, the drums beat, and at length, much against his inclination, Speke paid some more yards of cloth for the sake of Grant, who might otherwise have been annoyed by the scoundrel.

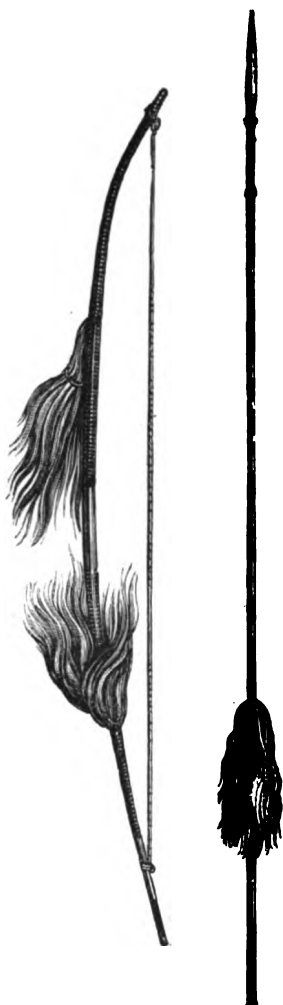
This is a specimen of some of the lighter difficulties which the travellers had to encounter on their journey.

Having passed a number of villages, they entered a tract of jungle in which a stream formed the boundary of the kingdom of Uzinga.

The district Speke next entered was ruled by two chieftains descended from Abyssinians. They were as great extortioners, however, as any of the pure negro race.

The "Pig" continued his tricks, and the travellers were heavily taxed and robbed at every step. The porters, too, refused to advance, declaring that they would be murdered, as the Watuta, their great enemies, were out on a foray: finally, they ran away





WEEZEE TUFTED BOW AND  
SPEAR.

and hid themselves. These Watuta, they said, were desperate fellows, who had invaded their country and killed their wives and children, and had despoiled them of everything they held dear. Baraka also showed the white feather. Speke, however, put on a bold front, and declared that he would return to Cazé and collect men who would not be afraid to accompany him. He carried his plan into execution, rejoined Grant, and obtained two fresh guides. Still he was unable to obtain fresh porters to carry on his baggage, and he was once more obliged to part from Grant.

Having gone some distance, Speke was taken seriously ill, while, again, his guides refused to proceed. This occurred while he was in the district of a chief named Lumérési, who insisted on his coming to his village, feeling jealous that he had remained in that of another inferior chief. Lumérési was not in when Speke arrived, but on his return, at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket; in reply to which Speke fired three shots. The chief, however, though he pretended to be very kind, soon began to beg for everything he saw. Speke, who felt that his best chance of recovering from his illness was change of air, ordered his men to prepare a hammock in which he might be conveyed.

Although he had already given the chief a handsome tribute, consisting of a red blanket and a number of pretty common cloths for his children, no sooner did he begin to move than Lumérési placed himself in his way and declared that he could not bear the

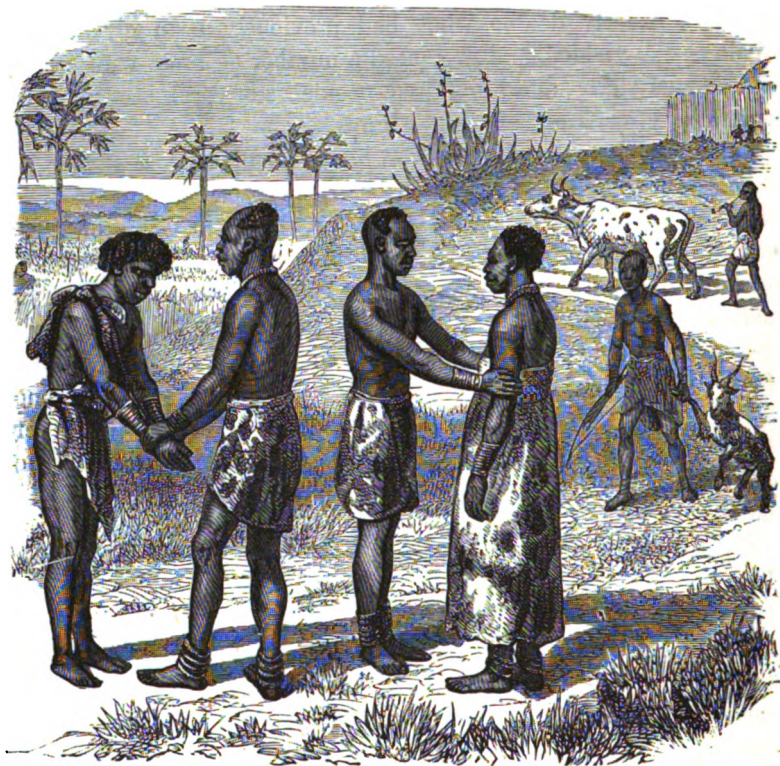
idea of his white visitor going to die in the jungle. His true object, however, was to obtain a robe, which Speke had determined not to give him. However, at length, rather than be detained, he presented the only one which he had preserved for the great chief, Rumanika, into whose territories he was about to proceed. Scarcely had the chief received it than he insisted on a further *hongo* (tribute), exactly double what had previously been given him. Again Speke yielded, and presented a number of brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths, and a hundred necklaces of coral beads, which were to pay for Grant as well as himself.

When about to march, however, his two guides were not to be found. On this, Speke determined to send back Bombay to Cazé for fresh guides and interpreters, who were to join Grant on their return. In the meantime, while lying in a fearfully weak condition, reduced almost to a skeleton, he was startled out of his sleep at midnight by hearing the hurried tramp of several men. They proved to be Grant's porters, who, in short excited sentences, told him that they had left Grant standing under a tree with nothing but a gun in his hand; that his Wanguana porters had been either killed or driven away, having been attacked by Myonga's men, who had fallen upon the caravan and shot and speared and plundered the whole of it.

We must now return to Captain Grant, who had been left in the Unyamuezi country, about which, during his stay, he made numerous observations.

"In a Weezee village," he tells us, "there are few sounds to disturb the traveller's night's rest. The horn of the new-comers, and the reply to it from a neighbouring village, an accidental alarm, the chirping of crickets, and the cry from a sick child occasionally, however, broke the stillness. At dawn the first sounds were the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cows, the bleating of calves, and the chirruping of sparrows. Soon after would be heard the pestle and mortar shelling corn, or the cooing of wild pigeons in the neighbouring palm-grove." The huts were shaped like corn-stacks, dark within as the hold of a ship. A few earthen jars, tattered skins, old bows and arrows, with some cups of grass, gourds, and perhaps a stool, constitute the furniture.

Different tribes vary greatly in appearance. Grant describes some as very handsome. He mentions two Nyambo girls, who, in the bloom of youth, sat together with their arms affectionately twined round each other's necks, and, when asked to separate that they might be sketched, their arms were dropped at once, exposing



SALUTATIONS.

their necks and busts, models for Greek slaves. Their woolly hair was combed out, and raised up from the forehead and over their ears by a broad band from the skin of a milk-white cow, which contrasted strangely with their transparent, light-copper skins. The Waha women are like them, having tall, erect, graceful figures and intelligent features.

An Arab trader, whom they had met, had sixty wives, who lived together in a double-poled tent, with which he always travelled. One of them was a Watusi, a beautiful, tall girl, with large, dark eyes, and the smallest mouth and nose, with thin lips and small hands. Her noble race will never become slaves, preferring death to slavery.

The Unyamwezi treat the Watusi with great respect. When two people of these tribes meet, the former presses his hands together, the Watusi uttering a few words in a low voice. If a Watusi man meets a woman of his own tribe, she lets her arms fall by her side, while he gently presses them below the shoulders, looking affectionately in her face.

The class of Arabs met with were a most degraded set; instead of improving the country, they brought ruin upon it by their imperiousness and cruelty. All traded in slaves and generally treated them most harshly. Several gangs were met with in chains. Each slave was dressed in a single goat's skin, and at night they kept themselves warm by lying near a fire. Never, by day or night, is the chain unfastened; should one of them require to move, the whole must accompany him. All ate together boiled sweet potato, or the leaves of the pumpkin plant, and were kept in poor condition to prevent their becoming troublesome. Any meat or bones left from the travellers' dinners were, therefore, given them, and accepted thankfully. One gang was watched over by a small lad, whose ears had been cut off, and who treated them with unfeeling coarseness. A sick slave having recovered, it was the boy's duty to chain him to his gang again, and it was grievous to see the rough way he used the poor emaciated creature.

They had not much work to do, the sole object of the owner being to keep them alive and prevent their running away till sold at the coast. They generally looked sullen and full of despair; but occasionally, at night, they danced, and became even riotous, till a word from the earless imp restored them to order.

Among them was a poor fellow who had been five years in chains. The travellers took compassion on him, and released him from bondage. His chains were struck off with a hammer, and, once on his feet, a freed man, he seemed scarcely to believe the fact; when,

however, attired in a clean calico shirt, he strutted about, and soon came to make his new master his best bow. On his body were numerous spear wounds. He had been captured by the Watuta, who had cut off several of his toes. This man never deserted them during the journey, accompanying them to Cairo, having gained the character of a faithful servant.

The Arab in Africa takes presents for everything he does, and it was believed that the white men would do the same. If a bullet was extracted, a gun repaired, an old sultan physicked, or the split lobe of an ear mended, a cow or cows were at hand to be paid when the task was finished.

When slaves were brought for sale and declined by the Englishmen, the natives could not understand their indifference to such traffic, but would turn from them with a significant shrug, as much as to say, "Why are you here, then?"

The most horrible punishments are inflicted on those who offend against the laws of the country. A woman and lad, who had been accused of bewitching the Sultan's brother, were found with their arms tied behind them, writhing in torture on their faces. No sympathy was shown them from the jeering crowd. The lad at last cried out: "Take me to the forest, I know a herb remedy." He was allowed to go, while the woman was kept in the stocks near the sick patient. The lad was put to death, and Captain Grant suspected, tortured before a fire. Another man, for a crime in the Sultan's harem, was stripped, tied to railings, and his person smeared with grease, and covered with greased rags, which were then set fire to, when he was dragged forth to a huge fire outside the village. On his way, *assegaïs* were darted at him by the son and daughter-in-law of the Sultan, and when he fell he was dragged out by one leg.

Grant had the same difficulties in moving that Speke had experienced. At length, on September 12th, he got away, but on the 16th, as he was passing through the territory of Sultan Myonga, his men moving in Indian file, a band of two hundred natives, armed with *assegaïs* and bows and arrows, burst upon him, springing over the ground like cats. The uplifted *assegaïs* and the shouts of the robbers frightened the porters, who gave up their

loads and attempted to escape from the ruffians, who were pulling their clothes and loads from them. Grant endeavoured without bloodshed to prevent this, but, as he had only one of his gun-men and two natives by him, he could do nothing. Little Rohan the sailor, one of his Zambesi men, was found with his rifle at full cock, defending two loads against five men. He had been urged to fly for his life. The property, he answered, was his life. Grant made his way, however, to Myonga, seeing, as he went, the natives dressed out in the stolen clothes of his men. Though honour was dear, the safety of the expedition was so likewise, and one false step would have endangered it.

Myonga pretended to be very indignant, and said that he had cut off the hand of one of his men, and promised that the property should be restored. Some of the loads were given back, but others had been broken open and rifled, and the chief demanded an enormous tribute for permitting Grant to proceed. This was the origin of the alarming intelligence Captain Speke had received.

At length the two travellers united their forces, and together they continued their journey towards Karagwé. To reach it they had first to pass through the province of Usui, the chief of which, Suwarora, pillaged them as usual. Here the little grass-hut villages were not fenced, but were hidden in large fields of plantains. Cattle were numerous, kept by the Wahuma, who would not sell their milk. Their camp, night after night, was attacked by thieves. One night, as Speke was taking an observation, a party of these rascals inquired of two of the women of the camp what he was about. While the latter were explaining, the thieves whipped off their clothes and ran away with them, leaving the poor creatures in a state of absolute nudity. Speke had not taken much notice of the goats and other things which had been stolen, but, in consequence of this, he ordered his men to shoot any thieves who came near. A short time afterwards, another band approaching, one of the men was shot, who turned out to be magician, and was till then thought invulnerable. He was tracked by his blood, and afterwards died of his wound. The next day some of Speke's men were lured into the huts of the natives by an invitation to dinner, but, when they got them there, they stripped them stark naked

and let them go again. At night the same rascals stoned the camp. After this another thief was shot dead and two others were wounded.

Bombay and Baraka gave their masters also a good deal of trouble. The former, who was looked upon as an excellent fellow, more than once got very drunk, and stole their property in order to purchase a wife for himself, besides which the two men quarrelled desperately with each other.

At length, however, the travellers got free of Usui and the native guard who had been sent to see them over the borders, and entered Karagwé, to their great relief and happiness.

They had now, for some distance, wild animals alone to contend with, and these they well knew how to manage. Soon after pitching their tent they were greeted by an officer sent by the King, Rumanika, to escort them through his country. He informed them that the village officials were instructed to supply them with food at the King's expense, as there were no taxes gathered from strangers in the kingdom of Karagwé.

The country was hilly, wild and picturesque, the higher slopes dotted with thick bushes of acacias, the haunts of the white and black rhinoceros, while in the valley were large herds of "hartebeestes." The further they proceeded into the country the better they liked it, as the people were orderly and law-abiding. A beautiful lake was seen, which at first they supposed to be a portion of the Nyanza, but it proved to be a separate lake, to which the name of Windermere was given.

They now attained the delightful altitude of five thousand odd feet, the atmosphere at night feeling very cool. Away to the west some bold, lofty cones were observed, and, on making inquiries, Speke was convinced that those distant hills were the Central African watershed. Numerous travellers, whom he collected round him, gave him assistance in forming his map. He was surprised at the amount of information about distant places which he was able to obtain from these intelligent men.

As they approached the palace, King Rumanika sent them a supply of excellent tobacco and beer manufactured by his people. On drawing near his abode, the bearers were ordered to put down

their loads and fire a salute, and the two travellers at once received an invitation to visit the King. He was found sitting cross-legged with his brother, both men of noble appearance. The King was plainly dressed in an Arab black *chogah*, and wore on his legs numerous rings of rich coloured beads and neatly worked wristlets of copper. The King's brother, being a doctor of high credit, was covered with charms, and wore a checked cloth wrapped round him. Large clay pipes were at their sides, ready for use. In their rear sat the King's sons, silent and quiet.

The King greeted them heartily and affectionately, and in an instant both travellers felt that they were in the company of men who were totally unlike the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. They shook hands in the English style, the ever-smiling King wishing to know what they thought of his country. He observed that he considered his mountains the finest in the world: "And the lake, too; did not they admire it?" He seemed a very intelligent man, and inquired how they found their way over the world, which led to a long story, describing the proportions of land and water, the way ships navigate the ocean, and convey even elephants and the rhinoceros to fill the menageries of Europe.

The King gave them their choice of having quarters in his palace or pitching their tents outside. They selected a spot overlooking the lake, on account of the beautiful view. The young princes were ordered to attend on them, one of whom, seeing Speke seated in an iron chair, rushed back to his father with the intelligence. Speke was accordingly requested to return, that he might exhibit the white man sitting on his throne. Rumanika burst into a fresh fit of merriment at seeing him, and afterwards made many enlightened remarks.

On another visit Speke told the King that if he would send two of his children, he would have them instructed in England, for he admired his race, and believed them to have sprung from the friends of the English, the Abyssinians, who were Christians, and had not the Wahuma lost their knowledge of God, they would be so likewise. A long theological and historical discussion ensued,



which so pleased the King that he said he would be delighted if Speke would take two of his sons to England. He then inquired what could induce them to leave their country and travel, when Speke replied that they had had their fill of the luxuries of life, and that their great delight was to observe and admire the beauties of creation, but especially their wish was to pay visits to the Kings of Africa, and in particular his Majesty. He then promised that they should have boats to convey them over the lake, with musicians to play before them.

In the afternoon, Speke, having heard that it was the custom to fatten up the wives of the King and Princes to such an extent that they could not stand upright, paid a visit to the King's eldest brother. On entering the hut, he found the old chief and his wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewn over with grass, while in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk. Speke was received by the Prince with great courtesy, and was especially struck by the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty, of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife. She could not rise. So large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung like large loose bags. Then came in their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They were delighted in looking over his picture-books and making inquiries about them. The Prince, pointing to his wife observed, "This is all the product of those pots, as, from early youth upwards, we keep those pots to their mouths, being the custom of the court to have very fat wives."

The King, having supposed that the travellers had been robbed of all their goods, was delighted with the liberal presents he received, above all with a coat of handsome scarlet broadcloth. He told them that they might visit every part of his country, and when the time arrived for proceeding to Uganda, he would escort them to the boundary.

Altogether, Rumanika was the most intelligent and best looking ruler the travellers met with in Africa. He had nothing of the African in his appearance, except that his hair was short and woolly. He was fully six feet two inches in height, and the expression of his countenance was mild and open. He was

clothed in a robe made of small antelope skins, and another of dark cloth, always carrying, when walking, a long staff in his hand. His four sons were favourable specimens of their race, especially the eldest, named Chunderah. He was somewhat of a dandy, being more neat about his lion skin covers and ornaments than his brothers. From the tuft of wool left unshaven on the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except where his arms and neck were decorated with charmed horns, strips of otter-skin, shells and bands of wool. He was fond of introducing Friz, Speke's head man, into the palace, that he might amuse his sisters with his guitar, and in return the sisters, brothers, and followers would sing Karagwé music. The youngest son was the greatest favourite, and on one occasion, the travellers, having presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, were much amused with the dignified way in which he walked off, having coaxed them on to his fingers.

Rumanika, contrary to the usual African custom, was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely on milk, merely sucking the juice of boiled beef. He scarcely ever touched plantain wine or beer, and had never been known to be intoxicated. The people were generally excessively fond of this wine, the peasants especially drinking large quantities of it.

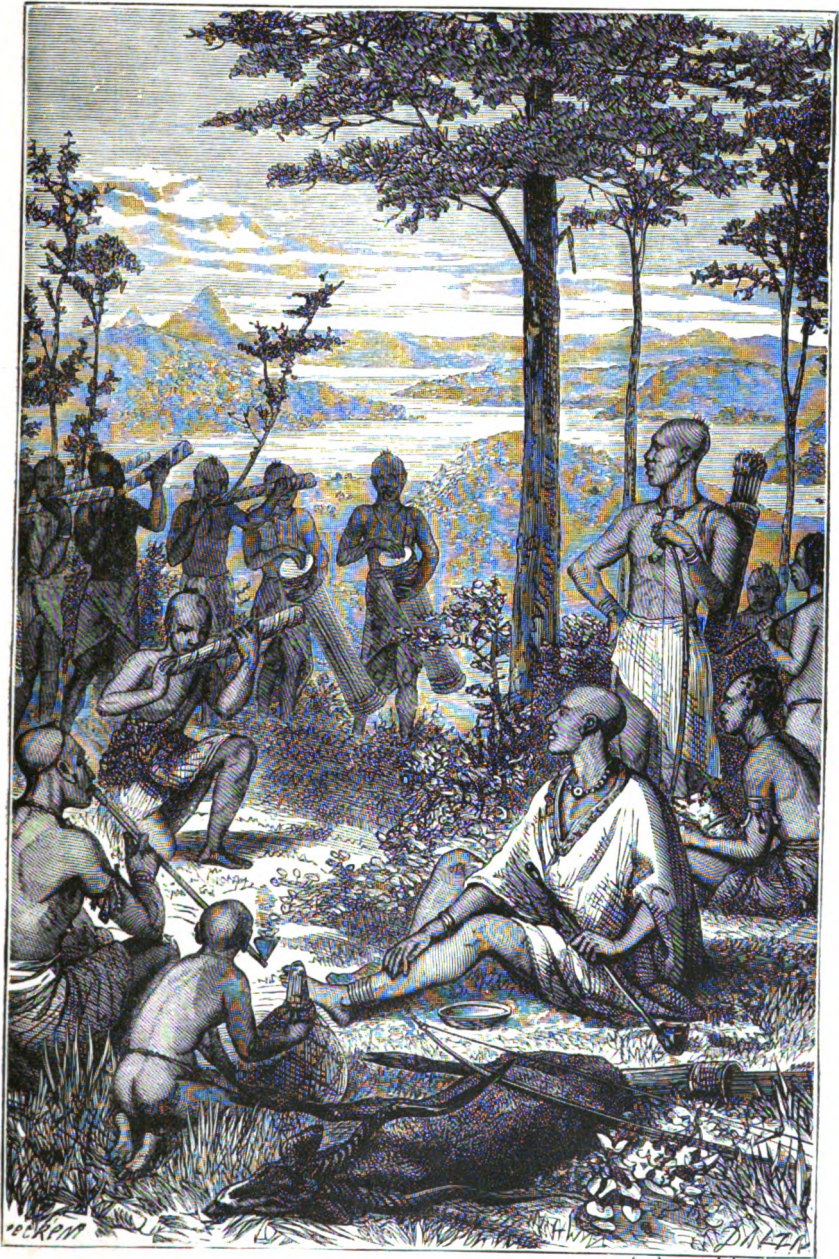
Rumanika was not only king, but priest and prophet; indeed, his elevation to the throne was due, as his friends asserted, to supernatural agency. After the death of his father, his two brothers and he claimed the throne. Their pretensions were to be settled by an ordeal. They possessed a small magic drum, and, it being placed on the ground, he who could lift it was to take the crown. His brothers were unable to stir it, though exerting all their strength, but Rumanika raised it with his little finger. This test, however, not satisfying the chiefs, they insisted on Rumanika going through another trial. He was seated on the ground, and it was believed that if he was the appointed King, the portion of soil on which he sat would rise up in the air, but if not, it would collapse, and he would be dashed to pieces. According to the belief of his subjects, no sooner had Rumanika taken his seat, than he was raised into the sky, and was therefore acknowledged King.

One of the most curious customs which Rumanika holds in his

character of high priest, is his new moon *levée*, which takes place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. On the evening of the new moon the King adorns himself with a plume of feathers on his head, a huge white beard descending to his breast. He takes post behind a screen. Before him are arranged forty long drums on the ground, on the head of which is painted a white cross. The drummers stand each with a pair of sticks, and in front is their leader, who has a couple of small drums slung round his neck. The leader raises first his right arm and then his left, the performers imitating him, when he brings down both sticks on the drums with a rapid roll, they doing the same, until the noise is scarcely to be endured. This having continued for some hours, with the addition of smaller drums and other musical instruments, the chiefs advance in succession, leaping and gesticulating, and shouting expressions of devotion to their sovereign. Having finished their performance they kneel before him, holding out their knobbed sticks that he may touch them, and then, retiring, make room for others.

Civilized as the country is in some respects, marriage is a matter of barter between the father and the intended husband, the former receiving cows, slaves, and sheep for his daughter. Should, however, a bride not approve of her husband, by returning the marriage gifts she is again at liberty. The chief ceremony at marriages consists in tying up the bride in a skin, blackened all over, and carrying her with a noisy procession to her husband.

The ladies of this country lead an easy life in many respects, their chief object, apparently, being to get as fat as possible. Many of them succeed wonderfully well, in consequence of their peculiar constitution, or from the food they eat being especially nutritious. Five of Rumanika's wives were so enormous that they were unable to enter the door of any ordinary hut, or to move about without being supported by a person on either side. One of his sisters-in-law was of even still greater proportions. Speke measured her; round her arm was 1 ft. 11 in.; chest, 4 ft. 4 in.; thigh, 2 ft. 7 in.; calf, 1 ft. 8 in.; height, 5 ft. 8 in. He could have obtained her height more accurately could he have had her laid on the floor; but, knowing the difficulties he would have had



THE KING'S PRIVATE BAND.



to contend with, he tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertion, was accomplished, when she sank down again, fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat before them, sucking at a milkpot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is one of the first duties of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced with the rod if necessary. The features of the damsel were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball.

The women turn their obesity to good account. In exchanging food for beads it is usual to purchase a certain quantity of food, which were to be paid for by a belt of beads that will go round the waist. The women of Karagwé being on an average twice as large round the waist as those of other districts, food practically rises 100 per cent. in price. Notwithstanding their fatness their features retain much beauty, the face being oval and the eyes fine and intelligent. The higher class of women are modest, not only wearing cow-skin petticoats, but a wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelop their whole bodies, merely allowing one hand to be seen.

The travellers were allowed to move about the country as they liked, and the King sent his sons to attend on them, that they might enjoy such sport as was to be found. They heard of no elephants in that district, but "harte-beestes," rhinoceros and hippopotami were common.

One day Captain Grant saw two "harte-beestes" engaged in a desperate combat, halting calmly between each round to breathe. He could hear, even at a considerable distance, the force of every butt as their heads met, and, as they fell on their knees, the impetus of the attack, sent their bushy tails over their backs, till one, becoming the victor, chased the other out of the herd.

Several varieties of the antelope and the mountain gazelle were seen bounding over the hills. Pigs abounded in the low grounds, and hippopotami in the lake.

Captain Speke went out in search of rhinoceros, accompanied by the Prince, with a party of beaters. In a short time he discovered a fine male, when, stealing between the bushes, he gave him a shot

which made him trot off, till, exhausted by loss of blood, he lay down to die. The young princes were delighted with the effect of the Englishman's gun, and, seizing both his hands, congratulated him on his successes.

A second rhinoceros was killed after receiving two shots. While pursuing the latter, three appeared, who no sooner sighted Speke, than they all charged at him in line. His gun-bearers, however, were with him, and taking his weapons, he shot the three animals in turn. One dropped down a little way on, but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom of the hill. The fore legs of another were broken, when the natives set on him; but he kept charging with so much fury that they could not venture to approach till Speke had given him a second ball, which brought him to the ground. Every man then rushed at the creature, sending his spear, *assegai*, or arrow into his sides until he sank like a porcupine covered with quills. The heads were sent to the King, to show what the white man could do. Rumanika exhibited the greatest astonishment, declaring that something more potent than powder had been used; for, though the Arabs talk of their shooting powers, they could not have accomplished such a feat. "It is no wonder," he added, "that the English are the greatest men in the world."

Rumanika, like great men in other countries, had his private band. The instruments were of a somewhat primitive character, while the musicians differed in appearance considerably from those of Europe. The most common instruments are the drums, which vary greatly in size: one hung to the shoulder is about four feet in length, and one in width. It is played with the fingers like the Indian *tom-tom*. The drums used at the new moon *levée* are of the same shape, but very much larger. The war drum is beaten by women. At its sound the men rush to arms and repair to their several quarters. There are also several stringed instruments. One of these, which Captain Grant describes, was played by an old woman; it had seven notes, six of which were a perfect scale. Another, which had three strings, was played by a man: they were a full harmonious chord. A third instrument called "the laced *nanga*," formed of dark wood, in the shape of a tray, had three crosses in

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A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

the bottom, and was laced with one string, seven or eight times, over bridges at either end.

The Prince sent the best player to be found to entertain his guest. The man entered, dressed in the usual costume, looking a wild, excited creature. After resting his spear against the roof of his hut, he took a *nanga* from under his arm and began playing his wild yet gentle music, with words, attracting a number of admirers. It was about a favourite dog, and for days afterwards the people sang that dog song.

There is another stringed instrument, called *zeze*, somewhat similar to the *nanga*. They have two wind instruments, one resembling a flageolet, and another a bugle. The latter is composed of several pieces of gourd, fitted one into another, in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin.

Rumanika's band was composed of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles, and the other two, hand-drums. On the march they form in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, swaying their bodies in time to the music, while the leader advances with a curiously active step, touching the ground alternately with each knee. They also, when the King rested on a march, or when out hunting, played before him, while he sat on the ground and smoked his pipe.

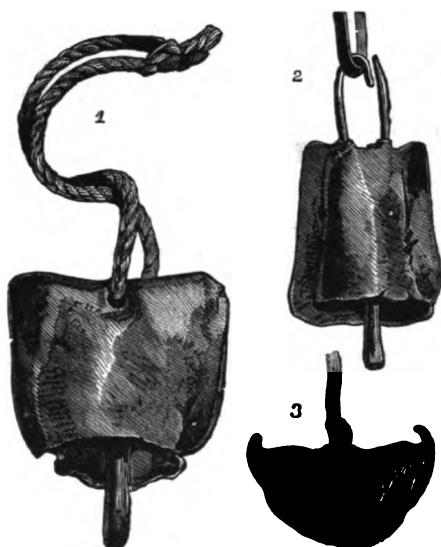
Like most Africans, these people have great faith in the power of charms, and believe that by their means many persons can be rendered invulnerable. They also believe in the constant presence of departed souls, supposing that they exercise a good or evil influence over those whom they have known in life. When a field is blighted or a crop does not promise well, a gourd is placed in the pathway; passengers set up a wailing cry, which they intend as a prayer to the spirits to give a good crop to their mourning relatives. Rumanika, in order to propitiate the spirit of his father, was in the habit of sacrificing annually a cow on his tomb, and also of placing offerings on it of corn and wine.

The commencement of 1862 found the travellers still guests of the enlightened King. Hearing that it was the English custom on Christmas Day to have an especially good dinner, he sent an ox. Captain Speke in return paid him a visit. The King offered him

the compliments of the season, and reminded him that he was of the old stock of Abyssinians, who were among the oldest Christians on record, and that he hoped the time would come when white teachers would visit his country, to instruct him in the truths which he and his people had forgotten.

News now arrived which induced them to believe that Mr. Petherick was on his road up the Nile, endeavouring to reach them. Rumanika was highly delighted to hear this, as he was especially anxious to have white men visit his country from the north.

Active preparations were now made for the departure of the travellers from Karagwé, but unhappily Captain Grant was suffering from so severe a complaint in one of his legs, that he was compelled to remain behind, under the protection of the hospitable sovereign, while Speke set off for Uganda.



BELLS.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SPEKE AND GRANT'S TRAVELS CONTINUED.

*The travellers depart for Uganda—Slaughter of the natives—Uganda described—Speke's reception by King Mtesa—A review of troops—Grant arrives—They start for Unyoro—Speke reaches the Nile—Visit to the Isamba Rapids and the Ripon Falls—Arrival in the Unyoro country—Fight with the natives—Reception by King Kamrasi—Embark on the Nile—Pass the Karuma Falls—Arrival at the Egyptian outposts—Meet with Sir Samuel Baker—Voyage down the Nile to Khartoum—Arrival in England.*

ON January 10th a large escort of smartly dressed men, women and boys, leading their dogs and playing their reeds, arrived from Mtesa, King of Uganda, to conduct the travellers to his capital. They were informed that the King had ordered his officers to supply them with everything they wanted while passing through his country, and that there would be nothing to pay.

Speke set forth in the hope of settling the great Nile problem, but Rumanika declared that he would be compelled to return to the southward.

Passing through a remarkably rich country, famous for its ivory and coffee productions, they descended to an alluvial plain, where Rumanika had thousands of cattle. Once elephants abounded here, but, since the increase of the ivory trade, these animals had been driven off to the distant hills.

On the 16th they reached the Kitangulé River, which falls into the Victoria Nyanza. It was about eighty yards broad and so deep that it could not be poled by the canoe-men, while it runs at a velocity of from three to four knots an hour. It is fed from the high-seated springs in what Speke believed were the Mountains of the Moon, though Stanley's discoveries on his famous journey in 1887-89, have placed this fabled range between the Lakes Albert and Albert Edward, discovered by Baker and himself.

The country through which they passed was a perfect garden of

plantations, surprisingly rich, while along the banks of the river numberless "harte-beestes" and antelopes were seen. At a village, where they were compelled to stop two days, drumming, singing, screaming, yelling and dancing went on the whole time, during the night as well as day, to drive the devil away. In front of a hut sat an old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of *pomba* in their laps, while people came, bringing baskets full of plantain squash and more pots of *pomba*. Hundreds of them were collected in the courtyard, all perfectly drunk, making the most terrific uproar.

The King sent messengers, expressing his desire to see the white man, and it was said that he had caused fifty nobles and four hundred of inferior degree to be executed because he believed that his subjects were anxious to prevent them.

Speke now sent back to Grant, earnestly urging him to come on if he possibly could, as he had little doubt that they would be able to proceed across the country to the northward. On approaching the capital, a messenger came to say that the King was so eager to meet the white man that he would not taste food until he had seen him.

The place was reached on February 19th. He proposed going at once to the palace; but the messengers considered that such a proceeding would be indiscreet, and advised him to draw up his men and fire his gun off to let the King know that he had arrived. He was excessively indignant at being shown some dirty huts for his accommodation, in which the Arabs put up when they came to the place. Speke declared that, unless better quarters were found him, he would return; but the officials entreated him not to be so hasty. Rain coming on prevented a *levée* being held that day. The presents being got ready, Speke marshalled his procession. The King's officers and pages, with himself, marched on the flanks; the Union Jack, carried by his guide, led the way, followed by twelve of his men, as a guard of honour, dressed in red flannel cloaks, carrying their arms sloped, with fixed bayonets, while in their rear came the rest of his attendants, each bearing some article as a present.

He was surprised at the extraordinary dimensions of the palace,





**DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE NEW MOON.**

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and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill were covered with gigantic grass huts, neatly thatched and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the tiger-grass, while within the enclosures, the lines of huts were joined together or partitioned off into courts, with the walls of the same grass.



RECEPTION OF A VISITOR.

These huts formed the residence of Mtesa's three or four hundred wives, the rest living chiefly with his mother, the queen dowager. The ladies were seen at the doors, making their remarks and enjoying their jokes. At each gate they passed, officers opened and shut them, jingling the big bells hung upon them to prevent stealthy entrance.



As they advanced, courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet the white man, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashion. Men, women, bulls, dogs and goats were led about by strings, cocks and hens were carried in men's arms, and little page-boys, with rope turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, everyone holding his skin cloak tightly round him, lest his naked legs should by accident be shown, a crime which in that kingdom, if happening in the presence of the King, meets with instant death.

The huts of the Waganda people are well-built of reeds, which grows to a great height. They have double roofs formed of thick grass thatch, in order to exclude the heat of the sun. The outer roof comes nearly to the ground on all sides. The structure is supported by stout poles, on which are hung sacks of corn, meat, and other provisions. The interior is divided into two portions by a high screen, the inner serving as a sleeping room, in which a bedstead, formed of cane, is placed. There are no windows nor chimneys, and only one door in front.

When Speke, however, was desired to sit down outside to wait the appearance of the monarch, he, considering this an act of discourtesy, refused to comply. After waiting five minutes, as the King did not appear, he thought it right to walk home again, giving Bombay directions to leave his presents on the ground. He was followed soon afterwards by Bombay, who told him that he might bring his own chair, as the King was anxious to show him every respect, although no one but the monarch was allowed in Uganda to sit on an artificial seat.

On his return, he found the King, a good looking, well made, tall young man of twenty-five, sitting on a red blanket, which formed his throne, in the state hut. His hair was cut short, with the exception of a ridge on the top which ran from back to front, like a cockscomb. He wore on his neck a large ring with beautifully worked small beads. On one arm was another bead ornament, and on the other a wooden charm, and on every finger and toe he had alternately brass and copper rings, while above the ankles, half way up to the calf, he had stockings of very pretty beads.

In front of him were his nobles, squatting on the ground, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins, some few—the sign of royal blood—having leopard-skins girded round their waists. Speke was desired, while advancing hat in hand, to halt and sit in the glaring sun, but donned his hat, put up his umbrella, and quietly sat down to observe what was going on. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman, the Uganda cognizance, were by the side of the King, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, while he took copious draughts from neat little gourd cups, offered by his ladies in waiting.

The traveller could not speak his language, and his interpreter dared not address the King, it being contrary to etiquette. Conversation was, therefore, impossible, and he was very glad, when at length his Majesty got up and retired, with a gait which was intended to be very majestic. It was supposed to represent the step of a lion, but the outward sweep of the legs looked only like a ludicrous waddle. Mtesa had, in reality, gone to eat his breakfast, as he had not broken his fast since hearing of the traveller's arrival. He quickly returned, and Speke was again invited in, with his men.

He found the King standing on a red blanket, talking and laughing to a hundred or more of his admiring wives, who were all squatting on the ground outside, forming two groups. His men dared not advance upright, but, stooping, with lowered head and averted eyes, came cringing after him, it being a high crime to look upon the ladies of the court. It was difficult, however, to carry on conversation with him, as every answer had to be passed through the interpreter, and then delivered to the King's chief officer, and frequently another question was asked before the first was answered. The most important questions had reference to opening up a passage across the country. Before Speke could explain his views, the King put another question.

Mtesa was a perfect despot and tyrant, the lives of all his subjects, from the highest to the lowest, being in his power. When the whim seized him, he did not hesitate to kill as many as he chose.

The King is attended by a number of young pages, with rope turbans on their heads, who are seen running about in every direc-

tion to obey his behests, and directly a wife or courtier offends the despot, they rush upon the unhappy individuals and drag them off to immediate execution.

Speke, however, won his favour by blistering and doctoring him. He managed to keep up his own dignity by refusing to submit when treated with discourtesy. He also gained great credit with the monarch by exhibiting his skill as a sportsman ; and Mtesa was delighted to find that after a little practice he himself could kill birds and animals. He did not, however, confine himself to shooting at the brute creation, but occasionally killed a man or woman who might have been found guilty of some crime.

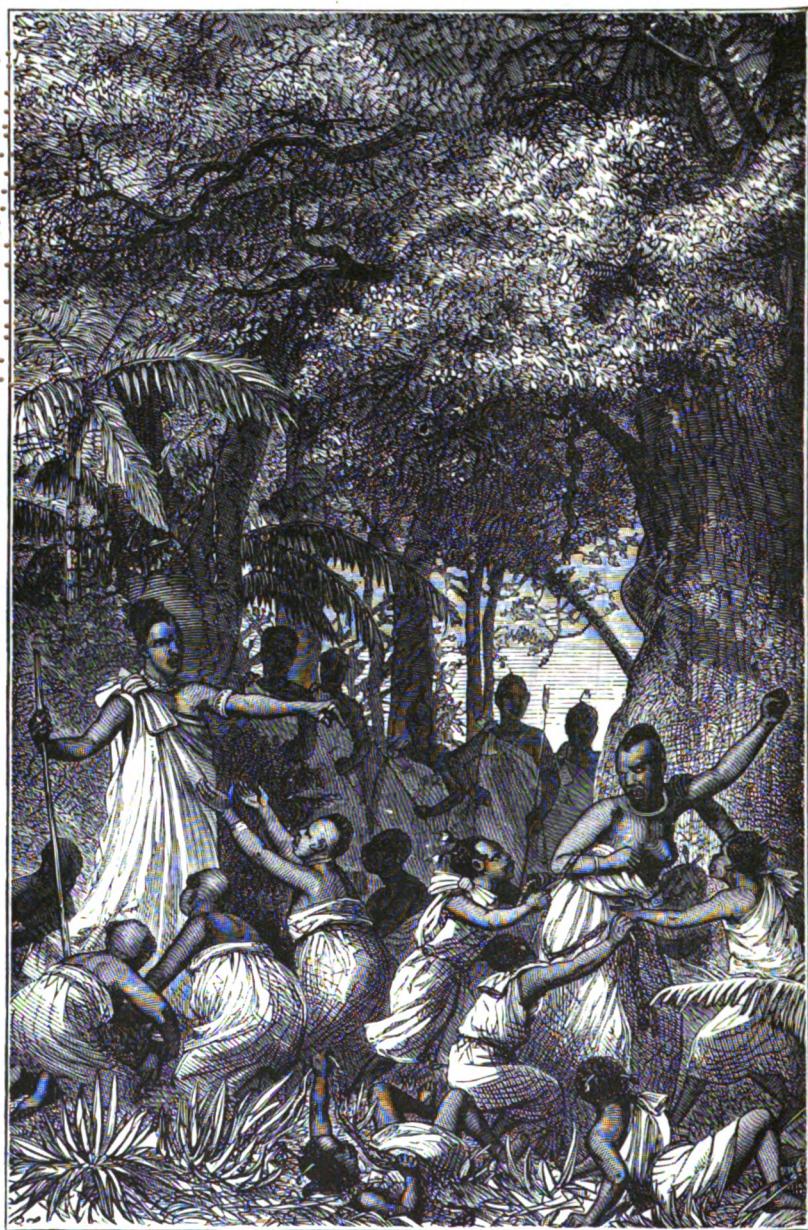
After a considerable lapse of time Speke obtained a residence at what was looked upon as the "west end" of the city. It was in a garden, in view of the palace, so that he could hear the constant music and see the throngs of people going to and fro. Having selected the best hut for himself, he gave the other to his three officers, and ordered his men to build barracks for themselves in the form of a street from his hut to the main road. He could now visit the palace with more ease, and obtained better opportunities of seeing the King and endeavouring to gain the important ends he had in view.

The sights he witnessed were very often painful. Scarcely a day passed that he did not see one, and sometimes more, of the unhappy female inmates of the palace dragged off to execution by one of the body-guard, the poor creature shrieking out, as she went to a terrible death : " Oh, my lord, my king, my mother ! " and yet no one dared to lift a hand to preserve her.

He made several sporting excursions with King Mtesa, who was always delighted when he shot a bird or an animal, jumping and leaping and shouting to express his delight. One of these expeditions was to the Lake Nyanza, after Speke had somewhat ingratiated himself with the sovereign. It was somewhat of a picnic party, and the King was accompanied, as usual, by a choice selection of his wives. Having crossed over to a woody island some distance from the shore, the party sat down to a repast, when large bowls of *pomba* were served out. They then took a walk among the trees, the ladies apparently enjoying themselves and picking fruit, till, unhappily,

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THE ORDER OF EXECUTION.

one of the most attractive of them, plucked a fruit and offered it to the King, thinking, probably, to please him. He took it, however, as a dire offence, and, declaring that it was the first time a woman had had the audacity to offer him food, ordered the pages to lead her off to execution. No sooner had the words been uttered than the abominable little black imps rushed at her like a pack of beagles, slipping off their cord turbans and throwing the ropes round her limbs. She, indignant at being touched, remonstrated and attempted to beat them off, but was soon overcome and dragged away, crying out to Speke for help and protection, while the other women clasped the King round the legs, imploring him to pardon their unhappy sister. His only reply was to belabour the miserable victim with a thick stick. Speke had carefully abstained heretofore from interfering with any of the King's acts of arbitrary cruelty. On hearing, however, his own name imploringly pronounced, his English blood was up, and, rushing at the tyrant, he stayed his uplifted arm, and demanded the poor creature's life. He, of course, ran a great risk of losing his own; but the novelty of the event seemed to tickle the capricious chief, and he at once ordered the woman to be released.

This was, however, one of the only occasions on which he was successful. Day after day both men and women were led off to execution. On one occasion a poor girl had run away from the ill-treatment of her master, and had taken refuge in the house of a decrepit old man. The two were brought up for judgment, when the King sentenced them to death, and decreed that their lives should not be taken at once, but that they should be fed and dismembered, bit by bit, as rations for his vultures every day until life was extinct. The dismayed criminals, Speke says, struggling to be heard, were dragged away to the drowning music of horns and drums.

After he had been some time in the palace, he was introduced to the Queen Dowager. Her Majesty was fat, fair and forty-five. He found her seated in the front part of her hut, on a carpet, her elbow resting on a pillow. An iron rod, like a spit, with a cup on the top, charged with magic powder, and other magic wands were placed before the entrance, and within the room four sorceresses, or

devil-drivers, fantastically dressed, with a mass of other women, formed the company. They being dismissed, a band of musicians came in, when *pomba* was drunk by the Queen, and handed to her visitors and high officers and attendants. She smoked her pipe, and bid Speke smoke his. She required doctoring, and the Englishman had many opportunities of seeing her, so completely winning her regard, that she insisted on presenting him with various presents, among others a couple of wives, greatly to his annoyance. She appeared to be a jovial and intelligent personage. On another occasion Speke, when introduced, found her surrounded by her ministers, when a large wooden trough was brought in and filled with *pomba*. The Queen put her head in and drank like a pig from it, her ministers following her example. If any was spilled by her, they dabbled their noses in the ground, or grabbed it up with their hands, that not a particle might be lost, as everything that comes from royalty must be adored. Musicians and dancers were then introduced, exhibiting their long, shaggy, goat-skin jackets, sometimes dancing upright, at others bending or striking the ground with their heels like hornpipe dancers.

The imp-like pages were constantly playing tricks, and seemed to delight in mischief. One of the great officers of the court having offended the King, they came with a message to Speke's attendants while he himself was away, ordering them all to attend the King with their arms. Instead of being led to the palace, they were guided to the house of the refractory officer, when they were ordered to rush in and spare nothing, men, women, or children, all alike. Speke's men, firing their guns, did as they were ordered. One of the inmates was speared, but the rest were taken, and brought in triumph to his camp. He, of course, ordered all the captives to be at once given up to the King's chief officer, and shut himself up in his house, declaring that he was ashamed to show his face. In vain the King sent to him to come and shoot. The reply was, "Bana" (the name by which the King called Speke) "is praying to-day that Mtesa may be forgiven the injury he has committed by sending his soldiers on such a duty; he is very angry about it, and wishes to know if it was done by the King's orders." The boys replied that nothing could be done without the

King's orders. Speke also insisted on sending the red cloth cloaks worn by his men, because they had defiled their uniform when plundering women and children. He took this opportunity of teaching the barbarian a lesson.

On his next visit Mtesa told him that he had wished to see him on the previous day, and begged that whenever he came he would fire a gun at the waiting hut, that he might hear of his arrival. The King was much pleased with a portrait Speke made of him, as also with his coloured sketches of several birds he had killed, but was still more delighted with some European clothes, with which he was presented. When Speke went to visit him, he found his Majesty dressed in his new garments. The legs of the trousers, as well as the sleeves of the waistcoat, were much too short, so that his black feet and hands stuck out at the extremities like those of an organ-grinder's monkey, while the cockscomb on his head prevented a fez cap, which he wore, from sitting properly. On this visit twenty new wives, daughters of chiefs, all smeared and shining with grease, were presented, marching in a line before the King, utterly destitute of clothes, whilst the happy fathers cringed and floundered on the ground, delighted to find their darling daughters appreciated by the monarch. Speke burst into a fit of laughter, which was imitated not only by the King but by the pages, his own men chuckling, though afraid of looking up.

The King at last returned Speke's visit. Having taken off his turban, as Speke was accustomed to take off his hat, he seated himself on his stool. Everything that struck his eye was admired and begged for, though nothing seemed to please him so much as the traveller's wide-awake and mosquito curtains. The women, who were allowed to peep into Bana's den, received a couple of sacks of beads to commemorate the visit.

A few days afterwards he was accompanying Mtesa, when an adjutant-bird was seen in a tree. The King had a gun Speke had given him, but he had little more than one charge of powder remaining. Speke had left his gun at home. His sable majesty at the second shot killed the bird, greatly to his delight. He was so overjoyed that he insisted upon carrying the bird to show to his mother.



Before entering the palace, however, he changed his European clothes for a white goat-skin wrapper. Directly afterwards a battalion of his army arrived before the palace, under the command of his chief officer, whom Speke called Colonel Congou. The King came out with spear and shield in hand, preceded by



#### REVIEW.

the bird, and took post in front of the enclosure. His troops were divided into three companies, each containing about 200 men. After passing in single file, they went through various evolutions. Nothing, Speke says, could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued. The men, nearly naked, wore goat or cat-skins depending from their girdles, and were smeared with war-

colours according to the taste of each individual, one half of the body red or black, the other blue, in irregular order; in some instances, one leg would be red, the other black, whilst the upper part would be the opposite colours, and so with the chest and arms. Each man carried two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy. They thus moved in three lines of single rank and file at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent to give their strides the greater force. The captain of each company followed, even more fantastically dressed—the great Colonel Congou, with his long, white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with white hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and the helmet covered with rich beads of several colours, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, from the centre of which rose a stem, tufted with goat-hair. Finally the senior officers came charging at their King, making violent protestations of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded.

To propitiate the despot he sent a compass, greatly to the delight of Mtesa, who no sooner saw it than he jumped and shouted with intense excitement, and said it was the greatest present Bana had ever given him, for it was the thing by which he found out all the roads and countries.

Speke was now, towards the end of May, looking forward to the arrival of Grant, who, it had been arranged, should come by water; but the natives, fearing to trust themselves on the lake, brought him all the distance on a litter.

At length, on the 27th, the sound of guns announced the arrival of Grant, and Speke hurried off to meet his friend, who was now able to limp about a little, and to laugh over the accounts he gave of his travels.

The travellers forthwith began to make arrangements for proceeding on to Unyoro, governed by a King named Kamrasi, of despicable character and considered merciless and cruel, even among African potentates, dispensing death and torture around at the mere whim of the moment; while he was inhospitable, covetous and grasping, yet too cowardly to declare war against the King of Uganda, who had deprived him of portions of his dominions. The Waganda people were, therefore, very unwilling to escort the

travellers into his territory; and Colonel Congou declared that if compelled to go, he was a dead man, as he had once led an army into Unyoro.

The travellers' great object was to reach the spot where the Nile was supposed to flow out of the Victoria Nyanza, and proceed down the stream in boats.

Speke had written to Petherick, and on June 28th, news arrived that white men were at Gani enquiring for the travellers. Speke consequently informed the King that all he required was an escort to accompany them to Gani, as further delay in communicating with Petherick might frustrate the chance of opening the Nile trade with Uganda. The King replied that he would assemble his officers and consult them on the subject. He exhibited his folly, however, by allowing his people to make an inroad into Unyoro and carry off eighty cows belonging to Kamrasi.

To their horror, Kyengo, the chief magician, informed them that the King, being anxious to pry into the future, had resolved to adopt a strong measure with that end in view. This was the sacrifice of a child. The ceremony, which it fell to the lot of Kyengo to perform, is almost too cruel to describe. The magician, having placed a large earthen pot full of water on the fire, arranges a platform on the top, and on this he binds a young child and a fowl, covering them with another pot, which he inverts over them. After the fire has burned for a given time the upper pot is removed. If both victims are dead, it is considered that war must be deferred for the present; but, if either should be alive, it may be commenced immediately. When the army is about to proceed to war, the magician flays the young child and lays the bleeding body in the path, that the warriors may step over it, thereby believing that they will gain immunity for themselves in the approaching combat.

During the expedition which Speke made with the King to the Nyanza, they landed on an island inhabited by a magician and his wife, who were supposed to be priests of the water spirit of the lake. His head was decorated with numerous mystic symbols, among them a paddle, the badge of his high office. He was dressed in a little white goat-skin apron, adorned by various charms, and, instead of a walking stick to support his steps, he used a paddle.





THE WATER-SPIRIT'S HIGH PRIEST.

Though not an old man, he pretended to be so, walking slowly and deliberately, coughing and mumbling like one. Seating himself, he continued coughing for half an hour, when his wife came in, much in the same manner, without saying a word, and assuming the same affected style.

The King, who was seated near the door, with his wives behind him, asked Speke what he thought of it. No voice was heard but that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for some water, and when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce, and had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she had come.

The water spirit's chief priest now summoned several of the King's officers to draw round him, and then, in a low voice, gave them the orders of the deep, and walked away. His revelations appeared to have been unpropitious, for the party immediately repaired to their boats and returned to their quarters.

During this excursion, the King went off on the lake, leaving Speke by himself on shore. The latter took the opportunity of visiting an hospitable old lady, who treated him and his attendants to the last drop of *pomba* in her house, smoking her pipe with him, and did not hesitate to speak of the horrors of the Uganda punishments. When his servant told her that he had saved the life of one of the women, she seemed astonished at the daring of the stranger and at the leniency of the monarch. The King's servants had robbed her of nearly everything in her house.

The most barbarous orders of Mtesa were obeyed with the utmost alacrity by his officers, who would to a certainty, if they hesitated, have been themselves put to death. His horrible little pages were his chief emissaries. At his command a dozen would start off together, each striving to outrun the others, their dresses streaming in the wind, giving them the resemblance at a distance of a flight of birds. On one occasion, Speke having given Mtesa a rifle, the King, after examining the weapon, loaded it and told a page to go out and shoot someone, to ascertain if it would kill well. In a moment a report was heard, and the urchin came back grinning with delight at his achievement, just like a schoolboy



who has shot his first sparrow. Nothing was heard about the unfortunate wretch who had served as a target, the murder of a man being by far too common an incident to attract notice.

Many of the people expressed the greatest horror of the King's cruelty; but all his subjects were abject slaves, and no union existed among them which would have afforded them any hope in rebellion or in bringing about a better state of things by reform.

By July 7th the arrangements for their journey were made. The King presented them with a herd of cows for their provisions, as well as some robes of honour and spears, and he himself came out with his wives to see them off. Speke ordered his men to turn out under arms and salute for the favours received. Mtesa complimented them on their goodly appearance and exhorted them to follow their leader through fire and water, saying that, with such a force, they would have no difficulty in reaching Gani.

It was arranged that Grant should go on to Kamrasi direct with the goods and cattle, while Speke should go by the river to examine its exit from the lake, and come down again, navigating as far as practicable.

They commenced their march, escorted by a band of Waganda troops, under the command of Kasora, a young chief. They had proceeded onwards some days, when Kari, one of Speke's men, had been induced to accompany some of the Waganda escort to a certain village of potters, to obtain pots for making plantain wine. On nearing the place the inhabitants rushed out. The Waganda men escaped, but Kari, whose gun was unloaded, stood still, pointing his weapon, when the people, believing it to be a magic horn, speared him to death and then fled.

On the 21st, after passing through a country covered with jungle, Speke reached the banks of the Nile. The shores on either side had the appearance of a highly kept park. Before him was a magnificent stream—six or seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks; the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by crocodiles, basking in the sun—flowing between fine, high, grassy banks, covered with trees and plantations. In the background herds of deer and "harte-beestes" could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florican

and Guinea fowl rising at their feet. Here Speke had some fine sport.

The chief of the district received them courteously, and accompanied Speke to the Isamba Rapids. The traveller thus describes the scene:—

“The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; while here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bare places of red earth could be seen like that of Devonshire. There, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, floating about, were looking out for prey.” From the high banks Speke looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which, by dividing its waters, became at once both dam and rapids. “The whole scene was fairy-like, wild and romantic in the extreme,” says Captain Speke.

Continuing their journey, they reached the Ripon Falls (so called after the Marquis of Ripon) on the 28th, by far the most interesting sight he had seen in Africa. Speke says:—“Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected, for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and four to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks; still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours. The roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the fishermen coming out in boats, and taking post on all the rocks, with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small grassy-topped hills, with trees in the intervening valleys and on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.”

Captain Speke had now arrived at what he considered the source of the Nile—that is, the point where it makes its exit from the Victoria Nyanza; and he calculated the whole length of the river, measuring from the south end of the lake, at 2,300 miles.

He and his party now returned northward, and reached Urondo-



gani again on August 5th. The difficulty was now to obtain boats. The fishermen, finding that the strangers were to be supplied with fish by the King's order, ran away, though the cows they had brought furnished the travellers with food. At length five boats, composed of planks lashed together and caulked with rags, were forthcoming. Speke, with his attendants, Kasora and his followers embarked, carrying goats, dogs and kit, besides grain and dried meat. No one, however, knew how many days it would take to perform the voyage.

Tall rushes grew on either side of the broad river, which had in places a lake-like appearance. The idle crew paddled slowly, amusing themselves by sometimes dashing forward, and then resting, while Kasora had the folly to attack the boats of the Wanyoro \* he met coming up the river.

The frontier line was crossed on the 14th, but they had not proceeded far when they saw an enormous canoe of Kamrasi's, full of well-armed men, approaching them. The canoe turned, as if the people were afraid, and the Waganda followed. At length, however, the chased canoe stopped, and the shore was soon lined with armed men, threatening them with destruction. Another canoe now appeared. It was getting dark. The only hope of escape seemed by retreating. Speke ordered his fleet to keep together, promising ammunition to his men if they would fight. The people in one boat, however, were so frightened that they allowed her to spin round and round in the current. The Wanyoro were stealing on them, as they could hear, though nothing could be seen. One of the boats kept in shore, close to the reeds, when suddenly she was caught by grappling-hooks. The men cried out; "Help, Bana! they are killing us." Speke roared in reply: "Go in, and the victory will be ours." Three shots were now fired from the hooked boat, when the Wanyoro fled, leaving one of their number killed and one wounded, and Speke and his party were allowed to retreat unmolested.

Speke, after proceeding up the river some distance, determined to continue the journey by land, following the track Grant had

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\* Wanyoro were the people inhabiting Unyoro, Waganda, those of Uganda, and thus the letter *u* becomes *Wa* in the names of the native states of Central Africa traversed by Speke, Grant, Baker, Stanley, and other travellers.

taken. Grant's camp was reached on the 20th, and the next day a messenger arrived from Kamrasi, saying that the King would be glad to see them, and the march was ordered to Unyoro.

The frontier was again passed, when the country changed much for the worse—scanty villages, low huts, dirty-looking people clad in skins; the plantain, sweet potato, and millet forming the chief edibles, besides goats and fowls. No hills, except a few scattered cones, broke the level surface of the land, and no fine views cheered the eye, while vegetation decreased proportionately. Their first halt was on the estate of a great Unyoro chief. Scarcely had they been established than a messenger page arrived from Mtesa, with a party of fifty Waganda, to inquire how "Bana" was, and to remind him of the gun and other articles he had promised to send up from Gani.

The natives ran off as they passed through the country, believing them to be cannibals. They supposed that the iron boxes which the porters carried on their shoulders each contained a couple of white dwarfs, which were allowed to fly off to eat people. They, however, gained confidence, and soon flocked round the Englishmen's huts.

On arriving at the end of their day's march on September 2nd, they were told that elephants had been seen close by. The travellers, therefore, sallied forth with their guns, and found a herd of about a hundred, feeding on a plain of long grass. Speke, by stealing along under cover of the high grass, got close to a herd, and fired at the largest. The animals began sniffing the air with uplifted trunks, when ascertaining by the smell of powder that their enemy was in front of them, they rolled up their trunks, and came close to the spot where he was lying under a mound. Suddenly they stopped, catching scent of the white man, and lifting their heads high, looked down upon him. Speke was now in a dangerous position, for, unable to get a proper front shot at any of them, he expected to be picked up or trodden to death; but as he fired, they turned round and went rushing away at a much faster pace than they came. They, however, soon stopped, and began to graze again. Though several were wounded, none were killed.

Bombay was now dispatched to King Kamrasi, with a request

from the travellers for an early interview. Goats, flour, and plantains were brought to them, and their host became very indignant that the flour was not all given to him, as he, having been appointed their guide and protector, considered that it ought to have been.

At last they received an invitation from Kamrasi. As with King Mtesa, only some dirty huts were offered to Speke, who insisted on being lodged in the palace. Bombay, who had been kept there, now arrived, and they were informed that better accommodation was preparing for them. Proceeding on, Speke and his party entered the capital of Kamrasi, who, being tipsy, was unable to receive his guests. Next day he sent some *pomba*, fowls and plantains as a present.

They were, however, after this still kept waiting several days. At last Speke sent to say that if the King did not wish to see the white men, they would proceed on their journey to Gani. This had the desired effect; and, in their usual style, with the Union Jack floating above their heads, they approached the palace.

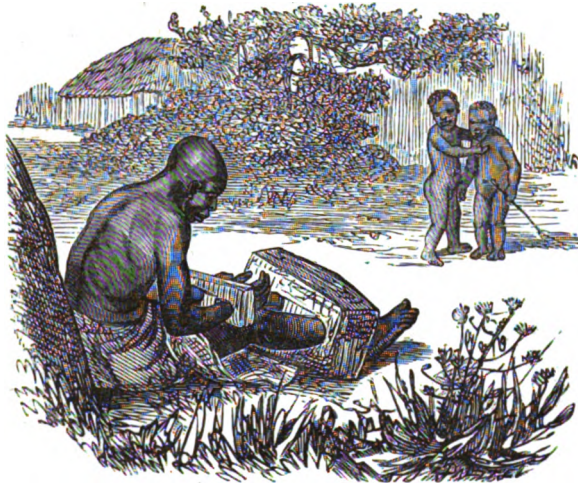
The Englishmen found Kamrasi seated on a wooden stool, with cow-skins below and leopards' above, on an elevated platform of grass, calm and motionless. His arms were adorned with brass-wire rings, and his hair was worked up into peppercorn-like knobs; his eyes were of a long shape, his face narrow, and nose prominent; yet, though a well-made man, being above six feet high, he was inferior in size to Rumanika.

Speke endeavoured to impress on the King that his only object was to open up a communication along the Nile, by which boats could bring up the produce and manufactures of other countries, to exchange with his ivory.

The King evidently wished to detain them, in order that they might assist him in putting down an insurrection which his two brothers had raised against him. At last they determined to send Bombay on ahead to ascertain whether boats were really waiting for them.

Kamrasi was as eager to obtain gifts as any of the other African kings, and, having heard of the chronometer, which they had been observed using, he was especially desirous to possess it, believing it to be some magic instrument, and the means by which the

travellers guided themselves about the country. Speke told him that it was not his guide, but a time-keeper, made for the purpose of knowing at what time to eat his dinner. He told him it was the only one he possessed, but that, if he would wait with patience, he would send him up one on his arrival at Gani. He was too eager to possess the wonderful instrument to consent to delay, and at last Speke, to satisfy him, placed it on the ground and said it was his. He said he should like to buy another, and was surprised to



CULPREDIT IN THE SHOE.

hear that it would cost five hundred cows. This increased the surprise of the whole party, who could not believe that any person in his senses would give five hundred cows for the mere gratification of seeing at what time his dinner should be eaten.

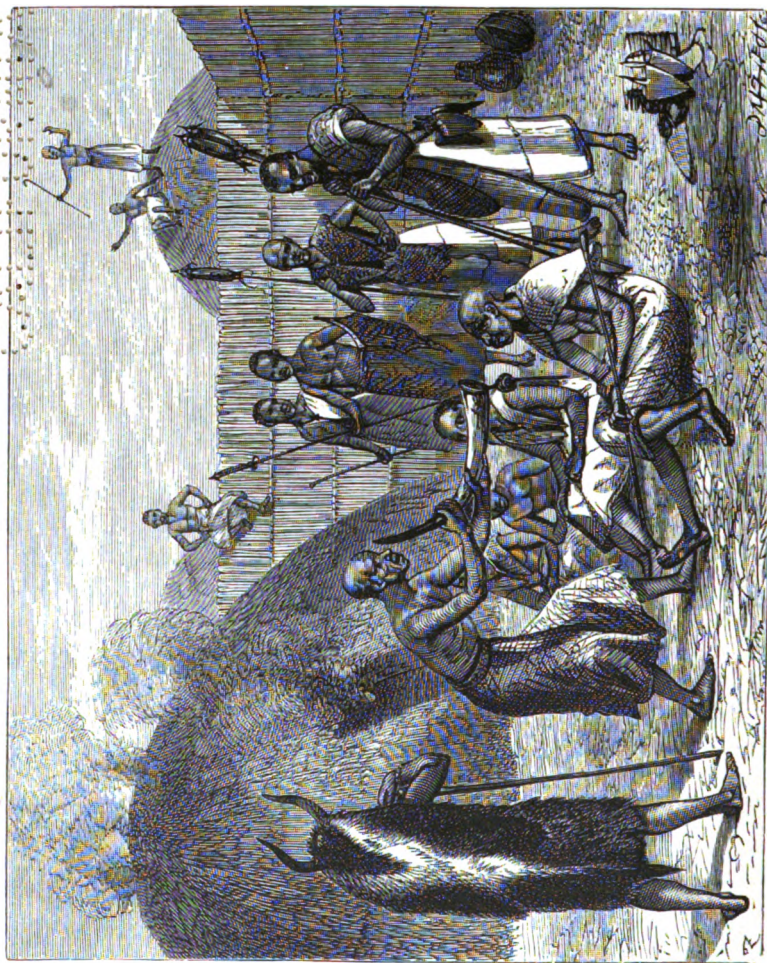
Kamrasi was a thorough-paced tyrant, and, at the same time, an arrant coward. He kept up a perfect system of espionage, by which he knew everything going forward in the country. His guards, in order that they might be attached to his person, were allowed to plunder at will the rest of his unfortunate subjects, who, if they offended him, were put to death without mercy. If an officer failed to give him information, he was executed or placed in the shoe, an instrument of torture not unlike the stocks. It

consists of a heavy log of wood, with an oblong slit through it; the feet are placed in this slit, and a peg is then driven through the log between the ankles, so as to hold them tightly. Frequently the executioner drives the peg against the ankles, when the pain is so excessive that the victim generally dies from exhaustion.

After the travellers had moved into better quarters they were told that Kamrasi intended to pay them a visit. The room was accordingly prepared for his reception—hung around with mats, horns and skins of animals, and a large box, covered with a red blanket, was placed as a throne for him to sit on. Speke then called out his men to form a guard of honour, and ordered them to fire as soon as he appeared. No sooner did he arrive than he wanted everything he saw: first their gauze mosquito curtains, then an iron camp bed, next the sextant and thermometer. When any books were shown him of birds and animals he wanted them, and was much surprised when Speke positively refused. The important question was put to him whether he would wish English traders to come up to his country, and, in reply, he answered that it was what he desired above all things; but if the English would advance with guns he would march out with his army, and that, with their assistance, his brothers, who were now in rebellion, would be destroyed. He was evidently, however, very angry at receiving no presents, and, getting up, walked straight out of the hut. No *pomba* was sent by him next day. They, however, presented him with a gun. At first he was much afraid of firing it off, and called one of Speke's men to do it for him.

One morning they found that their rain-gauge had been removed, so they sent to the chief, their host, to say that they wished a magician to come at once and institute a search for it. He soon returned with the expert, and Speke describes what took place as follows:—“An old man, nearly blind, dressed in strips of old leather, fastened to the waist, and carrying in one hand a cow's horn, primed with magic powder, carefully covered on the mouth with leather, from which dangled an iron bell. The old creature jingled the bell, entered their hut, squatted on his hams, looked first at one and then at the other, enquired what the missing things were like, grunted, moved his skinny arm round his head as if desirous to

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THE MAGICIAN AT WORK.

catch the air from all four sides of the hut, then dashed the accumulated air on the head of his horn, smelt it to see if all was going right, jingled the bell again close to his ear, and grunted his satisfaction. The missing article must be found. To carry out the incantation more effectively, all the men were sent for to sit in the open air before the hut, when the old doctor rose, shaking the horn and tinkling the bell close to his ear. He then, confronting one of the men, dashed the horn forward as if intending to strike him on the face, then smelt the head and dashed it at another, and so on, till he became satisfied that Speke's men were not the thieves. He then walked into Grant's hut, inspected that, and, finally, went to the place where the bottle had been kept. There he walked about the grass with his arm up, and jingling the bell to his ear, first on one side and then on the other, till the track of a hyæna gave him a clue, and in two or three more steps he found it. A hyæna had carried it into the grass and dropped it. Bravo for the infallible horn, and well done the King for his honesty in sending it. Speke gave the King the bottle and gauge, which delighted him amazingly, and the old doctor, who begged for *pomba*, got a goat for his trouble."

News reached them soon after this of the death of one of the officers who had attended them, and who, it was said, had died from being bewitched by a charm put into a pot of *pomba* by one of Kamrasi's frontier officers, the poor fellow having evidently been poisoned.

The travellers were now in some anxiety about Bombay, who had been dispatched to Gani. They received intelligence that the coronation festivities of Mtesa were taking place, when upwards of thirty of his brothers were to be burned to death.

Kamrasi had been presented with a Bible. As soon as he got hold of it, he began to count the leaves, supposing that each page or leaf represented one year of time since the beginning of creation. After getting through a quarter of the book, he shut it up, on being told that if he desired to ascertain the number more closely he had better count the words.

Six weeks had been uselessly spent, when, at length, Bombay returned from Gani, his attendants dressed in cotton jumpers and



drawers, presents given them by Petherick's outposts, though Petherick himself was not there. The journey to and fro had been performed in fourteen days' actual travelling, the rest of the time being frittered away by the guides.

On this, Speke sent a present to Kamrasi, and prepared for his departure. The King, however, complained that he had not received enough, and insisted on having the chronometer. He had himself sent a present of spears; but Speke refused to accept them unless permission for his departure was given. The only way, indeed, to treat these black potentates is to act with the greatest firmness and determination.

At last the King promised to give them a parting interview, and to send a large escort to accompany them to Petherick's boats. Several days, however, passed before the interview took place, when the King again asked for more presents, and even begged for the rings which he saw on Grant's fingers, but without success. Speke had wished to take two of the King's sons to be educated in England, but instead, he sent two orphan boys, who being both of the common negro breed, were so unattractive in appearance that Speke declined receiving them. They had been kept the whole time almost as prisoners, without being allowed by the suspicious King to move about the neighbourhood, while no one had been permitted to visit them. They were, therefore, thankful when at last they persuaded the savage monarch to allow them to take their departure. Canoes, formed of logs bound together, had been provided, and on November 9th, they embarked in one of them on the River Kuffo. Crowds were collected on the banks to see them depart, shouting and waving adieus as they shot down the stream. Among them was the only lady of rank they had seen, dressed in yellow bark cloth, striped with black; she was flat-featured and plain.

Proceeding down the Kuffo, they entered, a few miles below Kamrasi's residence, the White Nile, down which they floated four days to the falls of Karuma. The river had the appearance of a large lake, and without a pilot they would have found it impossible to guess what direction to take. It then assumed the appearance of a river a thousand yards wide, covered with numberless islands, amidst which hippopotami reared their heads. These islands were

perfect thickets of thorns, creepers and small trees. Some went rolling round and round, moved by the stream, which ran at the rate of a mile an hour. Amidst them were seen the lofty papyrus, bending to the breeze, which, as they drove on, continually changing their relative positions, looked like a fleet of felucca-rigged vessels. On the third day, a strong breeze coming on, these floating islands melted away or were driven on shore.

They landed every evening to sleep, having to push their way between a wide belt of rushes and convolvuli. In one place a hill rose 800 feet above the water, and on the Kidi side, the ground was undulating and wild, covered with fine trees, with flowering creepers clinging to their boughs, now in rich bloom and presenting every variety of colour.

The King having given his officers directions to supply the travellers with food, they had some exciting chases after canoes, which took to flight as soon as their object was discovered. No sooner was one overtaken than their Wanyoro escort robbed her of bark cloth, liquor, beads, spears, and everything on board, the poor owners being utterly helpless. But, by Speke's directions, the stolen property was recovered and restored to the proper owners.

Their cattle and the main body of their escort had gone by land.

On November 19th they reached the Karuma Falls, so called, the blacks say, because the familiar of a certain great spirit placed stones across the river to break its waters as they flow down, and, as a reward for his services, the spot was called after him.

They were kept some days, preparing to cross the Kidi wilderness. They were still in the territories of Kamrasi. The governor of the district, a very great man, who sits on a throne only a little inferior to the King's, called upon them, and was provided accordingly with a box on which to rest. His idea was that his own people had been once half black and half white. He could only account for it by supposing that the country formerly belonged to white men, who had been driven out by the blacks, and that the former were now coming back to retake it. The travellers relieved his apprehensions by telling him that his ancestors were all at one time white, till they crossed the sea and took possession of the country.

Before they started, the chief in charge of their escort sacrificed

two kids, flaying them, with one long cut, each down their breasts and bellies; the animals were then placed, spread-eagle fashion, on the grass, that the travellers might step over them and obtain a prosperous journey.

A messenger arrived from the King urging them to stop, as he was afraid that his rebel brother, Rehonga, might attack them; but they, believing that he had interested motives, commenced their march. The day was rainy, and the road lay across swamps, through thick jungle and long grass. This continued for a couple of days, when, at length, they found themselves on the borders of a high plateau. Elephants and buffaloes were seen and the guide, to make the journey propitious, plucked a twig, stripped off the leaves and branches, and waving it up the line of march, broke it in two, and threw portions on either side of the path.

They had, however, again quickly to plunge into the tall grass, rising above their heads, and to cross numerous swamps.

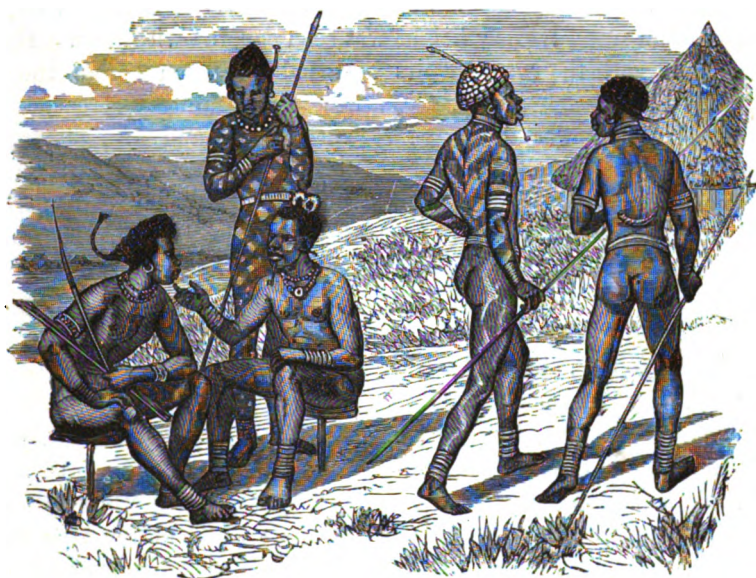
On the 29th they reached the habitations of men at Koki, in Gani—a collection of conical huts on the ridge of a small chain of hills. Knots of naked men were seen perched like monkeys on the granite blocks, anxiously watching their arrival. A messenger was sent to the governor, Chongi, who dispatched the principal people in the place to welcome them. These people covered with war paint—something like clowns in a fair—rushed down the hill with their spears full tilt, and performing various evolutions, conducted them to the governor, who advanced, attended by his familiar—he holding a white hen, the latter a gourd of *pomba* and a little twig.

The chief, having greeted them cordially, and swinging the fowl by one leg and sprinkling the contents of the gourd over them, led them to his magic-house, which being sprinkled in the same way, he finally spread a cow-skin under a tree, bidding them sit on it, and then presented them with a bowl of *pomba*.

These people were entirely naked, but were adorned with beads and brass ornaments. Even the women have only a few fibres of cloth hanging like tails before and behind. Their hair was dressed in the most fantastic fashion. They also carried diminutive stools, on which they sat wherever they went.

The travellers had great difficulty in getting porters, who would never agree to serve until the King's soldiers had seized their women and cattle, and they frequently had to zig-zag from village to village to obtain them.

These curious people might be seen sitting on the rocks or in the shade of the trees, dressing each other's hair or forming their pigtails, which are turned up and covered with fine wire. Indeed,



GROUP OF GANI AND MADI.

they seemed to have little else to do, and were generally observed standing in conceited or ridiculous attitudes. The children are carried on the backs of the women, supported by straps, and the head of the infant is shaded by a reversed gourd from the heat of the sun.

The country had assumed a more attractive appearance, with forests, undulating ground covered with grass, and clusters of habitations, frequently intercepted by running streams.

The party had now entered the country of the Madi, who are savage in their appearance, and are similar to the Gani. Their

houses are cylinders of bamboo wicker-work, with steep roofs of bamboo and grass, and are plastered inside, making them very warm.

On December 3rd, having pushed on in spite of the attempts of the friendly chiefs to detain them, they came in sight of what they supposed to be Petherick's outposts, in north latitude  $3^{\circ} 10' 33''$ . The Seedees immediately began firing away their ammunition. Directly afterwards shots were heard from the distant camp, when in an instant, every height was seen covered with men. The travellers and their attendants hastened on, when before them appeared three large red flags, heading a military procession which marched out of the camp, with drums and fifes playing. Speke's party halted, when a black officer, Mohamed, in Egyptian regimentals, hastened from the head of his ragamuffin regiment, a mixture of Nubians, Egyptians and slaves of all sorts, which he had ordered to halt, and, throwing himself into Speke's arms, began to hug and kiss him.

Petherick was inquired for. "He is coming," was the answer.

"What colours are those?"

"Oh, they are Debono's."

"Who is Debono?" was asked.

"The same as Petric," answered Mohamed.

Mohamed soon had dinner for them, and they enjoyed a better repast than they had done for many a day. Then the greatest treat was to come—water with which to wash their hands and the luxury of soap. The remains of their repast were then placed before their faithful Seedees.

On retiring to their hut at night, they offered up a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty for having preserved them through so many difficulties, and at length, by His all-protecting arm, brought them in safety to the boundary of civilization after twenty-six months of unceasing toil and anxiety. They had still, however, a considerable distance to march before they were to meet with civilized men.

Their host, Mohamed, was little better than a land pirate, who plundered and shot down the natives without compunction. Among his troops there was not a true Egyptian or Turk, wool predomi-

nating on their heads. They were adventurers, born from negro stock in the most southern Egyptian dominions. Numbers of such characters are found at Khartoum, ready for any employment. The merchants engage them there and send them into the interior under the command of a chief to collect ivory and slaves. They were all married to women of the country, whom they had dressed in cloths and beads.

Mohamed, like the black chiefs, wished to detain the travellers, that they and their party might guard his camp, while he went off



REMOVAL OF A VILLAGE.

on an expedition on his own account. He succeeded by depriving them of their porters, and then marched out with his army—drums and fifes playing, colours flying, guns firing and officers riding, some on donkeys, others on cows.

On the 31st the army returned, after having burned down and plundered three villages, laden with ivory and driving in four slave girls and thirty head of cattle.

A few days afterwards another example of Egyptian barbarity

came under their notice. The head man of a village arrived with a large tusk of ivory with which to ransom his daughter. Fortunately for him it had been considered by the Egyptians wise to keep on terms with so influential a man; and therefore, on receiving the tusk, Mohamed gave back the damsel, adding a cow to seal their friendship.

At length, weary of Mohamed's procrastination, on January 11th, Speke ordered the march, telling Mohamed he might follow if he wished.

At first the villagers, supposing that the travellers were Egyptians, made their escape in every direction, carrying what stores and cattle they could; while others pulled down their huts, and marched off with the materials to a distant site, to escape from their persecutors. The people did this because the Egyptian officials, when they arrived at a village, often pulled down the huts and carried off the roofs to form a camp for themselves outside the enclosure. They also without ceremony robbed the corn-stores, and were the owner to remonstrate, he was knocked down with the butt of a musket, and told he was fortunate to escape being shot. For all their cruelties and rapacity the Egyptian pashas and soldiers, and officials of all ranks, reaped their reward when the Mahdi arose, and they were cut off in thousands throughout the provinces under the government of the Khedive's representatives.

Finding that Speke was determined to move, Mohamed broke up his camp, the whole party, including porters to carry the ivory tusks, amounting to nearly 1,000 men.

The Egyptians, as they marched along, helped themselves from the half-filled bins of the unfortunate natives, who were starving, while the chiefs at the different villages were quarrelling among themselves.

One night a party of warriors from another place appeared in front of the village near which they were encamped, and the next morning the villagers turned out and killed two of them. The enemy, as they retired, cried out that as soon as the guns were gone the villagers must look out for themselves.

Speke and Grant kept themselves supplied with provisions by shooting antelopes and other game, while the Egyptians ate any-

thing they could get hold of. Greatly to the disgust of the Seedees, they devoured a crocodile which was killed; they also feasted off crocodiles' eggs.

They were now passing through the Bari country. Villages were numerous, but the inhabitants fled as soon as they appeared. Wherever the Egyptians halted, they sacked the villages of provisions. At Doro, which they reached on February 13th, the Egyptians having plundered the nearest villages, the natives turned out with their arms, and war drums were beaten as a sign that they intended to attack the camp. As soon as darkness set in, they attempted to steal into the camp, but, being frightened off by the patrols, hundreds collected in front and set fire to the grass, brandishing torches in their hands, howling like demons, and swearing that they would annihilate their enemies in the morning.

On February 15th, the travellers approached Gondokoro, and to their delight, saw in the distance a white speck, which marked the position of the Austrian mission house. Soon afterwards the masts of the Nile boats could be seen.

While making enquiries for Petherick, they caught sight of a sturdy English figure approaching them. Uttering a hearty cheer and waving their hats, they rushed forward and, to their delight, found themselves shaking hands with Mr. (now Sir) Samuel Baker, who had come out in search of them.

They had had no news from England later than April, 1860, and it was now February, 1863. It was believed at home that they would never be able to get through the savage tribes, and they felt grateful for the kind sympathy of their friends and countrymen. The long looked for Petherick was away on a trading expedition, and had, as yet, made no attempt to succour them.

At Gondokoro they found three Dutch ladies—the Baroness Capellen, Madame Tinne, and her daughter—who had, in the most spirited way, come up the Nile in a steamer for the purpose of assisting them, intending to proceed overland to Fernando Po. They had, while at Gondokoro, been shocked by seeing a number of slaves, attacked by small-pox, thrown overboard by the native traders. These noble and philanthropic ladies had rescued some of the unfortunate natives from slavery. Unhappily, overcome by



the climate, Madame Tinne and most of her companions some time afterwards died, and their proposed expedition was abandoned.

The voyage down the Nile to Khartoum took from February 26th to March 30th, and was performed in a *diabeah*, the usual Nile boat, the after part being covered with a deck, on which was built a comfortable poop cabin. Their Seedees followed them in two large boats. At Khartoum they were hospitably welcomed by Ali Bey, and by a number of European and Egyptian inhabitants.

They now felt themselves in a civilized country. At a banquet, given in their honour by an Italian hunter, Signor Debono, upwards of twenty gentlemen and four ladies were present.

Among interesting edifices they visited was a Coptic church. In the centre was a desk, at which a man was reading aloud to a number of other persons wearing large turbans, their shoes placed on one side, and several children, all sitting on a carpet, listening devoutly. On the walls were draperies and pictures of the Saviour, and within a doorway was a high altar, covered with a cloth marked with the figure of the cross. The service was in Arabic. A handsome old man entered, bearing a staff surmounted by a golden cross. After kneeling at the altar, he invited the strangers to his house to have coffee. Grant says that he never saw a finer face than that of this venerable Copt, Gabriel by name, who was at the head of the Coptic Church at Khartoum.

They left Khartoum on April 15th, and continued their journey down to Berber by water. Here they landed, and had a fatiguing camel ride across the desert to Korosko, whence they journeyed by water to Cairo. Here they were to part from their faithful Seedees, of whom Bombay was appointed captain. The Seedees received three years' pay, and an order for a freeman's garden to be purchased for them at Zanzibar, when each man was to receive ten dollars more as soon as he could find a wife. They ultimately, after many adventures, reached their destination.

The two travellers embarked for England on June 4th, on board the *Pera*, and arrived in safety, after an absence of three years and five months.

Sad to relate, soon after passing through all these dangers and difficulties, Captain Speke met with an untimely end from the

accidental discharge of his gun while he was out shooting in his native county of Somersetshire. An obelisk to his memory has been erected in Hyde Park. Although not, as he supposed, the discoverer of the remotest source of the Nile, Speke was undoubtedly the first European who saw the Victoria Nyanza, while the adventurous and hazardous journey he and Grant performed together, deservedly places them in the front rank of African travellers. They also opened up an extensive and rich district hitherto totally unknown, and made many important discoveries.

Captain Speke was the first to traverse the territories of those savage potentates, M'wanga, Mtesa and Kamrasi. The names of Uganda, Unyoro, the Somerset Nile, the Ripon and Karuma falls, are now familiar in our mouths, and among the honoured names of Great African Travellers, that of Speke, and in a lesser degree, of his accomplished companion, Grant, will ever hold a prominent place.



## CHAPTER X.

### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S FIRST EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.

*Livingstone's parentage and early life—Proceeds to Africa as a missionary from the London Missionary Society—Visits Mabotsa and meets Sechele—Narrow escape from a lion—Crosses the Kalahari Desert—Arrival at Lake Ngami—Reaches the Zambesi—Visits the Makololo—Explores the country—Arrival at Loanda—Return to the interior—Proceeds from Linyanti down the Zambesi to the east coast—Visits Zumbo and Tete—Arrival in England.*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE came of a sturdy and honest stock, just the sort who might be expected to breed such a noble specimen of humanity as this great explorer. His great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden. His grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, one of the western islands of Scotland. Here his father was born, but his grandfather, after that event, was engaged at a cotton factory at the Blantyre Works, situated on the Clyde, above Glasgow. His uncles all entered the King's service either as soldiers or sailors, but his father remained at home, and his mother, being a thrifty housewife, sent her son David, at the age of ten, to the cotton factory as a piecer.

The boy was fond of study, and with part of his first week's wages, he purchased "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin," and for many years afterwards studied that language at an evening school after his work was done. He also, when promoted at the age of nineteen to cotton-spinning, took his books to the factory, and read by placing one of them on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he engaged at his work. He was well paid, however, and having determined to prepare himself for becoming a medical missionary in China, was enabled, by working with his hands in summer, to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in the winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. He was thus able to pass the

required examinations, and was at length admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

The war in China preventing him from proceeding thither, he offered himself as a missionary to the London Missionary Society, and embarked for Africa in 1840.

After reaching Cape Town, he went round to Algoa Bay, whence he proceeded about 800 miles into the interior to Kuruman, the missionary station of the Rev. R. Moffatt, whose daughter he afterwards married.



ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

Thence he went to Lepelole, where, to gain a knowledge of the language and habits of the inhabitants, the Bakwains, he cut himself off from European society for six months. The Bakwains, however, being driven by another tribe from their country, he was unable, as he had intended, to form a station at that place.

He was more successful at Mabotsa, also inhabited by the Bakwains, to which place he removed in 1843. It was here, while in chase of a lion, that he nearly lost his life. He had fired both barrels of his gun, and was re-loading, when the lion, though

desperately wounded, sprang upon him, catching his shoulder, both man and beast coming to the ground together. Growling horribly, the fierce brute shook the doctor as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which apparently is felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. The gun of his companion, a native schoolmaster, who came to his assistance, missed fire, when the lion, leaving Dr. Livingstone, attacked him. Another native came up with a spear, when the lion flew at him also, but the bullets at that moment taking effect, the fierce brute fell down dead.

The chief of the Bakwains, Sechele, became a Christian, and exerted himself for the conversion of his people, restoring his wives to their fathers, and living in every respect a thoroughly consistent life. The Dutch Boers, who had pushed forward to the confines of the country, proved, however, most adverse to the success of the mission, by carrying off the natives and compelling them to labour as slaves.

By the advice of Dr. Laidley, Sechele and his people moved to Kolobeng, a stream about two hundred miles to the north of Kuruman, where Dr. Livingstone formed a station. He here built a house with his own hands, having learned carpentring and gardening from Mr. Moffatt, as also blacksmith's work. He had now become handy at almost any trade, in addition to doctoring and preaching, and as his wife could make candles, soap and clothes, they possessed what may be considered the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa.

Among the gentlemen who had visited the station was Mr. Oswell, who deserves to take rank as an African traveller. Hearing that Dr. Livingstone purposed crossing the Kalahari Desert in search of the great Lake Ngami, long known to exist, he came from India on purpose to join him, accompanied by Mr. Murray, volunteering to pay the entire expenses of the guides.

The Kalahari, though called a desert from being composed of soft sand and being destitute of water, at this time supported prodigious herds of antelopes, while numbers of elephants, rhinoceros, lions, hyænas, and other animals roamed over it. They find support from the astonishing quantity of grass which grows in the region,

as also from a species of water-melon, and from several tuberous roots.

Such was the desert Dr. Livingstone and his party proposed to cross when they set out with their waggon on June 1st, 1849, from Kolobeng. Instead, however, of taking a direct course across it,



CANOES.

they determined to adopt a more circuitous route, which, though longer, they hoped would prove safer.

Continuing on, they traversed three hundred miles of desert, when at the end of a month, they reached the banks of the Zouga, a large river, richly fringed with fruit-bearing and other trees, many of them of gigantic growth, running north-east towards Lake Ngami.

They received a cordial welcome from the peace-loving inhabitants of its banks.

Leaving the waggons in charge of the natives, with the exception of a small one which proceeded along the bank, Dr. Livingstone embarked in one of their canoes. Frail as are the canoes of the natives, they make long trips in them, and manage them with great skill, often standing up and paddling with long, light poles. They thus daringly attack the hippopotami in their haunts, or pursue the swift antelope which ventures to swim across the river. After voyaging on the stream for twelve days, they reached the broad expanse of Lake Ngami. Though wide, it is excessively shallow, and brackish during the rainy season. They here heard of some large rivers flowing into the lake.

Livingstone's main object in coming was to visit Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, who live about 200 miles to the northward. The chief of the district refused, however, either to give them goods or allow them to cross the river. Having in vain attempted to form a raft to ferry over the waggon, they were reluctantly compelled to abandon their design. The doctor had been working at the raft in the river, not aware of the number of alligators which swarmed around him, and had reason to be thankful that he escaped their jaws. The season being far advanced, they determined to return to Kolobeng, Mr. Oswell generously volunteering to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat for the next season.

Half the royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discoveries was awarded by the council of the Royal Geographical Society to Dr. Livingstone for the discoveries he made on this journey.

Sechele, the Christian chief of the Bakwains, who was eager to assist him in reaching Sebituane, offered his services, and with him as a guide, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and their three children, the doctor set out, in April, 1850, taking a more easterly course than before.

They again reached the lake, but the greater number of the party being attacked by fever, he was compelled to abandon his design of visiting Sebituane. He here heard of the death of a young



artist, Mr. Rider, who had shortly before visited Lake Ngami for the purpose of making sketches.

The natives inhabiting the banks of the rivers falling into Lake Ngami are famed for their skill in hunting the hippopotamus. In perfect silence they approach in their light canoes, and plunge their sharp spears, with thongs attached, into the back of one of the huge creatures, which dashes down the stream, towing the canoe at



SPEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

a rapid rate. Thus the animal continues its course, the hunters holding on to the rope, till its strength is exhausted, when, other canoes coming up, it is speared to death. Frequently, however, the hippopotamus turns on its assailants, bites the canoe in two, and seizes one of them in its powerful jaws. When they can manage to do so, they tow the wounded animal into shallow water, and, carrying the line on shore, secure it to a tree, while they attack the hippopotamus with their spears, till, sinking exhausted with its efforts, it becomes their prey.

Mr. Oswell, who had arrived too late for the journey, spent the



remainder of the season in hunting elephants, liberally presenting Dr. Livingstone with the proceeds of his sport, for the outfit of his children.

The third journey was commenced in the spring of 1851, when, rejoined by Mr. Oswell, the doctor set out once more, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and their children.

First travelling north, and then to the north-east, through a region covered with baobab-trees, abounding with springs, and inhabited by Bushmen, they entered an arid and difficult country. Here, the supply of water being exhausted, great anxiety was felt



HIPPOPOTAMUS TOWING THE CANOE.

for the children, who suffered greatly from thirst. At length a small stream, the Mababe, was reached, running into a marsh, across which they had to make their way. During the night they traversed a region infested by the *tsetse*, a fly not much larger than the common house-fly, the bite of which destroys cattle and horses. It is remarkable that neither man, wild animals, nor even calves as long as they continue to suck, suffer from the bite of this fearful pest. While some districts are infested by it, others in the immediate neighbourhood are free, and, as it does not bite at night, the only way the cattle of travellers can escape is by passing quickly through the infested district before the sun is up. Sometimes the natives lose the whole of their cattle by its attacks, and travellers frequently have been deprived of all means of moving with their waggons, in

consequence of the death of their animals; some, indeed, have perished from being unable to proceed.

Having reached the Chobe, a large river which falls into the Zambesi, leaving their attendants encamped with their cattle on an island, Dr. Livingstone and his family, with Mr. Oswell, em-



THE FINAL ATTACK.

barked in a canoe on the former river, and proceeded down its course about twenty miles to an island, where Sebituane was waiting to receive them.

The chief, pleased with the confidence the doctor had shown in bringing his wife and children, promised to take them to see his country, that they might choose a spot where they might form a

missionary station. He had been engaged in warfare nearly all his life, under varying fortunes, with the neighbouring savage tribes, and at length established himself in a secure position behind the Chobe and Leambye, whose broad streams guarded him from the inroads of his enemies. He had now a larger number of subjects and was richer in cattle than any chief in that part of Africa. The rivers and swamps, however, of the region produced fever, which proved fatal to many of his people. He had long been anxious for intercourse with Europeans, and showed every wish to encourage those who now visited him to remain in his territory.

Unhappily, a few days after the arrival of his guests, the chief was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, originating in an old wound, and in a short time breathed his last.

Dr. Livingstone says that he was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief he had ever met. Before his death he expressed the hope that the English would be as friendly to his children as they had been to himself.

The chieftainship devolved at his death on a daughter, who gave the visitors leave to travel through any part of the country they chose. They accordingly set out, and traversing a level district covered with wild date-trees, and here and there large patches of swamp, for a distance of a hundred and thirty miles to the north-east, they reached the banks of the Zambesi, the chief river of Southern Africa.

From the prevalence of the *tsetse*, and the periodical rise of the numerous streams causing malaria, Dr. Livingstone was compelled to abandon the intention he had formed of removing the Bakwains people thither that they might be out of the reach of their rapacious neighbours, the Dutch Boers. The river was, however, he at once saw, the key of Southern Africa.

The magnificent stream, on the bank of which he now stood, flows hundreds of miles east to the Indian Ocean—a mighty artery supplying life to the teeming population of that part of Africa.

Livingstone determined to send his wife and children to England, and to return himself and spend two or three years in the new

region he had discovered, in the hopes of evangelizing the people and putting a stop to the trade in slaves, which had already been commenced even thus far from the coast.

He, accordingly, returned to Kolobeng, and then set out with his family a journey of a thousand miles, to Cape Town. Having seen them on board a homeward-bound ship, he again turned his face northward in June, 1852.

Having reached Kuruman, he was there detained by the breaking of a waggon-wheel. During that time the Dutch Boers attacked his friends, the Bakwains, carrying off a number of them into slavery, the only excuse the white men had, being that Sechele was getting too independent—in reality, because he would not prevent the English traders from passing through his territory to the northward. The Dutch plundered Livingstone's house, and carried off the waggons of the chief and that of a trader who was stopping in the place. The doctor, therefore, found great difficulty in obtaining guides and servants to proceed northward. Poor Sechele set out for Cape Town, intending, as he said, to lay his complaint before the Queen of England, but was compelled by want of funds to return to his own country, where he devoted himself to the evangelization of his people.

Parting with the chief, Dr. Livingstone, giving the Boers a wide berth, proceeded across the desert to Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, where he had visited the Chief Sebituane in 1851. The whole population, amounting to nearly seven thousand souls, turned out to welcome him. He found that the Princess had abdicated in favour of her brother Sekeletu, who received him with the greatest cordiality. The young King, then only nineteen, exclaimed, "I have now got another father instead of Sebituane." The people shared this feeling, believing that by the residence of Livingstone among them they would obtain important benefits.

A rival of the young King existed in the person of a cousin, Mpepe, who had been appointed by the late King chief over a portion of his subjects, but whose ambition made him aim at the command of the whole.

Half-caste Portuguese slave-traders had made their way to Linyanti, and one, who pretended to be an important person, was

carried about in a hammock slung between two poles, which, looking like a bag, the natives called him "the father of the bag." Mpepe favoured these scoundrels, as he hoped by their means to succeed in his rebellion. The arrival of Dr. Livingstone, however, somewhat damped their hopes.

As the chief object of the doctor was to select a spot for a settlement, he ascended, accompanied by Sekeletu, the great river Zambesi, the upper courses of which he had traversed in the year 1851.

The doctor had taught the Makololo to ride on their oxen, which they had never before done, though, having neither saddles nor bridles, they constantly fell off.

He and Sekeletu were riding along side by side, when they encountered Mpepe, who, as soon as he saw them, ran towards the chief with his axe uplifted; but Sekeletu, galloping on, escaped him. On their arrival at their camp, while the chief and the doctor were sitting together, Mpepe again appeared, his men keeping hold of their arms. At that moment the rebel entered; but the doctor, unconsciously covering Sekeletu's body, saved him from the assassin's blow. His cousin's intention having been revealed to Sekeletu, that night Mpepe was dragged off from his fire and speared. So quietly was the deed done that Dr. Livingstone heard nothing of it till the next morning.

Livingstone was soon after this attacked by fever, when his hosts exhibited the interest they felt for him by paying him every attention in their power. His own remedies of a wet sheet and quinine were more successful than the smoke and vapour baths employed by the natives.

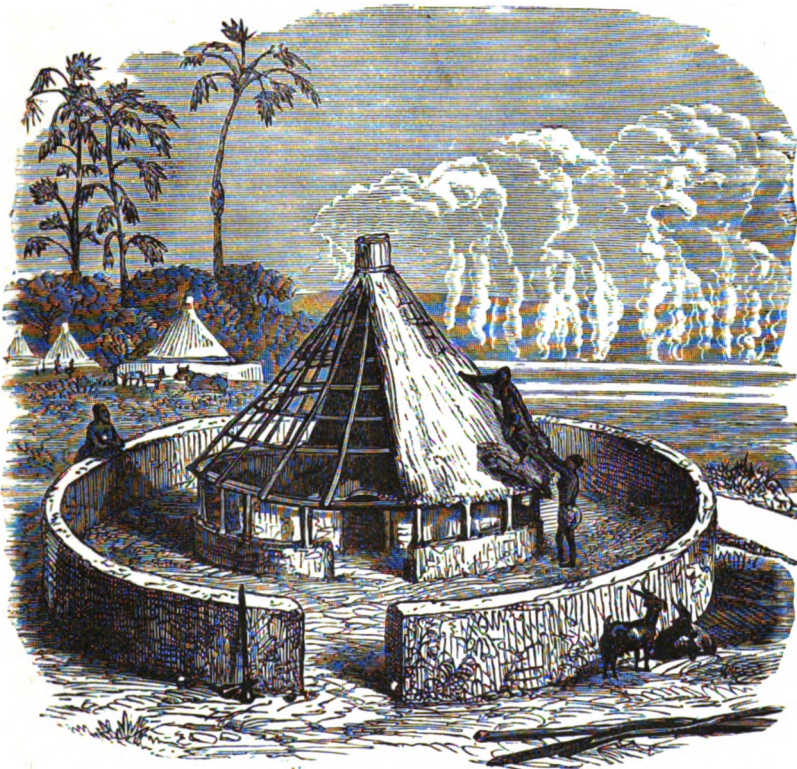
From Linyanti Dr. Livingstone set out on his journey westward to Loanda, on the West Coast, and, on his return, commenced from thence that adventurous expedition to the East Coast, which resulted in so many important discoveries.

Having recovered from his fever, Livingstone, accompanied by Sekeletu and about one hundred and sixty attendants, mostly young men, associates of the chief, set out for Sesheke. The intermediate country was perfectly flat, except patches elevated a few feet only above the surrounding level. There were also numerous



mounds, the work of *termites*, which are literally gigantic structures, and often wild date-trees were seen growing on them.

The party looked exceedingly picturesque as, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the air, they wound in a long line in and out among the mounds. Some wore red tunics or variously coloured



HOUSE-BUILDING.

prints, and their heads were adorned with the white ends of ox tails or caps made of lions' manes. The nobles walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, their servants carrying their shields; while the ordinary men bore burdens, and the battle-axe men, who had their own shields on their arms, were employed as messengers, often having to run an immense distance.

The Makololo possess numerous cattle, and the chief, having to feed his followers, either selected oxen from his own stock or received them from the head men of the villages through which they passed as tribute.

Dr. Livingstone and the chief had each a little gipsy tent in which they slept, though the Makololo huts, which are kept tolerably clean, afforded them accommodation. The best sort of hut consists of three circular walls, having small holes to serve as doors, through which it is necessary to creep on all fours. The roof resembles in shape a Chinaman's hat, and is bound together with circular bands. The framework is first formed, and it is then lifted to the top of the circle of poles prepared for supporting it.

The roof is next covered with fine grass and sewed with the same material as the lashings. Women are the chief builders of huts among the Makololo.

Reaching the village of Katonga, on the banks of the Leeambye, some time was spent there in collecting canoes. During this delay Dr. Livingstone visited the country to the north of the village, where he saw large herds of buffaloes, zebras, elans, and a beautiful small antelope called the *tinyane*. He was enabled, by this hunting expedition, to supply his companions with an abundance of food.

At length, a sufficient number of canoes being collected, they commenced the ascent of the river. His own canoe had six paddlers, while that of the chief had ten. The men paddled standing upright, and kept stroke with great exactness. Being flat-bottomed, they can float in very shallow water. The fleet consisted altogether of thirty-three canoes and one hundred and sixty men.

The Makololo are unable to swim, and, a canoe being upset, one of the party, an old doctor, was lost, while the Barotse canoe-men easily saved themselves by swimming.

Numerous villages were seen on both banks of the river, the inhabitants of which are expert hunters of the hippopotamus, and are excellent handicraftmen. They manufacture wooden bowls with neat lids, and show much taste in carving stools. Some make neat baskets, and others excel in pottery and iron.

On their arrival at the town of the father of Mpepe, who had

instigated his son to rebellion, two of his chief councillors were led forth and tossed into the river.

Mpepe had encouraged the slave-dealers to come into the country, and a large party of his supporters, the Mambari, had taken shelter in a stockade. It was proposed to attack them; but Livingstone urged his friends to refrain from so doing, especially as the enemy possessed firearms. It was then agreed that they would starve them out.

"Hunger is strong enough for that," observed a chief; "he is a very great fellow." But here again, as the unfortunate slaves who were chained in gangs would have suffered, the doctor interceded, and they were allowed to depart.

Naliele, the capital of the Barotse, the tribe inhabiting the district in which they now were, is built on an artificially constructed mound, as are many other villages of that region, to raise them above the overflowing of the river. From finding no trace of European names among them, Dr. Livingstone was convinced that the country had not before been visited by white men; \* whereas, after he had come among them, great numbers of children were named after his own boy, while others were called Horse, Gun, Waggon, and such names.

Here again numbers of large game were seen. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before the fire of the travellers one evening within gun-shot, and herds of splendid elans stood at 200 yards' distance without showing signs of fear. Lions, too, approached and roared at them. One night, as they were sleeping on the summit of a large sandbank, a lion appeared on the opposite shore, who amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could. The river was too broad for a ball to reach him, and he walked off without suffering for his impertinence. Dr. Livingstone saw two of great height, their manes making their bodies appear still larger.

The doctor was visited at his camp by two Arabs, who had made their way thus far west. They professed the greatest hatred of the

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\* This circumstance is of importance in view of the demands put forth by the Portuguese for the acquisition of these regions, which they never either settled or administered, even if their early explorers visited them, which is doubtful.



Portuguese because they eat pigs, and they disliked the English because they punish them for selling slaves.

On their journey they visited the town of Ma-Sekeletu, or the mother of Sekeletu, where, as it was the first visit the King had paid to this part of his dominions, he was received with every



A MAKOLOLO CHIEF AND HIS WIVES AT HOME.

appearance of joy. A grand dance was got up, the men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battles-axes in their hands, roaring at the loudest pitch of their voices, while they simultaneously lifted one leg, stamped twice with it, then lifted the other and gave one stamp with that. The arms and head were thrown about in every direction, the shouting being kept up with

the utmost vigour, while the dust ascended in clouds around them.

Returning down the stream at a rapid rate, they quickly reached Linyanti.

During this nine-weeks' tour, Dr. Livingstone had been in closer contact with heathenism than ever before, and though, including the chief, everyone had been as attentive as possible, yet the noisy dancing, singing and quarrelling, added to the murdering propensities of these children of nature, were painful in the extreme. He took a more intense disgust of heathenism than he had ever before felt, and formed a higher opinion of the civilizing effects of the missions in the south among tribes which were once as savage as the Makololo.

The chief and his followers, agreeing that the object of Dr. Livingstone's proposed expedition to the west was most desirable, took great pains to assist him in the undertaking. A band of twenty-seven men was appointed to accompany him by the chief's command, whose eager desire was to obtain a free and profitable trade with the white men, and this, Dr. Livingstone was convinced, was likely to lead to their ultimate elevation and improvement. Three men whom he had brought from Kuruman having suffered greatly from fever, he sent them back with Fleming, a trader, who had followed his footsteps. His new attendants he named Zam-besians, for there were only two Makololo men—the rest consisting of Barotse, Batoka, and other tribes. His waggon and remaining goods he committed to the charge of the Makololo, who took all the articles into their huts.

Livingstone carried only a rifle and a double-barrelled smooth-bore gun for himself, and gave three muskets to his people, by means of which he hoped game might be obtained for their support. Wishing also to save his followers from having to carry loads, he took for his own support but a few biscuits and a pound of tea and sugar, about twenty pounds of coffee, a small tin case with some spare shirting, trousers and shoes, another for medicines, and a third for books, while a fourth contained a magic lantern. His ammunition was distributed in portions among the whole baggage, that, should an accident occur to one, the rest might be preserved.

His camp equipage consisted of a gipsy tent, a sheep-skin mantle, and a horse-rug as a bed, as he had always found that the chief art



WATERFALL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

of successful travelling consisted in taking as few *impedimenta* as possible. His sextant, artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses were carried apart.

On November 11th, 1853, accompanied by the chief and his principal men to see him off, he left Linyanti, and embarked on the Chobe. The chief danger in navigating this river is from the bachelor hippopotami who have been expelled their herd, and, whose tempers being soured, the canoes are frequently upset by them. One of these misanthropes chased some of his men and ran after them on shore with considerable speed.

The banks of the river were clothed with trees, among them the *ficus indica*, acacias and the evergreen *motsouri*, from the pink-coloured specimens of which a pleasant acid drink is obtained.

Leaving the Chobe they entered the Leeambye, up which they proceeded at a somewhat slow rate, as they had to wait at different villages for supplies of food. Several varieties of wild fruit were presented to them.

The crews of the canoes worked admirably, being always in good humour, and, on any danger threatening, immediately leaped overboard to prevent them coming broadside to the stream, or being caught by eddies, or dashed against the rocks. Birds, fish, iguanas and hippopotami abounded; indeed the whole river teemed with life.

On November 30th the Gonye Falls were reached. The canoes were carried beyond the falls, slung on poles placed on men's shoulders. Here, as elsewhere, the doctor exhibited his magic lantern, greatly to the delight of the people.

Nothing could be more lovely than the scenery of the falls. The water rushes through a fissure, and being confined below by a space not more than a hundred yards wide, goes rolling over and over in great masses, amid which the most expert swimmer can in vain hope to make way.

They were treated most liberally by the inhabitants of all the villages, who presented them with more oxen, milk and meal than they could stow away. Entering the Leeambye, Dr. Livingstone proceeded up that stream in his canoe, while his oxen and a portion of his men continued their journey along its banks.

The rain had fallen, and nature put on her gayest apparel; flowers of great beauty and curious forms grew everywhere, many of the forest trees having palmated leaves, the trunks being covered

with lichens, while magnificent ferns were seen in all the moister situations. In the cool morning the welkin rang with the singing of birds, and the ground swarmed with insect life.

Alligators were in prodigious numbers, children and calves being constantly carried off by them. One of his men was seized, but, retaining his presence of mind when dragged to the bottom, he struck the monster with his javelin and escaped, bearing the marks of the reptile's teeth on his thigh.

The doctor's men had never before used firearms, and proving bad shots, came to him for "gun medicine" to enable them to shoot better. As he was afraid of their exhausting his supply of powder, he was compelled to act as sportsman for the party.

Leaving Leeambye, he proceeded up the Leeba. Beautiful flowers and abundance of wild honey were found on its shores, and large numbers of young alligators were seen sunning themselves on the sandbanks with their parents.

They had now reached the Balonda country, and received a visit from a chieftainess, Manenko, a tall, strapping woman, covered with ornaments and smeared over with fat and red ochre as a protection against the weather. She invited them to visit her uncle Shinti, the chief of the country.

They set out in the midst of a heavy drizzling mist; on, however, the lady went, in the lightest marching order. The doctor enquired why she did not clothe herself during the rain; but it appeared that she did not consider it proper for a chief to appear effeminate. The men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, every now and then remarked: "Manenko is a soldier." Some of the people in her train carried shields composed of reeds, of a square form, five feet long and three broad. With these, and armed with broadswords and quivers full of iron-headed arrows, they looked somewhat ferocious, but are in reality not noted for their courage.

The doctor was glad when at length the chieftainess halted on the banks of a stream and preparations were made for their night's lodging.

After detaining them several days she accompanied them on foot to Shinti's town. The chief's place of audience was ornamented by



two graceful banyan-trees, beneath one of which he sat on a sort of throne, covered with a leopard-skin. He wore a checked shirt and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green, numerous ornaments covering his arms and legs, while on his head was a helmet of

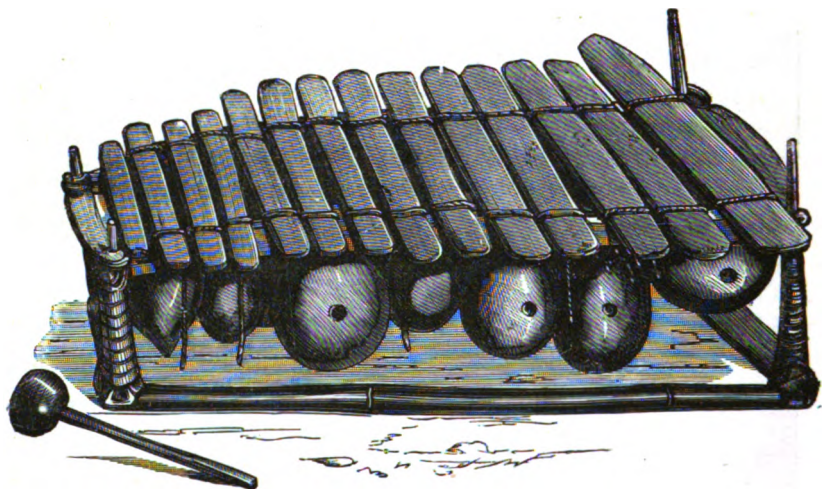


MANENKO IN COMMAND.

beads, crowned with large goose feathers. At his side sat three lads, with quivers full of arrows over their shoulders.

Dr. Livingstone took his seat under the shade of another tree opposite to the chief, while the spokesman of the party, who had accompanied them, in a loud voice, walking backwards and forwards, gave an account of the doctor and his connection with the Makololo.

Behind the chief sat a hundred women, clothed in red baize, while his wife was seated in front of him. Between the speeches the ladies burst forth into a sort of plaintive ditty. The party was entertained by a band of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the *marimba*, a species of piano. It consists of two bars of wood placed side by side; across these are fixed fifteen wooden keys, each 2 or 3 in. broad, and about 18 in. long, their thickness being regulated by the deepness of the note required.



THE MARIMBA, OR AFRICAN PIANO.

Each of the keys has a calabash below it, the upper portion of which, being cut off to hold the bars, they form hollow sounding-boards to the keys. These are also of different sizes according to the notes required. The keys are struck by small drumsticks to produce the sound. The Portuguese have imitated the *marimba*, and use it in their dances in Angola.

The women in this country are treated with more respect by the men than in other parts of Africa.

A party of Mambari, with two native Portuguese traders, had come up to obtain slaves, and, while Dr. Livingstone was residing with Shinti, some young children were kidnapped, evidently to be sold to them.

The day before he was to recommence his journey, the doctor received a visit in his tent from Shinti, who, as a mark of his friendship, presented him with a shell on which he set the greatest value, observing: "There, now you have a proof of my affection."

These shells, as marks of distinction, are so highly valued that for two of them a slave may be bought, and five will purchase an elephant's tusk worth £10.

The old chief had provided a guide to conduct them to the territory of the next chief, Katema. He also gave an abundant supply of food, and wished them a prosperous journey.

Livingstone again started on January 26th, Shinti sending eight men to assist in carrying his baggage. He had now to quit the canoes and to proceed on ox-back, taking a northerly direction. He and his party received the same kind treatment in the country as before, and the villagers, by command of their chiefs, presented them with an abundance of food. They found English cotton cloth more eagerly enquired after than beads and ornaments.

On arriving at a village the inhabitants lifted off the roofs of some of their huts, and brought them to the camp, to save the men the trouble of booth-making. On starting again, the villagers were left to replace them at their leisure, no payment being expected.

Heavy rains now came on, and the doctor and his party were continually wet to the skin.

Polite as the people were, they were still fearful savages. Messengers arrived from the neighbouring town to announce the death of their chief, Matiamvo. That individual had been addicted to running a-muck through his capital and beheading anyone he met, till he had a large heap of human heads in front of his hut. Men were also slaughtered occasionally, whenever the chief wanted part of a body to perform certain charms.

The Balonda appear to have some belief in the existence of the soul, and a greater feeling of reverence in their composition than the tribes to the eastward. Among their customs they have a remarkable one. Those who take it into their heads to become friends, cement their friendship. Taking their seats opposite each other, with a vessel of beer by the side of each, they clasp hands. They then make cuts on their clasped hands, the pits of their



stomachs, their foreheads, and right cheeks. The point of a blade of grass is then pressed against the cuts, and afterwards each man washes it in his own pot of beer; exchanging pots, the contents are drunk, so that each man drinks the blood of the other. Thus they consider that they become blood relations, and are bound in every possible way to assist each other.

These people were greatly surprised at the liberty enjoyed by the Makololo.

The travellers paid a visit to Katema, the chief of the district, who received them dressed in a snuff-brown coat, with a helmet of beads and feathers on his head, and in his hand a number of tails of *gnus* bound together. He also sent some of his men to accompany them on their journey.

The rains continued, and the doctor suffered much from having to sleep on the wet ground.

Having reached the latitude of Loanda, Dr. Livingstone now directed his course to the westward. On March 4th he reached the outskirts of the territory of the Chiboque. As he approached the more civilized settlements, he found the habits of the people changed much for the worse: tricks of all sorts were played to detain him and obtain tribute; the guides also tried in every way to impose on him. Even his Makololo expressed their sorrow at seeing so beautiful a country ill-cultivated and destitute of cattle.

He was compelled to slaughter one of his riding oxen for food, as none could be obtained.

The Chiboque coming round in great numbers, their chief demanded tribute, and one of their number made a charge at Dr. Livingstone, but quickly retreated on having the muzzle of the traveller's gun pointed at his head. The chief and his councillors, however, consenting to sit down on the ground, the Makololo, well drilled, surrounded them, and thus got them completely in their power. A mutiny, too, broke out among his own people, who complained of want of food; but it was suppressed by the appearance of the doctor with a double-barrelled pistol in his hand. They never afterwards gave him any trouble.

Similar demands for payment to allow him to pass through the country were made by other chiefs, his faithful Makololo giving

up their ornaments, as he had parted with nearly all the beads and shirts in his possession. The most extortionate of these chiefs was Ioaga Panza, whose sons, after receiving payment for acting as guides, deserted him. All this time Dr. Livingstone was suffering daily from the attacks of fever, which rendered him excessively weak, so that he could scarcely sit his ox. The country appeared fertile and full of small villages, and the soil is so rich that little labour is required for its cultivation. It is, however, the chief district whence slaves are obtained, and a feeling of insecurity was evident amongst the inhabitants. A demand was now made by each chief for a man, an ox, or a tusk as tribute. The first was, of course, refused, but nearly all the remainder of the traveller's property had to be thus paid away.

On April 4th they reached the banks of the Quango, here a hundred and fifty yards wide. The chief of the district—a young man, who wore his hair curiously formed into the shape of a cone, bound round with white thread—on their refusing to pay him an extortionate demand, ordered his people not to ferry them across, and opened fire on them. At this juncture a half-caste Portuguese, a sergeant of militia, Cypriano Di Abreu, arrived, and, obtaining ferrymen, they crossed over into the territory of the Bangala, who are subject to the Portuguese. They had some time before rebelled, and troops were now stationed among them, Cypriano being in command of a party of men. Next morning he provided a delicious breakfast for his guest, and fed the Makololo with pumpkins and maize, while he supplied them with farina for their journey to Kasenge, without even hinting at payment.

It took the travellers four days to reach Kasenge, a town inhabited by about forty Portuguese traders and their servants. Though told by the doctor that he was a Protestant minister, they treated him with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Here the Makololo sold Sekeletu's tusks, obtaining much better prices than they would have done from the Cape traders.

The district of Ambaca, through which he now passed, was very fertile. Large numbers of cattle exist on its pastures, which are well watered by flowing streams, while lofty mountains rise in the distance. It is said to contain forty thousand souls.

Livingstone was delighted with Golcongo Alto, a magnificent district—the hills bedecked with trees of various hues, the graceful oil-yielding palm towering above them. Here the commandant, Lieutenant Castro, received him in a way which won the doctor's affectionate regard.

As they proceeded, they passed streams with cascades, on which mills might easily be formed; but here numbers of carpenters were converting the lofty trees which grew around into planks, by splitting them with wedges.

At Trombeta the commandant had his garden ornamented with rows of trees, with pineapples and flowers growing between them. A few years ago he had purchased an estate for £16, on which he had now a coffee plantation and all sorts of fruit-trees and grape-vines, besides grain and vegetables growing, as also a cotton plantation.

As they approached the sea, the Makololo gazed at it, spreading out before them, with feelings of awe, having before believed that the whole world was one extended plain. They again showed their fears that they might be kidnapped, but Dr. Livingstone reassured them, telling them as they had stood by each other hitherto, so they would do to the last.

On May 31st they descended a declivity leading to the city of Loanda, where Dr. Livingstone was warmly welcomed by Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade. Seeing him so ill, he benevolently offered the doctor his bed. "Never shall I forget," says Dr. Livingstone "the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after for six months sleeping on the ground."

It took many days, however, before the doctor recovered from the exposure and fatigue he had endured. All that time he was watched over with the most generous sympathy by his kind host. The Portuguese Bishop of Angola and numerous other gentlemen called on him and tendered their services.

Her Majesty's ship *Polyphemus* coming in, the surgeon, Mr. Cockin, afforded him the medical assistance he so much required, and on June 14th, he was sufficiently recovered to call on the Bishop, attended by his Makololo followers. They had all been

dressed in new robes of striped cotton cloth and red caps, presented by Mr. Gabriel.

The Makololo gazed with astonishment at all they witnessed, the large stone houses and churches especially, never before having seen a building larger than a hut. The commanders of the *Pluto* and *Philomel*, which came into the harbour, invited them on board. Knowing their fears, Dr. Livingstone told them that no one need go should they entertain the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party, however, went.

Pointing to the sailors, the doctor said: "Now, these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those that buy and sell black men."

They replied: "Truly they are just like you," and all their fears vanished.

Going forward amongst the men, they were received much the same as the Makololo would have received them, the jolly tars handing them a share of the bread and beef they had for dinner. They were allowed to fire off a cannon, at which they were greatly pleased, especially when the doctor observed: "That is what they put down the slave trade with."

This visit had a most beneficial effect, as it raised Dr. Livingstone still more highly than ever in the opinion of the natives. They were not so much struck at the high mass which they witnessed at the cathedral, observing that they had seen the white men charming their demons.

During August the doctor was again attacked by a severe fit of fever.

His men, while he was unable to attend to them, employed themselves in going into the country and cutting firewood, which they sold to the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Gabriel also found them employment in unloading a collier, at sixpence a day. They continued at this work for upwards of a month, astonished at the vast amount of "stones that burn" which were taken out of her. With the money thus obtained they purchased clothing, beads and other articles to carry home with them. In selecting calicoes they were well able to judge of the best, and chose such pieces as appeared the strongest, without reference to colour.

From the kind and generous treatment Dr. Livingstone received from the Portuguese, they rose deservedly high in his estimation.

He now prepared for his departure. The merchants sent a present to Sekeletu, consisting of specimens of all their articles of trade and two donkeys, that the breed might be introduced into his country, as the *tsetse* cannot kill those beasts of burden. The doctor was also furnished with letters of recommendation to the Portuguese authorities in Eastern Africa. The Bishop likewise provided him with twenty carriers, and sent forward orders to the commandants of the districts to the east to render him every assistance. He supplied himself with ammunition, and beads, and a stock of cloth, and he gave each of his men a musket. He had also purchased a horse for Sekeletu. His friends of the *Philomel* fitted him out also with a new tent, and, on September 20th, 1854, he and his party left Loanda, escorted by Mr. Gabriel, who, from his unwearied attentions and liberality to his men, had become endeared to all their hearts.

Passing round by the sea, he ascended the River Bengo to Icollo-i-Bengo, once the residence of a native king. While Mr. Gabriel returned to Loanda, Dr. Livingstone and his party proceeded to Golcongo Alto, where he left some of his men to rest, while he took an excursion to Kasenge, celebrated for its coffee plantations. On his return he found several of them suffering from fever, while one of them had gone out of his mind, but in a short time recovered.

The doctor had the satisfaction of returning the kindness he received from Mr. Castro, the commandant, by attending him during a severe attack of illness.

He had thus an opportunity of watching the workings of slavery. The moment their master was ill, the slaves ate up everything on which they could lay their hands, till the doctor himself could scarcely obtain even bread and butter. Here Sekeletu's horse was seized with inflammation, and the poor animal afterwards died on its journey.

On February 28th they reached the banks of the Quango, where they were again received by Cypriano.

The coloured population of Angola are sunk in the grossest superstition. They fancy themselves completely in the power of



**WOMEN'S HEAD-DRESS.**



**MEN'S HEAD-DRESS.**

spirits, and are constantly deprecating their wrath. A chief, named Gando, had lately been accused of witchcraft, and, being killed by the ordeal, his body was thrown into the river.

Heavy payment was demanded by the ferrymen for crossing in their wretched canoes; but the cattle and donkeys had to swim across.

Avoiding their friend with the conical head-dress, they made their way to the camp of some half-caste Portuguese, who had gone across to trade in wax. They are famed for their love of learning, and are keen traders, and, writing a peculiarly fine hand, are generally employed as clerks, sometimes being called the Jews of Angola.

The travellers were now in the country of the Bashinji, possessing the lowest negro physiognomy. At a village where they halted, they were attacked by the head man, who had been struck by one of the Makololo on their previous visit, although atonement had been made. A large body of the natives now rushed upon them as they were passing through a forest, and began firing, the bullets passing amid the trees. Dr. Livingstone fortunately encountered the chief, and presented a six-barrelled revolver, producing an instant revolution in his martial feelings. The doctor then, ordering him and his people to sit down, rode off.

They were now accompanied by their Portuguese friends, the Londa people, who inhabit the banks of the Loajima.

They elaborately dress their hair in a number of ways. It naturally hangs down on their shoulders in large masses, which, with their general features, give them a strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians. Some of them twist their hair into a number of small cords, which they stretch out to a hoop encircling the head, giving it the resemblance of the glory seen in pictures round the head of the Virgin Mary. Others adorn their heads with ornaments of woven hair and hide, to which they occasionally suspend the tails of buffaloes. A third fashion is to weave the hair on pieces of hide in the form of buffalo horns, projecting on either side of the head. The young men twine their hair in the form of a single horn, projecting over their forehead in front. They frequently tattoo their bodies, producing figures in the form of

stars. Although their heads are thus elaborately adorned, their bodies are almost destitute of clothing.

Reaching Calongo, Dr. Livingstone directed his course towards the territory of his old friend, Katema. They were generally well received at the villages.

On June 2nd they reached that of Kanawa. This chief, whose village consisted of forty or fifty huts, at first treated them very politely, but he took it into his head to demand an ox as tribute. On their refusing it, Kanawa ordered his people to arm. On this, Dr. Livingstone directed his Makololo to commence the march. Some did so with alacrity, but one of them refused, and was preparing to fire at Kanawa, when the doctor, giving him a blow with his pistol, made him go too. They had already reached the banks of the river when they found that Kanawa had sent on ahead to carry off all the canoes. The ferrymen, supposing that the travellers were unable to navigate the canoes, left them, unprotected, on the bank. As soon as it was dark, therefore, the Makololo quickly obtained one of them, and the whole party crossed, greatly to the disgust of Kanawa when he discovered in the morning what had occurred.

They now took their way across the level plain, which had been flooded on their former journey. Numberless vultures were flying in the air, showing the quantity of carrion which had been left by the waters.

They passed Lake Dilolo, a sheet of water six or eight miles long and two broad. The sight of the blue waters had a soothing effect on the doctor, who was suffering from fever, after his journey through the gloomy forest and across the wide flat.

Pitsane and Mohorisi, Livingstone's chief men, had proposed establishing a Makololo village on the banks of the Leeba, near its confluence with the Leeambye, that it might become a market to communicate westward with Loanda, and eastward with the regions along the banks of the Zambesi.

Old Shinti, whose capital they now reached, received them as before in a friendly way, and supplied them abundantly with provisions. The doctor left with him a number of plants, among which were orange, cashew, custard, apple, and fig-trees, with



coffee, acacias, and papaws, which he had brought from Loanda. They were planted out in the enclosure of one of his principal men, with a promise that Shinti should have a share of them when grown.

They now again embarked in six small canoes on the waters of the Leebea. Paddling down it, they next entered the Leeambye. Here they found a party of hunters, who had been engaged in stalking buffaloes, hippopotami, and other animals. They use for this purpose the skin of a deer, with the horns attached, or else the head and upper part of the body of a crane, with which they creep through the grass till they can get near enough to shoot their prey.

The doctor, wishing to obtain some meat for his men, took a small canoe and paddled up a creek towards a herd of zebras seen on the shore. Firing, he broke the hind leg of one of them. His men pursued it, and, as he walked slowly after them, he observed a solitary buffalo, which had been disturbed by others of his party, galloping towards him. The only tree was a hundred yards off. The doctor cocked his rifle in the hope of striking the brute on the forehead. The animal came on at tremendous speed, but a small bush a short distance off made it swerve and expose its shoulder. The doctor fired, and as he heard the ball crack, he fell flat on his face. The buffalo bounded past him towards the water, near which it was found dead. His Makololo blamed themselves for not having been by his side, while he returned thanks to God for his preservation.

On reaching the town of Lebouta they were welcomed with the warmest demonstrations of joy, the women coming out, dancing and singing. Thence they were conducted to the *kotlar*, or house of assembly, where Pitsane delivered a long speech, describing the journey and the kind way in which they had been received at Loanda, especially by the English chief.

Next day Dr. Livingstone held a service, when his Makololo braves, arrayed in their red caps and white suits of European clothing, attended, sitting with their guns over their shoulders.

As they proceeded down the Barotse Valley, they were received in the same cordial manner.

The doctor was astonished at the prodigious quantities of wild animals of all descriptions which he saw on this journey, and also when traversing the country further to the east—elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and pigs. Frequently the beautiful springbok appeared, covering the plain, sometimes in sprinklings, and at other times in dense crowds as far as the eye could reach.

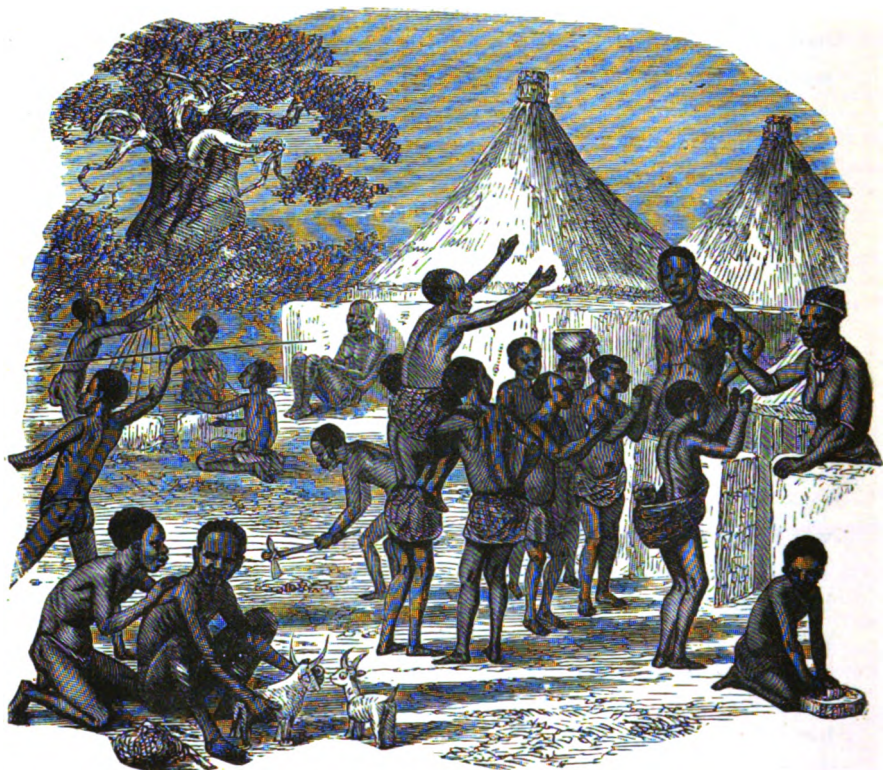
The troops of elephants also far exceeded in numbers anything which he had ever before heard of or conceived. He and his men had often to shout to them to get out of their way, and on more than one occasion, a herd rushed in upon the travellers, who not without difficulty made their escape. A number of young elephants were shot for food, their flesh being highly esteemed. To the natives the huge beasts are a great plague, as they break into their gardens and eat up their pumpkins and other produce; when disturbed they are apt to charge those interrupting their feast, and, following them, to demolish the huts in which they may have taken refuge, not unfrequently killing them in their rage.

Resting at Sesheke, they proceeded to Linyanti, where the waggon and everything that had been left in it in November, 1853, was found perfectly safe.

A grand meeting was called, when the doctor made a report of his journey and distributed the articles which had been sent by the governor and merchants of Loanda. Pitsane and others then gave an account of what they had seen, and, as may be supposed, nothing was lost in the description. The presents afforded immense satisfaction, and on Sunday, Sekeletu made his appearance in church dressed in the uniform which had been brought down for him, and which attracted every man's attention.

The Arab, Ben Habed, and Sekeletu arranged with Livingstone to conduct another party with a load of ivory down to Loanda; they also consulted him as to the proper presents to send to the governor and merchants. The Makololo generally expressed great satisfaction at the route which had been opened up, and proposed moving to the Barotse Valley, that they might be nearer the great market. The unhealthiness of the climate, however, was justly considered a great drawback to the scheme.

The doctor afterwards heard that the trading party which set out, reached Loanda in safety, and it must have been a great satisfaction to him to feel that he had thus opened out a way to the enterprise of these industrious and intelligent people.



CHILDREN'S GAMES.

The donkeys which had been brought excited much admiration, and, as they were not affected by the bite of the *tsetse*, it was hoped that they might prove of great use. Their music, however, startled the inhabitants more than the roar of lions.

Dr. Livingstone now began to make arrangements for performing another adventurous journey to the East Coast.

His notes, made during this time, abound with descriptions of

the habits and customs of the people. The children strongly resemble in many respects those of other nations. "They have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and, stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little skirts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping rope, the play of the girls consists in imitating the serious work of their mothers—building little huts, making small pots and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens. The boys play with small spears and shields, or bows and arrows, or make little cattle pens and cattle in clay, often showing much ingenuity in their imitations of the animals, especially of their horns." However, we must accompany Dr. Livingstone on his journey.

Among other routes which were proposed, he selected that by the north bank of the Zambesi. He would thus have to pass through country in the possession of the Matabele, who, under the powerful Chief Mozelekatse, had driven away the Makololo, its original possessors.

Notwithstanding this he had no fears for himself, as that chief looked upon Mr. Moffatt, his father-in-law, as his especial friend. A considerable district, also, of the country was still inhabited by the Makololo, and by them he was sure to be kindly treated. The Makololo, it must be understood, are a mixed race, composed of tribes of Bechuanas, who formerly inhabited the country bordering the Kalahari Desert. Their language, the Bechuana, is spoken by the upper classes of the Makololo, and into this tongue, by the persevering labours of Mr. Moffatt, nearly the whole of the Scriptures have been translated. The bulk of the people are negroes, and are an especially fine, athletic and skilful race.

As soon as Dr. Livingstone announced his intention of proceeding to the east, numerous volunteers came forward to accompany him. From among them he selected a hundred and fourteen trustworthy men, and Sekeletu appointed two, Sekwebu and Kanyata, as leaders of the company. Sekwebu had been captured, when a child, from

the Matabele, and his tribe now inhabited the country near Tete; he had frequently travelled along the banks of the Zambesi, and spoke the various dialects of the people residing on them, and was, moreover, a man of sound judgment and prudence, and rendered great service to the expedition.

On November 3rd, Dr. Livingstone, bidding farewell to his friends at Linyanti, set out, accompanied by Sekeletu and two hundred followers. On reaching a patch of country infested by the *tsetse*, it became necessary to travel at night. A fearful storm broke forth, and the doctor's baggage having gone on before, he had to lie down on the wet ground, when Sekeletu kindly covered him with his own blanket, remaining without shelter himself. Before parting at Sesheke, the generous chief supplied the doctor with twelve oxen, three accustomed to be ridden on, hoes and beads to purchase a canoe, and an abundance of fresh butter and honey; and, indeed, he did everything in his power to assist him on his journey.

Bidding farewell to Sekeletu, the doctor and his attendants sailed down the river to its confluence with the Chobe. Having reached this spot, he prepared to strike across country to the north-east, in order to reach the northern bank of the Zambesi. Before doing so, however, he determined to visit the Victoria, or Mozioatunya, Falls, of which he had often heard. The meaning of the word is: "Smoke does sound there," in reference to the vapour and noise produced by the falls. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, they came in sight of five columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles off, and bending as they ascended before the wind, the tops appearing to mingle with the clouds. The scene was extremely beautiful. The banks and the islands which appeared here and there amid the stream, were richly adorned with trees and shrubs of various colours, many being in full blossom. High above all rose an enormous baobab-tree, surrounded by groups of graceful palms.

As the water was now low, they proceeded in the canoe to an island in the centre of the river, the further end of which extended to the edge of the falls. At the spot where they landed it was impossible to discover where the vast body of water disappeared.

It seemed, indeed, suddenly to sink into the earth, for the opposite lip of the fissure into which it descends was only eighty feet distant. On peering over the precipice the doctor saw the stream, a thousand yards broad, leaping down a hundred feet and then becoming suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards, when instead of flowing as before, it turned directly to the right, and went boiling and rushing amid the hills.

The vapour which rushes up from this caldron to the height of two or three hundred feet, being condensed, changes its hue to that of dark smoke, and then comes down in a constant shower. The chief portion falls on the opposite side of the fissure, where grow a number of evergreen trees, their leaves always wet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular. Dr. Livingstone considered these falls the most wonderful sight he had beheld in Africa.

Returning to Kalai, the doctor and his party met Sekeletu, and, bidding him a final farewell, set off northwards to Lekone, through a beautiful country, on November 20th. The further they advanced the more the country swarmed with inhabitants, and great numbers came to see the white man, invariably bringing presents of maize.

The natives of this region have a curious way of saluting a stranger. Instead of bowing they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, rolling from side to side and slapping the outsides of their thighs, while they utter the words "*Kina bomba! kina bomba!*" In vain the doctor implored them to stop. They, imagining him pleased, only tumbled about more fiercely and slapped their thighs with greater vehemence.

These villagers supplied the party abundantly with ground nuts, maize and corn. As they advanced, the country became still more beautiful, abounding with large game. One day a buffalo was found lying down, and the doctor went to secure it for food. Though the animal received three balls they did not prove fatal, and it turned round as if to charge. The doctor and his companions ran for shelter to some rocks, but before they gained them they found that three elephants had cut off their retreat. The enormous brutes, however, turned off and allowed them to gain the rocks. As the buffalo was moving rapidly away, the

doctor tried a long shot, and, to the satisfaction of his followers, broke the animal's fore leg. The young men soon brought it to a stand, and another shot in its brain settled it. They had thus an abundance of food, which was shared by the villagers of the neighbourhood. Soon afterwards an elephant was killed by his men.



MODE OF SALUTATION.

Leaving the Elephant Valley, they reached the residence of a chief named Semalembue, who, soon after their arrival, paid them a visit and presented five or six baskets of meal and maize and one of ground nuts, saying that he feared his guest would sleep the first night at his village hungry. The chief professed great joy at hearing the words of the Gospel of peace, replying: "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hopes of eating and sleeping in quiet." It is remarkable that all to whom the doctor spoke, eagerly caught up the idea of living in peace as the probable effect of the Gospel.

This region Sekwebu considered one of the best adapted for the residence of a large tribe. It was here that Sebituane formerly dwelt.



They now crossed the Kafue by a ford. Every available spot between the river and hills was under cultivation. The inhabitants select these positions to secure themselves and their gardens from their human enemies. They are also obliged to make pit-holes to protect their grounds from the hippopotami. These animals, not having been disturbed, were unusually tame, and took no notice of the travellers.



HIPPOPOTAMI.

The party now directed their course to the Zambesi near its confluence with the Kafue. They enjoyed a magnificent view from the top of the outer range of hills. A short distance below them was the Kafue, winding its way over a forest-clad plain, while on the other side of the Zambesi, lay a long range of dark hills. The plain below abounded in large game. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood feeding two majestic elephants, each slowly moving its proboscis. On passing amidst them the animals showed their tameness by standing beneath



the trees, fanning themselves with their large ears. A number also of red-coloured pigs were seen. The people in the neighbourhood having no guns they are never disturbed.

A night was spent in a huge baobab-tree, which would hold twenty men inside,

As they moved on, a herd of buffaloes came strutting up to look at their oxen, and only by shooting one could they be made to retreat. Shortly afterwards a female elephant, with three young ones, charged through the centre of their extended line, when the men, throwing down their burdens, retreated in a great hurry, she receiving a spear for her temerity.

They were made aware of their approach to the great river by the vast number of waterfalls which appeared. It was found to be much broader than above the falls: a person might, indeed, attempt in vain to make his voice heard across it. An immense amount of animal life was seen both around and in it.

The inhabitants of the north side of the Zambesi are the Batonga; those on the south bank, the Banyai.

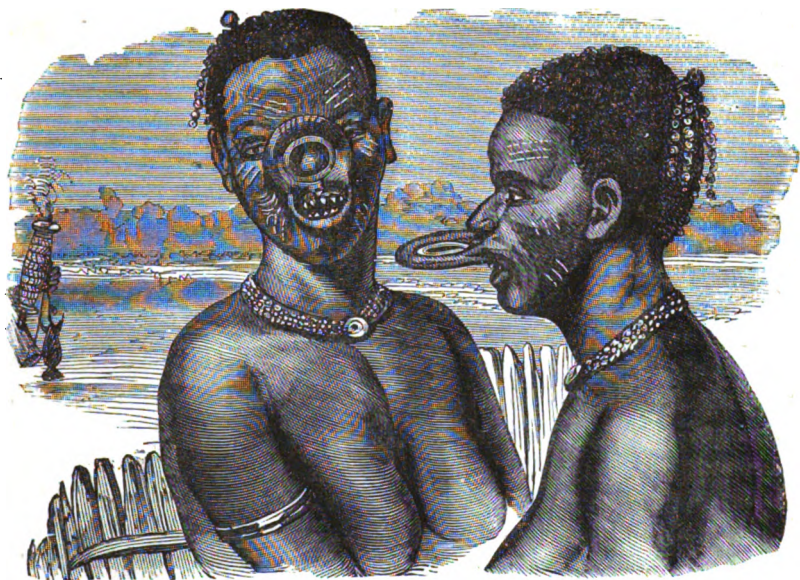
Both buffaloes and elephants are numerous. To kill them the natives form stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which they come to the water. From thence they dart down their spears, the blades of which are twenty inches long by two broad, when the motion of the handle, aided by knocking against the trees, makes fearful gashes, which soon cause death. They form also a species of trap. A spear inserted in a beam of wood is suspended from the branch of a tree, to which a chord is attached with a latch. The chord being led along the path when struck by the animal's foot, the beam falls, and, the spear being poisoned, death shortly ensues.

At each village they passed, two men were supplied to conduct them to the next, and lead them through the parts least covered with jungle.

The villagers were busily employed in their gardens. Most of the men have muscular figures. Their colour varies from a dark to a light olive. The women have the extraordinary custom of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice till a shell can be inserted. The lip appears drawn out beyond the nose, and gives them a very ugly appearance. As Sekwebu remarked: "These

women want to make their mouths like those of ducks." The commonest of these rings are made of bamboo, but others are made of ivory or metal.

On their next halt, Seole, the chief of the village, instead of receiving them in a friendly way, summoned his followers and prepared for an attack. The reason was soon discovered. It appeared that an Italian, who had married the chief's daughter, having armed a party of fifty slaves with guns, had ascended the river in a canoe



PELELE, OR LIP-RING.

from Tete, and attacked several inhabited islands beyond Makaba, taking large numbers of prisoners and much ivory. As he descended again with his booty, his party was dispersed, and he himself was killed while attempting to escape on foot. Seole imagined that the doctor was another Italian.

This was the first symptom of the abominable slave trade they met with on the east side of the continent. Had not the chief with whom they had previously stayed, arrived to explain matters, Seole might have given them much trouble.

Mburuma, another chief of the same tribe, had laid a plan to plunder the party by separating them, but the doctor, suspecting treachery, kept his people together. They had on a previous occasion plundered a party of traders bringing English goods from Mozambique.

On January 14th they reached the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi. Here the doctor discovered the ruins of a town, with the remains of a church in its midst. The situation was well chosen, with lofty hills in the rear and a view of the two rivers in front. On one side of the church lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross. This he found was a Portuguese settlement called Zumbo.

He felt especially anxious that the elevated and healthy district which he had now discovered, stretching towards Tete, should become known. It was such a region as he had been long in quest of as a centre from which missionary enterprise might be carried into the surrounding country.

While the party were proceeding along the banks of the river, passing through a dense bush, three buffaloes broke through their line. The doctor's ox galloped off, and, as he turned back, he saw one of his men tossed several feet in the air. On returning, to his satisfaction, he found that the poor fellow had alighted on his face, and, although he had been carried twenty yards on the animal's horns, he had in no way suffered. On the creature's approaching him, he had thrown down his load and stabbed it in the side, when it caught him and carried him off before he could escape.

Soon after this they had evidence that they were approaching the Portuguese settlements, by meeting a person with a jacket and hat on. From this person, who was quite black, they learned that the Portuguese settlement of Tete was on the other bank of the river, and that the inhabitants had been engaged in war with the natives for some time past. This was disagreeable news, as Livingstone wished to be at peace with both parties.

At last two old men made their appearance and inquired if the doctor was a Bazunga, or Portuguese. On showing his hair and white skin, they replied, "Ah, you must be one of the tribe that loves black men."

Finally, the chief himself appeared, and expressed his regret that he had not known sooner who they were, ultimately enabling them to cross the river. After this they were detained for some time by the rains on the south bank. In conversation with the people they exhibited the greatest hatred of the slave-traders. Meeting



HUNTING SCENE IN AFRICA.

with native traders, the doctor purchased some American calico in order to clothe his men. It was marked "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," with two small tusks, an interesting fact.

The people inhabiting the country on this side of the Zambesi are known as the Banyai. Their favourite weapon is a huge axe, which is carried over the shoulder. It is used chiefly for hamstringing the elephant, in the same way as the Hamran Arab uses

his sword. The Banyai, however, steals on the animal unawares, while the Hamran hunter attacks it when it is rushing in chase of one of his comrades, who gallops on ahead on a well-trained steed.

Those curious birds, the "honey guides," were very attentive to them, and, by their means, the Makololo obtained an abundance of honey. Of the wax, however, in those districts no use appears to be made.

Though approaching the Portuguese settlement, abundance of game was still found. The Makololo killed six buffalo calves from among a herd which was met with.

They were warned by the natives that they ran a great risk of being attacked by lions when wandering on either side of the line of march in search of honey. One of the doctor's head men, indeed Monahin, having been suddenly seized with a fit of insanity during the night, left the camp,



BANYAI MODE OF CARRYING THE AXE.

and, as he never returned, it was too probable that he had been carried off by a lion.

It was not till March 20th that the neighbourhood of Tete was reached. Livingstone was then so prostrated that, though only eight miles from it, he could proceed no further. He forwarded, however, the letters of recommendation he received in Angola to the commandant. The following morning a company of soldiers with an officer arrived, bringing the materials for a civilized breakfast, and a litter in which to carry him. He felt so greatly revived by the breakfast that he was able to walk the whole way.

He was received in the kindest way by Major Sicard, the commandant of Tete, who provided also lodgings and provisions for his men.

Tete is a mere village, built on a slope reaching to the water, close to which the fort is situated. There are about thirty European houses ; the rest of the buildings, inhabited by the natives, are of wattle and daub.

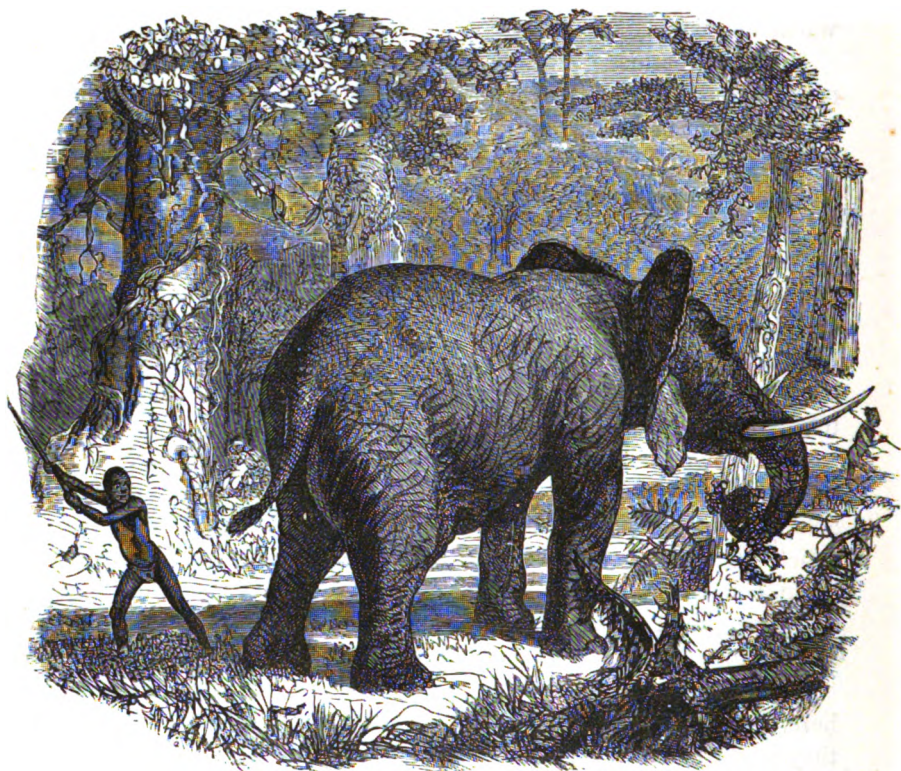
Formerly, besides gold-dust and ivory, large quantities of grain, coffee, sugar, oil and indigo were exported from Tete, but, on the establishment of the slave trade, the merchants found a more speedy way of becoming rich by selling off their slaves, and the plantations and gold washings were abandoned, the labourers having been exported to the Brazils. Many of the white men then followed their slaves. After this, a native of Goa, Nyaude by name, built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and Zambesi, took the commandant of Tete, who attacked him, prisoner, and sent his son Bonga with a force against that town and burned it. Others followed his example, till commerce, before rendered stagnant by the slave trade, was totally obstructed.

On the north shore of the Zambesi several fine seams of coal exist, which Dr. Livingstone examined. The natives only collect gold from the neighbourhood whenever they wish to purchase calico. On finding a piece or flake of gold, however, they bury it again, believing that it is the seed of the gold, and though knowing its value, prefer losing it rather than, as they suppose, the whole future crop.

Dr. Livingstone found it necessary to leave most of his men here, and Major Sicard liberally gave them a portion of land that they might cultivate it, supplying them in the meantime with corn. He also allowed the young men to go out and hunt elephants with his servants, that they might purchase goods with the ivory and dry meat, in order that they might take them back with them on returning to their own homes. He also supplied them with cloth. Sixty or seventy at once accepted his offer, delighted with the thoughts of engaging in so profitable an enterprise. He also supplied the doctor with an outfit, refusing to take the payment which was offered.



The forests in the neighbourhood abound with elephants, and the natives attack them in the boldest manner. Only two hunters sally forth together—one carrying spears, the other an axe of a peculiar shape, with a long handle. As soon as an elephant is discovered, the man with the spears creeps among the bushes in



HAMSTRINGING AN ELEPHANT.

front of it, so as to attract its attention, during which time the axe-man cautiously approaches from behind, and, with a sweep of his formidable weapon, severs the tendon of the animal's hock. The huge creature, now unable to move in spite of its strength and sagacity, falls an easy prey to the two hunters.

Among other valuable productions of the country is found a

tree allied to the cinchona. The Portuguese believe that it has the same virtues as quinine.

As soon as the doctor had recovered his strength he prepared to proceed down the river to Kilimane, or Quillimane, with sixteen of his faithful Makololo as a crew. Many of the rest were out elephant hunting, while others had established a brisk trade in fire-wood.

Major Sicard lent him a boat, and sent Lieutenant Miranda to escort him to the coast. On their way they touched at the stockade of the rebel, Bonga, whose son-in-law, Manoel, received them in a friendly way. They next touched at Senna, which was found in a wretchedly ruinous condition. Here some of the Makololo accepted employment from Lieutenant Miranda to return to Tete with a load of goods. Eight accompanied the doctor, at their earnest request, to Quillimane, which he reached on May 20th, 1856, when it wanted but a few days of being four years since he started from Cape Town. He was hospitably received by Colonel Nunes. A severe famine had existed among the neighbouring population, and food was very scarce. He therefore advised his men to go back to Tete as soon as possible, and await his return from England. They still earnestly wished to accompany him, as Sekeletu had advised them not to part with him till they had reached Ma-Robert, as they called Mrs. Livingstone, and brought her back with them.

With the smaller tusks he had in his possession he purchased calico and brass wire, which he sent back to Tete for his followers, depositing the remaining twenty tusks with Colonel Nunes, in order that, should he be prevented from revisiting the country, it might not be supposed that he had made away with Sekeletu's ivory. He requested Colonel Nunes, in case of his death, to sell the tusks and deliver the proceeds to his men, intending to purchase the goods ordered by Sekeletu in England with his own money, and, on his return, repay himself out of the price of the ivory.

He consented, somewhat unwillingly, to take Sekwebu with him to England.

After waiting about six weeks at Quillimane, H.M. brig *Frolic* arrived, on board which he embarked. A fearful sea broke over



the bar, and the brig was rolling so much that there was great difficulty in reaching her deck. Poor Sekwebu looked at his friend, asking: "Is this the way you go?" The doctor tried to encourage him; but, though well acquainted with canoes, he had never seen anything like it.

Having been three and a half years, with the exception of a short interval in Angola, without speaking English, and for thirteen but partially using it, the doctor found the greatest difficulty in expressing himself on board the *Frolic*.

The brig sailed on July 12th for the Mauritius, which was reached on August 12th. Poor Sekwebu had become a favourite both with men and officers, and was gaining some knowledge of English, though all he saw had apparently affected his mind. The sight of a steamer which came out to tow the brig into the harbour, so affected him that during the night he became insane and threatened to throw himself into the water. By gentle treatment he became calmer, and Dr. Livingstone tried to get him on shore, but he refused to go. In the evening his malady returned; and, after attempting to spear one of the crew, he leaped overboard and, pulling himself down by the chain cable, disappeared. The body of poor Sekwebu was never found.

After remaining some time at the Mauritius, till he had recovered from the effects of the African fever, our enterprising traveller sailed by way of the Red Sea for old England, which he reached on December 12th, 1856.

Dr. Livingstone, in the series of journeys which have been described, had already accomplished more than any previous traveller in Africa, besides having gained information of the greatest value as regards both missionary and mercantile enterprise. He had as yet, however, performed only a portion of the great work his untiring zeal and energy had prompted him to undertake.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE ZAMBESI

Livingstone's arrival at the East Coast—Journey to Tete and up the Shire River—Discovers Murchison Falls and Lake Shirwa—Exploration of Lake Nyassa—Livingstone starts for the Victoria Falls—Visits Zumbo and Tete—Loss of the steamer *Livingstone*—Journey down the river to Congo—Returns up the Zambesi to Nyassa and the Rovuma—The slave trade in these parts—Return to Bombay.

DR. LIVINGSTONE passed more than a year in England, and on March 10th, 1858, sailed in H.M.S. *Pearl*, at the head of a government expedition for the purpose of exploring the Zambesi and the neighbouring region. He was accompanied by Dr. Kirk (afterwards Sir John Kirk, the well-known and much respected British Consul-General at Zanzibar), his brother, Charles Livingstone, and Mr. Thornton; and Mr. T. Baines was appointed artist to the expedition.

A small steamer, which was called the *Ma-Robert*, in compliment to Mrs. Livingstone, was provided by the government for the navigation of the river.

The East Coast was reached in May. Running up the River Luawe, supposed to be a branch of the Zambesi, the *Pearl* came to an anchor, and the *Ma-Robert*, which had been brought out in sections, was screwed together. The two vessels then went together in search of the true mouth of the river from which Quillimane is some sixty miles distant, the Portuguese having concealed the real entrance, if they were acquainted with it, in order to deceive the English cruisers in search of slavers.

The goods for the expedition brought out by the *Pearl* having been landed on a grassy island about forty miles from the bar, that vessel sailed for Ceylon, while the little *Ma-Robert* was left to

pursue her course alone. Her crew consisted of about a dozen Krumen and a few Europeans.

At Mazaro, the mouth of a creek communicating with the Quillimane River, the expedition heard that the Portuguese were at war with a half-caste named Mariano, a brother of Bonga, who had built a stockade near the mouth of the Shiré, and held possession of all the intermediate country. He had been in the habit of sending out his armed bands on slave hunting expeditions among the helpless tribes to the north-west, selling his victims at Quillimane, where they were shipped as free emigrants to the French island of Reunion. As long as his robberies and murders were restricted to the natives at a distance, the Portuguese did not interfere, but when he began to carry off and murder the people near them, they thought it time to put a stop to his proceedings. They spoke of him as a rare monster of inhumanity. He frequently killed people with his own hand in order to make his name dreaded. Having gone down to Quillimane to arrange with the governor, or, in other words, to bribe him, Colonel Da Silva put him in prison and sent him for trial to Mozambique. The war, however, was continued under his brother Bonga, and had stopped all trade on the river.

The expedition witnessed a battle at Mazaro, between Bonga and the Portuguese, when Dr. Livingstone, landing, found himself in the sickening smell and among the mutilated bodies of the slain. He brought off the governor, who was in a fever, the balls whistling about his head in all directions. The Portuguese then escaped to an island opposite Shupanga, where, having exhausted their ammunition, they were compelled to remain.

There is a one-storied house at Shupanga, from which there is a magnificent view down the river. Near it is a large baobab-tree, beneath which, a few years later, the remains of the beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone were to repose.

On August 17th, the *Ma-Robert* commenced her voyage up the stream for Tete. It was soon found that from her furnaces being badly constructed, and from other causes, she was ill adapted for the work before her. She quickly, in consequence, obtained the name of the *Asthmatical*.

Senna, which was visited on the way, being situated on low ground, is a fever-giving place. The steamer, of course, caused great astonishment to the people, who assembled in crowds to witness her movements, whirling round their arms to show the way the paddles revolved.

Tete was reached on September 8th. No sooner did Dr. Livingstone go on shore, than his Makololo rushed down to the water's edge and manifested the greatest joy at seeing him. Six of the young men had foolishly gone off to make money by dancing before some of the neighbouring chiefs, when they fell into the hands of Bonga, who, declaring that they had brought witchcraft medicine to kill him, put them all to death.

The Portuguese at this place keep numerous slaves, whom they treat with tolerable humanity. When they can they purchase the whole of a family, thus taking away the chief inducement for running off.

The expedition, having heard of the Kebrabasa Falls, steamed up the river, and on November 14th, reached Panda Mokua, where the navigation ends, about two miles below them. Hence the party started overland, by a frightfully rough path among rocky hills, where no shade was to be found. At last their guides declared that they could go no further; indeed, the surface of the ground was so hot that the soles of the Makololo's feet became blistered. The travellers, however, pushed on. Passing round a steep promontory, they beheld the river at their feet, the channel jammed in between two mountains with perpendicular sides, and less than fifty yards wide. There is a sloping fall of about twenty feet in height, and another at a distance of thirty yards above it. When, however, the river rises upwards of eighty feet perpendicularly, as it does in the rainy season, the cataract might be passed in boats.

After returning to Tete, the steamer went up the Shiré, January, 1859. The natives, as they passed them, collected at their villages in large numbers, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, threatening to attack them. Dr. Livingstone, however, went on shore, and explained to the chief, Tingane, that they had come neither to take slaves nor to fight, but wished to open up a path by which his

countrymen could ascend to purchase their cotton. On this Tingane at once became friendly.

Their progress was arrested, after steaming up a hundred miles in a straight line, although, counting the windings of the river, double that distance, by magnificent cataracts, to which Livingstone gave the name of the Murchison Falls, after Sir Roderick Murchison, the popular President of the Royal Geographical Society.\*

Rain prevented them making observations, and they returned at a rapid rate down the river. A second trip up the Shiré was made in March of the same year.

They here gained the friendship of Chibisa, a shrewd and intelligent chief, whose village was about ten miles below the cataracts. He told the doctor that a few years before his little daughter had been kidnapped, and was now a slave to the *padre* at Tete, asking him, if possible, to ransom the child.

From hence Drs. Livingstone and Kirk proceeded on foot in a northerly direction to Lake Shirwa. The natives turned out from their villages, sounding notes of defiance on their drums; but the efforts to persuade them that their visitors came as friends were successful, and the lake was discovered on April 18th. From having no outlet, the water is brackish, with hilly islands rising out of it. The country around appeared very beautiful and clothed with rich vegetation, with lofty mountains, eight thousand feet high, near the eastern shore.

On their return they found Quartermaster Walker, who had charge of the steamer, dangerously ill, though he ultimately recovered.

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\* At a meeting, in 1890, of the French Geographical Society, a paper was read from the pen of M. Gabriel Marcel, of the National Library in Paris, entitled, "The Portuguese in South Africa; the Zambesi, source of the Congo, discovered by the Portuguese." M. Marcel produced the copy of a manuscript map dating from the last quarter of the seventeenth century. This map belonged originally to Abbé Bandrand, a French geographer, who died in 1700, and having become the property of the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, it was transferred, at the time of the Revolution, to the Library of the Tribunal, and thence to the National Library, where it may be seen in the Geographical Section. In the copy of this map, which M. Marcel has submitted to the Geographical Society, the course of the Zambesi is very distinctly traced, as well as the rapids and falls of Kebrabasa and the cataract of Moroumbona. The presence of gold is also indicated; and the course of the Shiré, described as an affluent of the Zambesi, is traced through a region described as fertile and populous. M. Marcel adds that the various documents, dating from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, show that the course of the Zambesi was known to the Portuguese at least as far as Zumbo, at about 15 deg. latitude south and 30 deg. longitude east; that they had fortified establishments and markets, not only upon that river, but in the interior of the country, in the whole of Mashonaland.

They returned to Tete on June 23rd, and thence, after the steamer had been repaired, proceeded to the Kongone, where they received provisions from H.M.S. *Persian*, which also took on board their Krumen, as they were found useless for land journeys. In their stead a crew was picked out from the Makololo, who soon learned to work the ship, and who, besides being good travellers, could cut wood and required only native food. Frequent showers fell on their return voyage up the Zambesi, and, the vessel being leaky, the cabin was constantly flooded, both from above and below.

They were visited on their way up by Paul, a relative of the rebel Mariano, who had just returned from Mozambique. He told them that the Portuguese knew nothing of the Kongone before they had discovered it, always supposing that the Zambesi entered the sea at Quillimane.

A second trip up the Shiré was performed in the middle of August, when the two doctors set out in search of Lake Nyassa, about which they had heard. The river, though narrow, is deeper than the Zambesi, and more easily navigated.

Marks of large game were seen, and one of the Makololo, who had gone on shore to cut wood, was suddenly charged by a solitary buffalo. He took to flight, pursued by the maddened animal, and was scarcely six feet before the creature, when he reached the bank and sprang into the river. On both banks a number of hippopotamus traps were seen.

The animal feeds on grass alone, its enormous lip acting like a mowing machine, forming a path before it as it feeds. Over these paths the natives construct a trap, consisting of a heavy beam, five or six feet long, with a spear-head at one end, covered with poison. This weapon is hung to a forked pole by a rope which leads across the path, and is held by a catch, set free as the animal treads upon it. A hippopotamus was seen which, being frightened by the steamer, rushed on shore and ran immediately under one of these traps, when down came the heavy beam on its head.

The leaks in the steamer increased till the cabin became scarcely habitable.

The neighbourhood of Chibisa's village was reached on August 25th. Livingstone had now to send word to the chief that his

attempts to recover his child had failed, for, though he had offered twice the value of a slave, the little girl could not be found, the *padre* having sold her to a distant tribe of Bazizulu. Though this



HIPPOPOTAMUS-TRAP.

*padre* was better than the average, he appeared very indifferent about the matter.

On August 28th, an expedition, consisting of four whites, thirty-

six Makololo, and two guides left the ship in the hopes of discovering Lake Nyassa. The natives on the road were very eager to trade. As soon as they found that the strangers would pay for their provisions in cotton cloth, women and girls were set to grind and pound meal, and the men and boys were seen chasing screaming fowl over the village. A head man brought some meal and other food for sale; a fathom of blue cloth was got out, when the Makololo head-man, thinking a portion was enough, was proceeding to tear it. On this the native remarked that it was a pity to cut such a nice dress for his wife, and he would rather bring more meal. "All right," said the Makololo, "but look, the cloth is very wide, so see that the basket which carries the meal be wide too, and add a cock to make the meal taste nicely."

The highland women of these regions all wear the *pelele*, or lip-ring, before described. An old chief, when asked why such things were worn, replied: "For beauty; men have beards and whiskers, women have none. What kind of creature would a woman be without whiskers and without the *pelele*?"

When, as they calculated, they were about a day's march from Lake Nyassa, the chief of the village assured them positively that no lake had ever been heard of there, and that the river Shiré stretched on, as they saw it, to a distance of two months, and then came out between two rocks, which towered to the skies. The Makololo looked blank, and proposed returning to the ship.

"Never mind," said the doctor, "we will go on and see these wonderful rocks."

Their head man, Massakasa, declared that there must be a lake, because it was in the white men's books, and scolded the natives for speaking a falsehood. They then admitted that there was a lake. The chief brought them a present in the evening. Scarcely had he gone when a fearful cry arose from the river; a crocodile had carried off his principal wife. The Makololo, seizing their arms, rushed to her rescue; but it was too late.

The expedition moving forward, on September 16th, 1859, the long-sought for Lake Nyassa was discovered, with hills rising on both sides of it.

Two months after this the lake was visited by Dr. Roscher, who



was unaware of Drs. Livingstone and Kirk's discovery ; unhappily he was murdered on his road back towards the Rovuma.

The travellers were now visited by the chief of a village near the confluence of the lake and the river, who invited them to form their camp under a magnificent banyan-tree, among the roots of which, twisted into the shape of a gigantic arm-chair, four of the party slept. The chief told them that a slave party, led by Arabs, was encamped near at hand ; and in the evening a villainous set of fellows, with long muskets, brought several young children for sale ; but, finding that the travellers were English, they decamped, showing signs of fear. The people of the Manjanga tribe, amidst whom they were now travelling, showed much suspicion of their object, saying that parties had come before with the same sort of plausible story, and had suddenly carried off a number of their people. To allay these suspicions, Livingstone thought it best at once to return to the ship.

Soon afterwards Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, set off with guides to go across the country to Tete, the distance being about one hundred miles. From want of water they suffered greatly, while the *tsetse* infested the district.

Dr. Livingstone had resolved to visit his old friend Sekeletu ; but, finding that before the new crop came in, food could not be obtained beyond the Kebrabasa, he returned in the *Ma-Robert* once more to the Kongone.

They found Major Sicard at Mazaro, he having come there with tools and slaves to build a custom-house and fort.

After this trip, the poor *Asthmatical* broke down completely ; she was therefore laid alongside the island of Kanyimbe, opposite Tete, and placed under charge of two English sailors. They were furnished with a supply of seeds to form a garden, both to afford them occupation and food.

Active preparations were now made for the intended journey westward ; cloth, beads and brass wire were formed into packages, with the bearer's name printed on each.

The Makololo who had been employed by the expedition received their wages. Some of those who had remained at Tete had married, and resolved to continue where they were. Others did not

leave with the same good will they had before exhibited, and it was doubtful, if attacked, whether they would not run to return to their lately-formed friends.

All arrangements had been concluded by May 15th, 1860, and the journey was commenced. As the Banyai, who live on the right bank, were said to levy heavy fines, the party crossed over to the left.

Again passing Kebrabasa, the travellers enjoyed the magnificent mountain scenery in this neighbourhood, and came to the conclusion that not only it, but the Cataract of Moroumbona could, when the river rises, be passed, so as to allow of a steamer being carried up to run on the upper Zambesi.

On June 20th they reached the territory of the chief Mpende, who had, on Dr. Livingstone's journey to the East Coast, threatened to attack him. Having in the meantime heard that he belonged to a race who love black men and did not make slaves, his conduct was now completely changed, and he showed every desire to be friendly.

After visiting Zumbo, Dr. Kirk was taken dangerously ill. He got better on the high ground, but immediately he descended into the valley he always felt chilly. In six days, however, he was himself again, and able to march as well as the rest.

Again abundance of honey was obtained through the means of the "honey guide." The bird never deceived them, always guiding them to a hive of bees, though sometimes there was but little honey in it.

On August 4th the expedition reached Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages which owe allegiance to Sekeletu. From thence, beyond a beautiful valley, the columns of vapour rising from the Victoria Falls, upwards of twenty miles away, could clearly be distinguished.

The Makololo here received intelligence of their families, and news of the sad termination of the attempt to plant a mission at Linyanti, under the Rev. H. Helmore. He and several white men had died, and the remainder had only a few weeks before returned to Kuruman.

At the village opposite Kalai the Malokolo head man, Mashot-

lane, paid the travellers a visit. He entered the hut where they were seated, a little boy carrying a three-legged stool. In a dignified way the chief took his seat, presenting some boiled hippopotamus meat. Having then taken a piece himself, he handed the rest to his followers. He had lately been attacking the Batoka, and when the doctor represented to him the wrongfulness of the act, he defended himself by declaring that they had killed some of his companions. Here also they found Pitsane, who had been sent by Sekeletu to purchase horses from a band of Griquas.

As the new-comers were naturally anxious to see the magnificent falls, they embarked in some canoes belonging to Tuba Mokoro ("a smasher of canoes"), who alone, they were assured, possessed the medicine which would prevent shipwreck in the rapids. Tuba conducted them at a rapid rate down the river. It required considerable confidence in his skill not to feel somewhat uneasy as they navigated these roaring waters. They were advised not to speak, lest their talking might diminish the virtue of the medicine; few, indeed, would have thought of disobeying the orders of the canoe-smasher. One man stood at the head of the canoe, looking out for rocks and telling the steersman the course to take. Often it seemed as if they would be dashed to pieces against the dark rocks jutting out from the water, then in a moment the ready pole turned the canoe aside, and they quickly glided past the danger. As they went swiftly driving down, a black rock, with the foam flowing over it, rose before them; the pole slipped, the canoe struck and in a moment was half full of water. Tuba, however, speedily recovering himself, shoved off, and they reached a shallow place, where the water was bailed out. He asserted that it was not the medicine at fault, but that he had started without his breakfast.

The travellers landed at the head of Garden Island, and, as the doctor had done before, peered over the giddy heights at the further end across the chasm. The measurement of the chasm was now taken; it was found to be eighty yards opposite Garden Island, while the waterfall itself was twice the depth of that of Niagara, and the river where it went over the rock fully a mile

wide. Charles Livingstone, who had seen Niagara, pronounced it inferior in magnificence to the Victoria Falls.

The Batokas consider Garden Island and another further west as sacred spots, and here, in days gone by, they assembled to worship the Deity.

Dr. Livingstone, on his former visit, had planted a number of orange-trees and seeds at Garden Island, but though a hedge had been placed round them, they had all been destroyed by the hippopotami. Others were now put in. They also, as was afterwards found, shared the same fate.

They now proceeded up the river, and, on the 13th, met a party from Sekeletu, who was now at Sesheke, and had sent to welcome them. On the 18th they entered his town. They were requested to take up their quarters at the old *kollar*, or public meeting-place tree. During the day visitors continually called on them, all complaining of the misfortunes they had suffered. The condition of Sekeletu, however, was the most lamentable. He had been attacked by leprosy, and it was said that his fingers had become like eagles' claws, and his face so fearfully distorted that no one could recognize him. One of their head men had been put to death, it being supposed that he had bewitched the chief. The native doctors could do nothing for him, but he was under the charge of an old doctress of the Manyeti tribe, who allowed no one to see him except his mother and uncle. He, however, sent for Dr. Livingstone, who gladly went to him. He and Dr. Kirk at once told him that the disease was most difficult to cure, and that he might rest assured he had not been bewitched. They applied lunar caustic externally and hydrate of potash internally, with satisfactory results; so that in the course of a short time the poor chief's appearance greatly improved.

Although the tribe had been suffering from famine, the chief treated his visitors with all the hospitality in his power.

Some Benguela traders had come up to Sesheke, intending probably to return from the Batoka country to the east with slaves; the Makololo, however, had secured all the ivory in that region. As the traders found that the trade in slaves without ivory did not pay, they knew it would not be profitable to obtain them, for

Sekeletu would allow no slaves to be carried through his territory, and thus by his means an extensive slave-mart was closed. Sekeletu was greatly pleased with the articles the doctor brought him from England.

The Makololo, who had been sent down to Benguela, came to pay the travellers a visit, dressed in well washed shirts, coats and trousers, patent leather boots and brown wideawakes on their heads. They had a long conversation with their countrymen about the wonderful things they had all seen.

Sekeletu, who took a great fancy to Dr. Kirk, offered him permission to select any part of the country he might choose for the establishment of an English colony. Indeed, there is sufficient uncultivated ground on the cool unpeopled highlands for a very large population. The Makololo are apt to get into trouble by their propensity to lift cattle.

The expedition left Sesheke on September 17th, 1860, convoyed by Pitsane and Leshore. Pitsane was directed to form a hedge round the garden at the falls on his way.

When navigating the river the canoe-men kept close to the bank during the day for fear of being upset by the hippopotami, but at night, when those animals are found near the shore, they sailed down the middle of the stream. The canoes were wretched, and a strong wind blew against them, but their Batoka boatmen managed them with great dexterity. Some of these men accompanied the expedition the whole way to the sea.

On their passage down the river, in approaching Kariba Rapids, they came upon a herd of upwards of thirty hippopotami. The canoe-men were afraid of venturing among them, asserting that there was sure to be an ill-tempered one who would take a malignant pleasure in upsetting the canoes. Several boys on the rocks were amusing themselves by throwing stones at the frightened animals. One was shot, its body floating down the current. They took it in tow and told the villagers that if they would follow to their landing-place, they should have most of the meat. The crocodiles, however, tugged so hard at it, that they were compelled to cast it adrift and let the current float it down. They recovered the hippopotamus, which was cut up at the place where they landed to

spend the night. As soon as it was dark, the crocodiles attacked the portion that was left in the water, tearing away at it and lashing about fiercely with their tails.

Believing that there was sufficient depth of water, they ventured down the Kebrabasa Rapids. For several miles they continued onward till, the river narrowing, navigation became both difficult and dangerous. Two canoes passed safely down the narrow channel with an ugly whirlpool, caused by the water being divided by a rock in the centre. Dr. Livingstone's canoe came next, and while it appeared to be drifting broadside into the vortex, a crash was heard, and Kirk's canoe was seen dashing against the perpendicular rock by a sudden boiling-up of the river, which occurs at regular intervals. Kirk grasped the rock and saved himself, while his steersman, holding on to the same ledge, preserved the canoe, but all its contents were lost, including the doctor's notes of the journey, and botanical drawings of the fruit-trees of the interior. After this the party, having had enough of navigation, performed the remainder of the journey on shore.

On the march they met two large slave-trading parties on their way to Zumbo. Among them were a number of women with ropes round their necks, and all made fast to one rope. They were to be sold for ivory.

Zumbo was reached on November 1st, and Tete on the 23rd, the expedition having been absent rather more than six months. They were glad to find that the two English sailors were in good health, and had behaved very well; but their farm had been a failure. One night a hippopotamus destroyed their vegetable garden, the sheep ate up their cotton plants, while the crocodiles carried off the sheep, and the natives had stolen their fowls.

The sailors had performed a gallant act. They were aroused one night by a fearful shriek, when they immediately pushed off in a boat, supposing, as was found to be the case, that a crocodile had caught a woman and was dragging her across a shallow bank. Before they reached her, the reptile had snapped off her leg. They carried her on board, bandaged up her limb, bestowed on her Jack's usual remedy for all complaints, a glass of grog, and carried her to a hut in the village. Next morning they found the bandages

torn off and the poor creature left to die, their opinion being that it had been done by her master, to whom, as she had lost a leg, she would be of no further use.

Once more, on December 3rd, the leaky *Asthetic* was got under way, but every day fresh misfortunes happened to her, till Rae declared, "She cannot be worse than she is, sir."

He and his mate, Hutchings, had done their best to patch her up, but her condition was past their skill. On the morning of the 21st, she grounded on a sandbank and filled. The river rising, all that was visible the next day was about six feet of her two masts. The property on board was, however, saved, and the expedition spent their Christmas of 1860, encamped on the island of Chimba.

Canoes having been procured, they reached Senna on the 27th. They here saw a large party of slaves belonging to the commandant, who had been up to trade with Mozelekatse, carrying a thousand muskets and a large quantity of gunpowder, and bringing back ivory, ostrich feathers, a thousand sheep and goats, and thirty head of fine cattle, and, in addition, a splendid white bull, to show that he and the traders had parted friends. The adventure, however, was a losing one to the poor commandant; a fire had broken out in the camp and the ostrich feathers had been burned; the cattle had died from the bite of the *tsetse*, as had the white bull, and six hundred of the sheep had been eaten by the slaves, they thinking more of their own comfort than their master's gain. This is one of the many proofs of the dearness of slave labour.

Proceeding down the river in boats, the expedition reached Congo on January 4th, 1861. Here a flagstaff and a custom-house (a floorless hut of mangrove stakes roofed with stakes) had been erected.

The garrison of the place being almost starved, the provisions of the expedition also ran short, though they obtained game in abundance.

On the 31st, the *Pioneer*, the steamer which had been sent to replace the *Asthetic*, appeared off the bar, but the bad weather prevented her entering. At the same time, two men-of-war arrived, bringing Bishop Mackenzie, at the head of the Oxford and Cambridge mission to the tribes of the Shiré and Lake Nyassa. It

consisted of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape. The Bishop wished at once to proceed up to Chibisa; but the *Pioneer* was under orders to explore the Rovuma, and it was ultimately arranged that the members of the mission should be carried over to Johanna in the *Lyra* man-of-war, while the Bishop himself accompanied the expedition in the *Pioneer*.

They reached the mouth of the Rovuma on February 25th. The rainy season was already half over, and the river had fallen considerably. The scenery was superior to that of the Zambesi. Eight miles from the mouth the mangrove disappeared, and a beautiful range of well wooded hills rose on either side.

Unhappily fever broke out, and the navigation of the *Pioneer* fell to the charge of Dr. Livingstone and his companions. The water falling rapidly, it was considered dangerous to run the risk of detention in the river for a year, and the steamer returned down to the sea.

The mission was brought back from Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, in the *Pioneer*, and proceeded back to the Kongone. Thence they at once directed their course up the Zambesi to the Shiré. The *Pioneer*, it was found, drew too much water for the navigation of the river, and she in consequence frequently grounded.

Among his many duties, Charles Livingstone was engaged in collecting specimens of cotton, and upwards of three hundred pounds were thus obtained, at a price of less than a penny a pound, which showed that cotton of a superior quality could be raised by native labour alone, and that but for the slave trade a large amount might be raised in the country.

Wherever they went they gained the confidence of the people, and hitherto the expedition had been eminently successful. No sooner, however, did they come in contact with the Portuguese slave trade than sad reverses commenced. Marauding parties of the Ajawa were desolating the land, and a gang had crossed the river with slaves. Manjanga had gone away just before they got the ship up to Chibisa; but his deputy was civil, and supplied them with carriers to convey the Bishop's goods up the country.

They halted at the village of their old friend, Mpende, who



supplied them with carriers and informed them that a slave party, on its way to Tete, would soon pass through his village. A few minutes afterwards this party, consisting of a long line of manacled men, women and children, escorted by black drivers, armed with muskets, adorned with articles of finery, and blowing horns, marched by them with a triumphant air. Directly, however, the rascals caught sight of the English, they darted off into the forest, with the exception of the leader, who was seized by the Makololo. He proved to be a slave of the late commandant of Tete, and was well known to them. He declared that he had bought the slaves; but directly his hands were released he bolted.

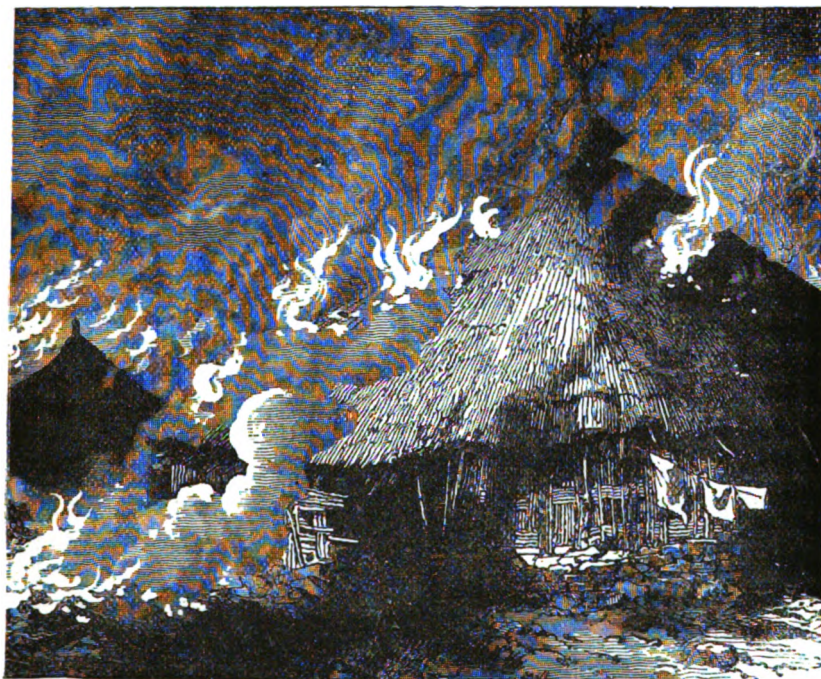
The captives, now kneeling down, expressed their thanks by clapping their hands. Knives were soon busily at work setting free the women and children. It was more difficult to liberate the men, who had each his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod riveted at both ends across the throat. A saw, produced from the Bishop's baggage, performed the work. The men could scarcely believe what was said, when they were told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and children. Many of the latter were about five years of age and under. One of them observed to the men: "Those others tied and starved us: you cut the ropes, and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you?"

Two women had been shot the previous day for attempting to untie the thongs, and another had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not at the same time carry her load and it. The rest were told that this was done to prevent them from attempting to escape. The Bishop was not present, having gone to bathe just before; but when he returned, he approved of what had been done.

Eighty-four persons, chiefly women and children, were thus liberated; and being told that they might go where they liked, they decided on remaining with the English. The men willingly carried the Bishop's goods.

Eight others were freed in a hamlet on the road; but another party, with nearly a hundred slaves, though followed by Dr. Kirk and his four Makololo, escaped. Six more captives were soon after-

wards liberated, and two slave-dealers were detained for the night, but being carelessly watched by two of the Bishop's black men, who had volunteered to stand guard over them, they escaped. The next day fifty more slaves were freed at another village and comfortably clothed.



A BURNING VILLAGE.

At Chigunda a Manjanga chief had invited the Bishop to settle in his country near Magomero, adding that there was room enough for both. This spontaneous invitation seemed to decide the Bishop on the subject.

Marching forward, on the 22nd news was received that the Ajawa were near, burning villages and killing the people.

Most of the party proposed going at once to the rescue of the captive Manjanga; but this Dr. Livingstone opposed, believing that it would be better for the Bishop to wait the effect of the check

given to the slave-hunters. It was evident that the Ajawa were instigated by the Portuguese agents from Tete. It was possible that they might by persuasion be induced to follow the better course, but, from their long habit of slaving for the Quillimane market, this appeared doubtful. The Bishop consulted Dr. Livingstone as to whether, should the Manjanganas ask his assistance against the Ajawa, it would be his duty to give it? He displayed his usual sagacity in his reply:—"Do not interfere in native quarrels."

Leaving the members of the mission encamped on a beautiful spot, surrounded by stately trees, near the clear little stream of Magomero, the expedition returned to the ship to prepare for their journey to Lake Nyassa.

On August 6th, 1861, the two doctors and Charles Livingstone started in a four-oared gig, with one white sailor and twenty Makololo for Nyassa. Carriers were easily engaged to convey the boat past the forty miles of the Murchison Cataracts. Numberless volunteers came forward, and the men of one village transported it to the next. They passed the little Lake of Pamalombe, about ten miles long and five broad, surrounded thickly by papyrus. Myriads of mosquitos showed the presence of malaria, and they hastened past it.

Again launching their boat, they proceeded up the river, and entered the lake on September 2nd, greatly refreshed by the cool air which came off its wide expanse of water. The centre appeared to be of a deep blue, while the shallow water along the edge was indicated by its light green colour. A little from the shore the water was from nine to fifteen fathoms in depth, but round a grand mountain promontory no bottom could be obtained with their lead-line of thirty-five fathoms. Lake Nyassa was estimated to be about two hundred miles long, and from twenty to sixty broad, and appeared to be surrounded by mountains, but on the west they were merely the edges of a high table-land.

Nyassa is visited by sudden and tremendous storms. Every night they hauled the boat up on the beach; and, had it not been supposed that these storms were peculiar to one season, they would have given the Nyassa the name of the "Lake of Storms."

A dense population exists on the shores of the lake, including a

tribe of Zulus who came from the south some years ago. The marshy spots are tenanted by flocks of ducks, geese, cranes, herons and numerous other birds. The people cultivate the soil, growing large quantities of rice, sweet potatoes, maize and millet. Those at the north end reap a curious harvest. Clouds of what appeared to be smoke rising from miles of burning grass were seen in the distance. The appearance was caused by countless millions of midges. As the voyagers' boat passed through them, eyes and mouth had to be kept closed. The people collect these insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, to be eaten as a relish. One of the cakes, which tasted like salted locusts, was presented to the doctor.

Abundance of fish were caught, some with nets and others with hook and line. Women were seen fishing, with babies on their backs. Enormous crocodiles were seen, but, as they can obtain abundance of fish, they seldom attack men. When, however, its proper food is scarce, the crocodile, as is always the case, becomes very dangerous.

The lake tribes appear to be open-handed, and, whenever a net was drawn, fish was invariably offered. On one occasion the inhabitants, on their arrival, took out their seine, dragged it, and made their visitors a present of the entire haul. The chief treated them also with considerable kindness.

On the high lands at the northern end, a tribe of Zulus, known as the Mazitu, make sudden swoops on the hamlets of the plains, and carry off the inhabitants and burn villages; and putrid bodies slain by Mazitu spears were seen in all directions. In consequence of this the land party, composed of blacks, were afraid of proceeding, and Dr. Livingstone accordingly landed to accompany them. While he struck inland to go round a mountain, the boat pursued her course and was chased by a number of canoes filled with armed Mazitu.

Four days passed before Dr. Livingstone, with two of his party, discovered them. He had in the meantime fallen in with the Mazitu, who were armed with spears and shields, and their heads fantastically dressed with feathers. By his usual courage and determination he prevented them from attacking him. When they

demanded presents, he told them his goods were in the boat ; and when they insisted on having a coat, the Makololo enquired how many of the party they had killed, that they thus began to divide the spoil ; and at last, suspecting that he had support at hand, they took to their heels.

Numerous elephants, surprisingly tame, were seen on the borders of the lake, even close to the village, and hippopotami swarmed in all the creeks and lagoons. Several were shot for food during the journey. Sometimes food was thus abundant ; at others, a few sardines served for dinner.

The slave trade on the lake was being pursued with fearful activity. A dhow had been built by two Arabs, who were running her regularly, crowded with slaves, across its waters. Part of the captives were carried to the Portuguese slave exporting town of Iboe, while others were sent to Kilwa.

The chiefs showed but little inclination to trade, their traffic being chiefly in human chattels. Colonel Rigby, the Consul-General at Zanzibar, stated that nineteen thousand slaves, from the Nyassa country alone, passed at this time annually through the custom-house at Zanzibar.

They, however, represent but a small portion of the sufferers. Besides those actually captured, thousands were killed and died of their wounds and famine, and thousands more perished in internecine war waged for slaves with their own clansmen and neighbours. The numerous skeletons seen among rocks and woods, by the pools, and on the paths of the wilderness, attested the awful sacrifice of human life.

The doctor saw that a small armed steamer on Lake Nyassa could, by furnishing goods in exchange for ivory and other products, exercise a powerful influence in stopping the traffic in that quarter.

The expedition had spent from September 2nd to October 27th in exploring the lake, and their goods being now expended, it was necessary to return to the ship.

On their way back they fell in with a number of Manjanga families, driven from their homes by Ajawa raids, taking shelter among the papyrus growing on Lake Pamalombe, supporting themselves on the fine fish which abound in it.

The party reached the ship on November 8th, but in a weak condition, having latterly suffered greatly from hunger. On the 14th, they received a visit from the Bishop, who appeared in excellent spirits, and believed that all promised well for future success. Many of the Manjanga had settled round Magomero to be under his protection, and it was hoped that the slave trade would soon cease in the neighbourhood. He here arranged to explore the country, from Magomero to the mouth of the river, and it was agreed that the *Pioneer*, her draught being too great for the upper part of the Shiré, should on her next trip go no higher than Ruo. The Bishop's hope was to meet his sister and Mrs. Burrup, whose husband was one of his assistants.

With three hearty cheers the *Pioneer* steamed down the river. The rain ceasing, she unfortunately ran on a shoal, and was detained in an unhealthy spot for five weeks. Here the carpenter's mate, a fine healthy young man, was seized with fever and died. A permanent rise in the river enabled them at last to get on.

On reaching Ruo, they heard that Mariano had returned from Mozambique, and was desolating the right bank of the river. He had lived in luxury during his nominal imprisonment, and was now able to set the Portuguese at defiance. An officer sent against him, instead of capturing the rebel, was captured himself, but soon returned to Tete with a present of ivory he had received.

The Zambesi was reached on January 11th, 1862, when the *Pioneer* proceeded to the Great Luabo mouth of the river.

On the 30th, H.M.S. *Gorgon* arrived, towing the brig which brought out Mrs. Livingstone and some ladies about to join the University mission, as well as the sections of a new iron steamer intended for the navigation of Lake Nyassa. The name of *Lady Nyassa* was given to the new vessel.

The *Pioneer*, with as large a portion of the vessel as she could carry, accompanied by two of the *Gorgon's* paddle-box boats, steamed off for Ruo on February 10th. Captain Wilson, with several of his officers and men, went on board her to render assistance. The ladies also took their passage in her. Her progress was very slow, and six months were expended before Shupanga

was reached. Here the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* were landed, and preparations were made to screw her together.

Captain Wilson had kindly gone on in his boat to Ruo, taking Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup and others. On reaching Ruo, greatly to their dismay, the chief declared that no white man had come to his village. They thence went on to Chibisa, where the sad news was received of the death of the Bishop and Mr. Burrup. Leaving the ladies under the care of Dr. Ramsay, the *Gorgon's* surgeon, Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk hastened up the hills to render assistance to the survivors, they themselves suffering greatly, and Captain Wilson almost lost his life.

Meantime, they learned particulars of the Bishop's death. He had set off in the hopes of rescuing some of his flock who had been kidnapped, and—undergoing fatigue and exposure to rain far greater than his constitution could stand, having been upset in a canoe and sleeping afterwards in his wet clothes—had succumbed to fever when returning with his companion, Mr. Burrup, to Ruo.

The Free Church of Scotland had sent out the Rev. J. Stewart to form a mission. Before doing so he wisely determined to survey the country thoroughly. After doing this he returned to England. He found mere remnants of a once dense population on the banks of the Shiré, now scattered and destroyed by famine and slave-hunting.

Captain Wilson returning to the *Pioneer*, she, with the ladies on board, steamed down to Kongone, where the whole of the mission party, except one, left the country in the *Gorgon*.

The fever now attacked the crew of the *Pioneer*, and only one man remained fit for duty. She, however, continued carrying up the portions of the *Lady Nyassa* to Shupanga.

About the middle of April, Mrs. Livingstone was attacked by the disease. Notwithstanding the most skilful medical aid rendered to her, her eyes were closed in death as the sun set on a Sabbath day, April 27th, 1862. Her grave was placed beneath the great baobab-tree in the spot before described, and the Rev. J. Stewart read the burial service. There rested the daughter of the Missionary Moffatt, that Christian lady who had exercised such beneficial influence over

the rude tribes of the interior, and might, it was hoped, have renewed her labours in the country to which she had come.

The *Lady Nyassa* was now screwed together and her stores got on board; but, as she could not be taken to the cataract before the rains in December, the *Pioneer* sailed for Johanna to obtain mules and oxen to convey her by land, after she had been taken to pieces, above the falls.

To fill up the time Livingstone resolved, on the return of the *Pioneer*, to explore the Rovuma in boats. She arrived at its mouth, towed by H.M.S. *Orestes*. Captain Gardner and several of his officers accompanied them two days in a gig and cutter. The water was now low; but when filled by the rains, in many respects the Rovuma appears superior to the Zambesi. It would probably be valuable as a highway for commerce during three-fourths of each year.

Above Kichokomane was a fertile plain, studded with a number of deserted villages. Its inhabitants were living on low sandbanks though they had left their property behind, fearing only being stolen themselves. They showed, however, an unfriendly spirit to the white men, not understanding their objects. The blacks assembled on the shore, and evidently intended to attack the party as they passed the high bank, but a stiff breeze swept the boats by. Attempts were made to persuade the natives that the travellers had only peaceable intentions, that they wished to be their friends, and that their countrymen bought cotton and ivory. Notwithstanding this, these savages were not satisfied, and their leader was seen urging them to fire. Many of them had muskets, while others who were armed with bows, held them with arrows ready set to shoot. Still the doctor and his companions were exceedingly unwilling to come to blows, and half an hour was spent, during which, at any moment, they might have been struck by bullets or poisoned arrows. The English assured them that they had plenty of ammunition, that they did not wish to shed the blood of the children of the same Great Father, and that if there was a fight, the guilt would be with them. At last their leader ordered them to lay down their arms, and he came, saying that the river was theirs, and that the English must pay toll for leave to pass. As it was



better to do so than fight, the payment demanded was given, and they promised to be friends ever afterwards.

The sail was then hoisted, and the boats proceeded up, when they were followed by a large party, as it was supposed merely to watch them, but without a moment's warning the savages fired a volley of musket-balls and poisoned arrows. Providentially six arrows passed over their heads, and four musket-balls alone went through the sail. Their assailants immediately bolted, and did not again appear till the boats had got to a considerable distance. A few shots were fired over their heads, to give them an idea of the range of the Englishmen's rifles. They had probably expected to kill some of the party, and then in the confusion to rob the boats.

They were more hospitably treated by a Makoa chief higher up, who had been to Iboe, and once to Mozambique with slaves. His people refused to receive gaily-coloured prints, having probably been deceived with sham ones before, preferring the plain blue stuff of which they had experience. Another old chief, on seeing them go by, laid down his gun, and when they landed, approached them.

They proceeded up the cataracts of the Rovuma, but finding that the distance overland was far greater to Lake Nyassa than that by Murchison's Cataracts on the Shiré, they considered it best to take their steamer by that route.

After having been away a month, they reached the *Pioneer* on October 9th. The ship's company had used distilled water, and not a single case of sickness had occurred on board, while those who had been in the boats had some slight attacks.

After this they put to sea and again visited Johanna, returning to the fever-haunted village of Quillimane. Here they were kindly entertained by one of the few honorable Portuguese officials they met with in that region, Colonel Nunes. He came out as a cabin-boy, and, by persevering energy, had become the richest man on the East Coast.

On January 10th, 1863, the *Pioneer*, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow, steamed up the Shiré.

They soon met signs of the bandit slave-hunter Mariano's

water and beer pots untouched, but the doors were shut, as if the inhabitants had gone to search for roots or fruit and had never returned; while in others, skeletons were seen of persons who died apparently while endeavouring to reach something to allay the gnawings of hunger.

Several journeys had been made over the *portage*, when, on returning to the ship on July 2nd, they received a despatch from Earl Russell, directing the return home of the expedition.

Considering the utter devastation caused by the slave-hunting, and the secret support given by the Portuguese officials to the slave-traders, notwithstanding the protestations of their government that they wished to put an end to the trade, it was impossible not to agree in the wisdom of this determination.

Arrangements therefore were made to screw the *Lady Nyassa* together again, as the *Pioneer* could not move till the floods in December. In the meantime it was determined to make another trip to the lake in a boat to be carried overland past the cataracts.

The same scenes were witnessed as before. Wild animals had taken possession of the ruins of a large village in which, on their previous visit, the inhabitants had been living in peace and plenty. They had no idea, having before kept closer to the river, of the number of villages, always apparently selected with a view to shade, existing in that region, all of which were now deserted.

Chinsamba urged them not to proceed to the north-west, where the Mazitu had occupied the whole region, and they accordingly remained with him till September 5th.

After this they visited Chia lakelet. On their way they met men and women eagerly reaping the corn in haste, to convey it to the stockades, while so much was found scattered along the paths by the Mazitu and the fugitives that some women were winnowing it from the sand. Dead bodies and burned villages showed that they were close upon the heels of the invaders. Among the reeds on the banks of the lake was seen a continuous village of temporary huts in which the people had taken refuge from their invaders.

On visiting the village of an Arab chief, Juma, at Kota Bay, on September 10th, they found him engaged with his people in building a large dhow, or Arab vessel, fifty feet long and twelve broad.

They offered to purchase the craft, but he refused to sell it for any amount. It was very evident that she was to be engaged for carrying slaves across the lake.

They now regretted the attempt to carry an iron vessel overland, as a wooden one might have been built at much less cost on the banks of the lake, and in a shorter time than the transit of the *Lady Nyassa* would have occupied.

Another extensive and interesting journey was taken in the neighbourhood of the lake, and, on their return along the shores, they found the reeds still occupied by the unhappy fugitives, who had more the appearance of skeletons than living beings.

Altogether in this expedition they travelled 760 miles in a straight line, averaging about fifteen miles a day, and they reached the ship on November 1st, where all were found in good health and spirits. They were visited on board by an Ajawa chief, named Kapeni, who asserted that he and his people would gladly receive the associates of Bishop Mackenzie as their teachers.

About the middle of December news reached them of the arrival of the successor of Bishop Mackenzie, but that gentleman, after spending a few months on the top of a mountain as high as Ben Nevis, at the mouth of the Shiré, where there were few or no people to be taught, returned home.

On January 19th, 1864, the Shiré suddenly rising, the *Pioneer* was once more got under way; but, her rudder being injured, she was delayed, and did not reach Morambala till February 2nd. Here they received on board about thirty orphan boys and girls and a few helpless widows who had been attached to Bishop Mackenzie's mission, and who could not be abandoned without bringing odium on the English name. The difference between shipping slaves and receiving these on board struck them greatly. The moment permission to embark was given they all rushed into the boat, nearly swamping her in their eagerness to be safe on the *Pioneer's* deck.

At the mouth of the Zambesi they found H.M. ships *Orestes* and *Ariel*, when the former took the *Pioneer* in tow for the Cape, and the latter the *Lady Nyassa*, bound for Mozambique, whence she proceeded to Zanzibar, under charge of Dr. Livingstone, and on April 30th, 1864, sailed for Bombay.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TRAVELS OF SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.

*Journey up the Nile to Berber and Khartoum—Arrival at Gondokoro—Meeting with Captains Speke and Grant—Encounter with Slave-dealers—They reach Karuma Falls—Discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake—Journey to the Murchison Falls—Return to Gondokoro and thence to Cairo and England—Baker establishes steamers on Albert Nyanza—Baker's Second Expedition for the annexation of Equatorial Africa and the suppression of the Slave trade—General Gordon succeeds Sir Samuel Baker—Some account of the Administration and Exploration of the Equatorial Province by General Gordon.*

SIR SAMUEL (then Mr.) Baker was known as an experienced traveller and practised sportsman in Ceylon, when, in March, 1861, having resolved to devote his energies to the discovery of the sources of the Nile, and the exploration of Central Africa, he set forth from England to trace the mysterious river from its mouth. He was accompanied by his young wife, who, with a devoted love and heroism seldom equalled, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties she knew she must encounter, entreated permission to be the companion of his travels.

Leaving Cairo on April 15th, they sailed up the Nile to Korosko, whence they crossed the Nubian Desert on camels, with the simoon in full force and the heat intense, to Berber. Here Mr. Baker, finding his want of Arabic a great drawback, resolved to devote a year to the study of that language, and to spend the time in the comparatively known regions to the north of Abyssinia, while he explored the various affluents of the Blue Nile.

They were kindly received at Berber by Halleem Effendi, the ex-governor, who gave them permission to pitch their tents in his gardens close to the Nile. It was a lovely spot, thickly planted with lofty date groves and citron and lemon-trees, in which countless birds were singing and chirruping, while innumerable ring-doves cooed in the shady palms. The once sandy spot, irrigated by numerous waterwheels, had been thus transformed into a fruitful garden.

After a week spent at this pleasant place, they commenced their journey on the evening of June 10th, attended by a guard of Egyptian soldiers, who were to act in the double capacity of escort and servants.



CAMP AT BERBER.

Their dragoman was called Mahomet, and the principal guide Achmet. The former, though almost black, declared that his colour was of a light brown. He spoke very bad English, was excessively conceited, and irascible to a degree. Accustomed to the easy-going expeditions on the Nile, he had no taste for the rough sort of work his new master had undertaken.

The journey across the Desert tract was performed on donkeys, the baggage being carried on camels or dromedaries.

In two days they reached the junction of the Atbara river with the Nile. Here, crossing a broad surface of white sand, which at that season formed the dry bed of the river, they encamped near a plantation of water-melons, with which they refreshed themselves and their tired donkeys. The river was here never less than four hundred yards in width, with banks nearly thirty feet deep. Not only was it partially dry, but so clear was the sand-bed that the reflection of the sun was almost unbearable.

They travelled along the banks of the river for some days, stopping by the side of the pools which still remained. Many of these pools were full of crocodiles and hippopotami. One of these river-horses had lately killed the proprietor of a melon-garden, who had attempted to drive the creature from his plantation. Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of killing one of the monsters in shallow water. It was quickly surrounded by Arabs, who hauled it on shore, and, on receiving his permission to take the meat, in an instant a hundred knives were at work, the men fighting to obtain the most delicate morsels. He and his wife breakfasted that morning on hippopotamus flesh, which was destined to be their general food during the journey among the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile.

Game abounded, and he shot gazelles and hippopotami sufficient to keep the whole camp well supplied with meat.

On June 23rd they were nearly suffocated by a whirlwind that buried everything in the tents several inches in dust. The heat was intense; the night, however, was cool and pleasant. About half-past eight, as Mr. Baker lay asleep, he fancied that he heard a rumbling like distant thunder. The low uninterrupted roll increasing in volume, presently a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, his men shouting, as they rushed through the darkness: "The river! the river!"

Mahomet exclaimed that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant roar was the approach of water. Many of the people, who had been sleeping on the clean sand of the river's bed, were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of two hippopotami which were exposed to dry.

The sound of the torrent, as it rushed by amid the darkness, and the men, dripping with wet, dragging their heavy burdens up the bank, told that the great event had occurred. The river had arrived like a thief in the night.

The next morning, instead of the barren sheet of clear white sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, cutting the yellow expanse of desert, a magnificent stream, the noble Atbara river, flowed by, some five hundred yards in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. Not a drop of rain, however, had fallen; but the current gave the traveller a clue to one portion of the Nile mystery. The rains were pouring down in Abyssinia—these were the feeders of the Nile.

The rainy season, however, at length began, during which it was impossible to travel. The Arabs during that period migrate to the drier regions in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker travelled on to the village of Sofi, where they proposed remaining during the rainy season. It was situated near the banks of the Atbara, on a plateau of about twenty acres, bordered on either side by two deep ravines, while below the steep cliff in front of the village flowed the river Atbara.

Their tents were pitched on a level piece of ground just outside the village, where the grass, closely nibbled by the goats, formed a natural lawn.

Here huts were built, and some weeks were pleasantly spent. Mr. Baker found an abundance of sport, sometimes catching enormous fish, at others shooting birds to supply his larder, but more frequently hunting elephants, rhinoceros, giraffes and other large game.

He here found a German named Florian, a stone-mason by trade, who had come out attached to the Austrian mission at Khartoum, but preferring a freer life than that city afforded, had become a great sportsman. Mr. Baker, thinking that he would prove useful, engaged him as a hunter, and he afterwards took into his service Florian's black servant Richarn, who became his faithful attendant. A former companion of Florian's, Johann Schmidt, soon afterwards arrived, and was also engaged by Mr. Baker to act as his lieutenant in his proposed White Nile expedition. Poor

Florian, however, was killed by a lion, and Schmidt and Richarn alone accompanied him.

Mr. Baker's skill as a sportsman was frequently called into play by the natives, to drive off the elephants and hippopotami which infested their plantations.

His intention of engaging a party of the Hamran Arabs, celebrated as hunters, to accompany him in his exploration of the Abyssinian rivers having become known, several of these men made their appearance at Sofi. They are distinguished from the other tribes of Arabs by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre and arranged in long curls. They are armed with swords and shields, the former having long, straight, two-edged blades, with a small cross for the handle, similar to the long, straight, cross-handled swords of the Crusaders. Their shields, formed of rhinoceros, giraffe, or elephant hide, are either round or oval. Their swords, which they prize highly, are kept as sharp as razors. The length of the blade is about three feet, and the handle six inches long. It is secured to the wrist by a leathern strap, so that the hunter cannot by any accident be disarmed.

These men go in chase of all wild animals of the desert; some are noted as expert hippopotamus slayers, but the most celebrated are the Aggageers, or elephant-hunters. The latter attack the huge animal either on horseback, or on foot when they cannot afford to purchase steeds. In the latter case, two men alone hunt together. They follow the tracks of an elephant, which they contrive to overtake about noon, when the animal is either asleep or extremely listless and easy to approach. Should the elephant be asleep, one of the hunters will creep towards its head, and with a single blow sever the trunk stretched on the ground, the result being its death within an hour from bleeding. Should the animal be awake, they will creep up from behind, and give a tremendous cut at the back sinew of the hind leg, immediately disabling the monster. It is followed up by a second cut on the remaining leg, when the creature becomes their easy prey.

When hunting on horseback, generally four men form a party, and they often follow the tracks of a herd from their drinking place for upwards of twenty miles. Mr. Baker accompanied them



on numerous hunting expeditions, and witnessed the wonderful courage and dexterity they displayed.



HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

After spending three months at Sofi, he set out for the Settite River, he and his wife crossing the Atbara on a raft formed of his large circular sponging bath supported by eight inflated skins secured to his bedstead.

A party of the Aggageers now joined him. Among them was Abou Do, a celebrated old hippopotamus-hunter, who, with his spear of trident shape in hand, might have served as a representation of Neptune. The old Arab was equally great at elephant-hunting, and had on the previous day exhibited his skill, having assisted to kill several elephants. He now divested himself of all his clothing, and set out, taking his harpoon in hand, in search of hippopotami.

This weapon consisted of a steel blade about eleven inches long and three-quarters of an inch in width, with a single barb. To it was attached a strong rope twenty feet long, with a float as large as a child's head at the extremity. Into the harpoon was fixed a piece of bamboo ten feet long, around which the rope was twisted, while the buoy was carried on the hunter's left hand.

After proceeding a couple of miles, a herd of hippopotami were seen in a pool below a rapid surrounded by rocks. He, however, remarking that they were too wide awake to be attacked, continued his course down the stream till a smaller pool was reached. Here the immense head of a hippopotamus was seen, close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river. The old hunter, motioning the travellers to remain quiet, immediately plunged into the stream and crossed to the opposite bank, whence, keeping himself under shelter, he made his way directly towards the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. "Stealthily he approached, his long thin arm raised, with the harpoon ready to strike. The hippopotamus, however, had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the veteran hunter remaining standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude. No figure of bronze could be more rigid than that of the old river-king, as he thus stood, his left foot advanced, his right hand grasping the harpoon above his head, and his left the loose coil of rope attached to the buoy.

"Three minutes thus passed, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of a furious hippopotamus, who springing half out

of the water, lashed the river into foam as he charged straight up the violent rapids. With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream, gaining a footing in the rapids where they were about five feet deep, thus making his way, till landing from the river, he started at full gallop along the shingly bed, and disappeared in the thorny jungle. No one would have supposed that so unwieldy an animal could have exhibited such speed, and it was fortunate for old Neptune that he was secure on the high ledge of rock, for had he been on the path of the infuriated beast, there would have been an end of Abou Do."

The old man rejoined his companions, when Mr. Baker proposed going in search of the animal. The hunter, however, explained that the hippopotamus, would certainly return after a short time to the water. In a few minutes the animal emerged from the jungle and descended at full trot into the pool where the other hippopotami had been seen, about half a mile off. Upon reaching it, the party were immediately greeted by the hippopotamus who snorted and roared, and quickly dived, and the float was seen running along the surface, showing his course as the cork of a trimmer does that of a pike when hooked. Several times the hippo appeared, but invariably faced them, and, as Mr. Baker could not obtain a favourable shot, he sent the old hunter across the stream to attract the animal's attention. The hippo, turning towards the hunter, afforded Mr. Baker a good chance, and he fired a steady shot behind the ear. The crack of the ball, in the absence of any splash from the bullet, showed him that the hippopotamus was hit, while the float remained stationary upon the surface, marking the spot where the grand old bull lay dead beneath. The hunter obtaining assistance from the camp, the hippopotamus, as well as another which had been shot, was hauled on shore. The old bull measured fourteen feet two inches, and the head was three feet one inch from the front of the ear to the edge of the lip in a straight line.

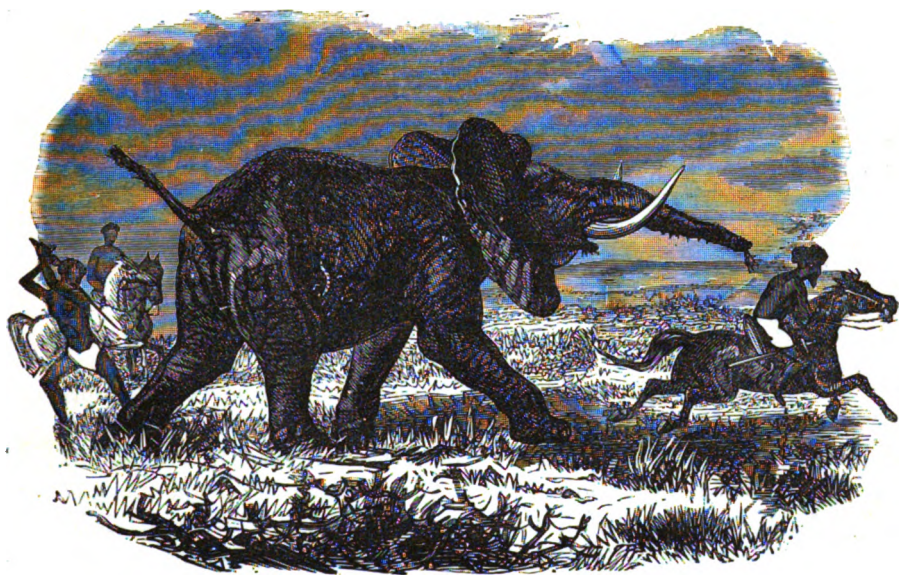
Though hippopotami are generally harmless, solitary old bulls are sometimes extremely vicious, and frequently attack canoes without provocation.

Many of the elephant hunts in which Mr. Baker engaged were

exciting in the highest degree, and fraught with no small amount of danger.

Among the Aggageers was a hunter, Rodur Sherrif, who, though his arm had been withered in consequence of an accident, was as daring as any of his companions.

The banks of the Royan had been reached, where, a camp having been formed, Baker and his companions set out in search of



AGGAGEERS HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

elephants. A large bull elephant was discovered drinking. The country around was partly woody, and the ground strewn with fragments of rocks, ill-adapted for riding. The elephant had made a desperate charge, scattering the hunters in all directions, and very nearly overtaking Mr. Baker. He then retreated into a stronghold composed of rocks and uneven ground, with a few small leafless trees growing in it. The scene must be described in the traveller's own words "Here, the elephant stood facing the party like a statue, not moving a muscle beyond the quick and restless action of the eyes, which were watching on all sides. Two

of the Aggageers getting into its rear by a wide circuit, two others, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sherrif, mounted on a thoroughly-trained bay mare, rode slowly towards the animal. Coolly the mare advanced towards her wary antagonist until within about nine yards of its head. The elephant never moved. Not a word was spoken. The perfect stillness was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack. Rodur coolly sat with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant.

"With a shrill scream the enormous creature then suddenly dashed on him like an avalanche. Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle with the monkey-like form of Rodur Sherrif leaning forward and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him. For a moment it appeared as if the mare must be caught. Had she stumbled all would have been lost, but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance, so close, however, to the creature, that its out-stretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

"The two Aggageers who had kept in the rear now dashed forward close to the hindquarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare. When close to the tail of the elephant the sword of one of the Aggageers flashed from its sheath as, grasping his trusty blade, he leaped nimbly to the ground, while his companion caught the reins of his horse. Two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant. A bright glance shone like lightning as the sun struck on the descending steel. This was followed by a dull crack, the sword cutting through skin and sinew, and sinking deep into the bone about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride the elephant halted dead short in the midst of his tremendous charge. The Aggageer who had struck the blow vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment Rodur turned sharp round and, again facing the elephant, stooped quickly from the saddle to pick up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious animal, which once more attempted

to rush upon him. It was impossible: the foot was dislocated and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant the other Aggageer leaped to the ground, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg."

Nothing could be more perfect than the way in which these daring hunters attack their prey. "It is difficult to decide which to admire most—whether the coolness and courage of him who led the elephant or the extraordinary skill and activity of the Aggageer who dealt the fatal blow."

Thus, hunting and exploring, Mr. Baker, accompanied by his heroic wife, visited the numerous river-beds which carry the rains of the mountainous regions of Abyssinia into the Blue Nile, and are the cause of the periodical overflowing of the mighty stream, while its ordinary current is fed from other far-distant sources, towards one of which the traveller now prepared to direct his steps.

Speke and Grant were at this time making their way from Zanzibar, across untrodden ground towards Gondokoro.

An expedition under Petherick, the ivory trader, sent to assist them, had met with misfortune and been greatly delayed, and Mr. Baker, therefore, hoped to reach the Equator, and perhaps to meet the Zanzibar explorers somewhere about the sources of the Nile.

Proceeding along the banks of the Blue Nile, Mr. and Mrs. Baker reached Khartoum on June 11th, 1862. A beautiful view met their sight as they gazed across the waters of the Nile. "The morning sun was shining on this capital of the Soudan provinces; the dark green foliage of the groves of date-trees contrasted exquisitely with the numerous buildings of many colours which lined the margin of the river, while long lines of vessels with tapering spars gave light to the scene. But alas! this beauty soon vanished, both the sight and smell being outraged grievously as they entered the filthy and miserable town."

At Khartoum Mr. and Mrs. Baker spent some months to recruit, occupying the house of the British Consul, who was then absent.

On December 17th their preparations for a fresh start were completed. Three vessels had been engaged, and were laden with large quantities of stores, with four hundred bushels of corn, and twenty-nine transport animals, including camels, horses, and

donkeys. Their party consisted of ninety-six souls, including Johann Schmidt and the faithful black Richarn, and forty-nine well-armed men.

Khartoum was a nest of slave-traders, who looked with jealous eyes upon every stranger venturing within the precincts of their holy land, which, as Mr. Baker observes, is "sacred to slavery and to every abomination and villany that man can commit."

The Turkish officers pretended to discountenance slavery; at the same time every house was full of slaves, and Egyptian officers received a portion of their pay in slaves. The authorities, therefore, looked upon the proposed exploration of the White Nile by a European traveller as likely to interfere with their perquisites, and threw every obstacle in his way.

As the government of Soudan refused to supply him with properly trained soldiers, the only men he could get for an escort were the miserable cut-throats of Khartoum, who had been accustomed all their lives to murder and pillage in the White Nile trade; yet, such as they were, he was compelled to put up with them, though he would undoubtedly have done better had he gone without such an escort.

The voyage alone to Gondokoro, the navigable limit of the Nile, was likely to occupy about fifty days, so that a large supply of provisions was necessary.

Difficulties were met with from the very beginning. The vessel's yards were continually being carried away. Poor Johann, who, though he had long been suffering, insisted on accompanying his employer, died a short time after the commencement of the voyage.

On January 2nd they were sailing past the country inhabited by the Shillooks, the largest and most powerful black tribe on the banks of the White Nile. They are very wealthy and possess immense herds of cattle; are also agriculturists, fishermen and warriors. Their huts are regularly built, looking at a distance like rows of button mushrooms. They embark boldly on the river in their raft-like canoes, formed of the excessively light *ambatch*-wood. The tree is of no great thickness and tapers gradually to a point. It is thus easily cut down, and several trunks being lashed together, a canoe is quickly formed. A war party, on several oc-



casions, embarking in a fleet of these rafts, has descended the river and made raids on other tribes, carrying off women and children as captives, and large herds of cattle.

Nothing can be more melancholy and uninteresting than the general appearance of the banks of the river. At all times vast marshes alone could be seen, at others an immense expanse of sandy desert, with huge ant-hills ten feet high rising above them. The inhabitants were naked savages.



SHILLOCKS CROSSING THE RIVER.

While stopping at a village on the right bank, they received a visit from the chief of the Nuehr tribe and a number of his followers. They were most unearthly-looking fellows; even the young women were destitute of clothing, though the married ones had a fringe made of grass round their loins. The men wore heavy coils of beads about their necks, two heavy bracelets of ivory on the upper portions of their arms, copper rings upon the wrist, and a horrible kind of bracelet of massive iron, armed with spikes about an inch in length, like leopards' claws. The women had their



upper lips perforated and wore ornaments on their heads, about four inches long, of beads, upon iron wires projecting like the horn of a rhinoceros.

The chief exhibited his wife's arms and back, covered with jagged scars, to show the use of the spiked iron bracelet.

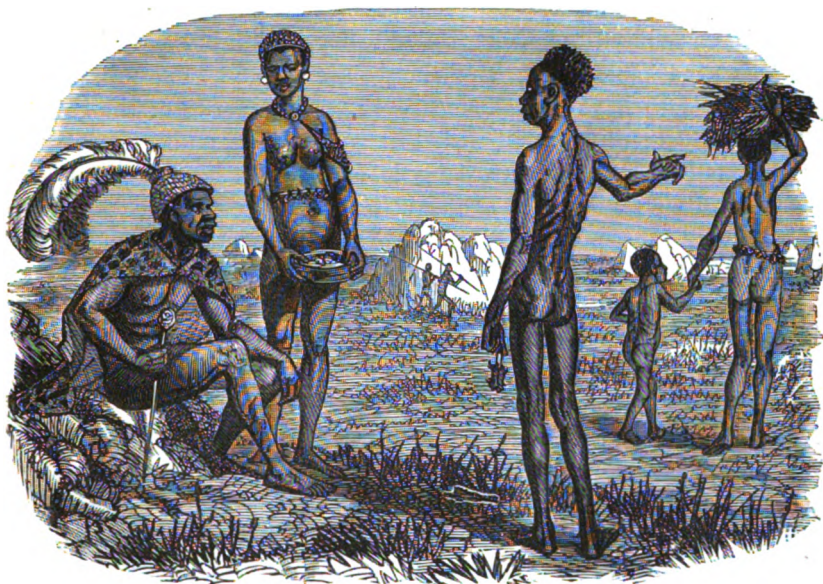
These were among the first blacks met with. They are almost too low in the scale of humanity to be fit for slaves.

Mr. Baker gained much information about the slave trade of this part of the world. Most of those engaged in this nefarious traffic were Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and some few Europeans. When a speculator has determined to enter into the trade, he engages a hundred and fifty to two hundred ruffians, and purchases guns and ammunition, and a few pounds of glass beads. With these he sails up to Gondokoro, and, disembarking, marches into the interior till he arrives at the village of some negro chief, with whom he establishes an intimacy. The chief has probably an enemy to attack, and his new allies gladly assist him. Led by him, they approach some unsuspecting village about half an hour before daybreak. Surrounding it while the occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-struck, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings. The men are shot down, the women and children kidnapped and secured, while the herds of cattle are driven off. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured by an instrument, called a *sheba*, made of a forked pole. The neck of the prisoner fits into the fork, secured by a cross-piece also behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with the rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the head-quarters with the captured herds. Of course, all the ivory found in the place is carried off. The cattle are then exchanged with the negro chief for any tusks he may possess.

In many instances a quarrel is soon afterwards picked with him, and his village is treated in the same way as that of his foes. Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by

brutal flogging, or hanged as a warning to others. The slaves are then carried down the river, and landed a few days' journey from Khartoum, whence they are marched across the country, some to ports on the Red Sea, there to be shipped for Arabia and Persia, while others are sent to Cairo. In fact, they are disseminated throughout the slave-dealing East.

Sailing on day after day, with marshes and dead flats alone in sight, mosquitos preventing rest even in the day, they at length



GROUP OF THE KYTCH TRIBE.

arrived at the station of a White Nile trader, where large herds of cattle were seen on the banks.

They were here visited by the chief of the Kytch tribe and his daughter, a girl of about sixteen, better looking than most of her race. The father wore a leopard skin across his shoulder, and a skull cap of white beads, with a crest of white ostrich feathers. But this mantle was the only garment he had on. His daughter's clothing consisted of only a piece of dressed hide hanging over one shoulder, more for ornament than use, as the rest of her body

was entirely destitute of covering. The men, though tall, were wretchedly thin, and the children mere skeletons.

While the travellers remained here, they were beset by starving crowds, bringing small gourd shells to receive the expected corn. The natives, indeed, seem to trust entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence, and are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined, their long thin legs and arms giving them a peculiar gnat-like appearance. They devour both the skin and bones of dead animals. The bones are pounded between stones, and, when reduced to powder, boiled to form a kind of porridge.

It is remarkable that in every herd they have a sacred bull, who is supposed to have an influence over the prosperity of the rest. His horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture.

A short visit was paid to the Austrian mission stationed at St. Croix, which has proved an utter failure—indeed, that very morning it was sold to an Egyptian for £30.

It was here the unfortunate Baron Harnier, a Prussian nobleman, was killed by a buffalo which he had attacked in the hope of saving the life of a native whom the buffalo had struck down.

The voyage terminated at Gondokoro on February 2nd.

The country is a great improvement to the interminable marshes at the lower part of the river, being raised about twenty feet above the water, while distant mountains relieve the eye, and evergreen trees, scattered in all directions, shading the native villages, form an inviting landscape. A few miserable grass huts alone, however, form the town, if it deserves that name.

A large number of men belonging to the various traders were assembled here, who looked upon the travellers with anything but friendly eyes.

As Mr. Baker heard that a party were expected at Gondokoro from the interior with ivory in a few days, he determined to await their arrival, in hopes that their porters would be ready to carry his baggage.

In the meantime he rode about the neighbourhood, studying the place and people.

Gondokoro was a perfect hell—a mere colony of cut-throats.

The Egyptians might easily have sent a few officers and two or three hundred men from Khartoum to form a military government, and thus impede the slave trade; but a bribe from the traders to the authorities was sufficient to ensure an uninterrupted asylum for any amount of villainy. The camps were full of slaves, and the Bari natives assured Baker that there was a large depôt of slaves in the interior, belonging to the traders, that would be marched to Gondokoro for shipment a few hours after his departure.

He was looked upon as a stumbling-block to the trade. Several attempts were made to shoot him, and a boy was killed on board his vessel by a shot from the shore. His men were immediately tampered with by the traders, and signs of discontent soon appeared among them. They declared that they had not sufficient meat, and that they must be allowed to make a raid upon the cattle of the natives to procure oxen. This demand being refused, they became more insolent, and accordingly Baker ordered the ringleader, an Arab, to be seized and to receive twenty-five lashes. Upon his *vakeel* approaching to capture the fellow, most of the men laid down their guns, and, seizing sticks, rushed to his rescue. Mr. Baker, on this, sprang forward, sent their leader by a blow of his fist into their midst, and then, seizing him by the throat, called to Saati for a rope to bind him. The men, still intent on their object, surrounded Mr. Baker, when Mrs. Baker, landing from the vessel, made her way to the spot. Her sudden appearance caused the mutineers to hesitate, when Mr. Baker shouted to the drummer boy to beat the drum, and then ordered the men to fall in. Two-thirds obeyed him, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with their ringleader. At this critical moment Mrs. Baker implored her husband to forgive the mutineer, if he would kiss his hand and beg his pardon. The compromise completely won the men, who now called upon their ringleader to apologize, and all would be right. This he did, and Mr. Baker made them rather a bitter speech and dismissed them.

This, unhappily, was only the first exhibition of their mutinous disposition, which nearly ruined the expedition, and might have led to the destruction of the travellers.

A few days afterwards guns were heard in the distance, and news

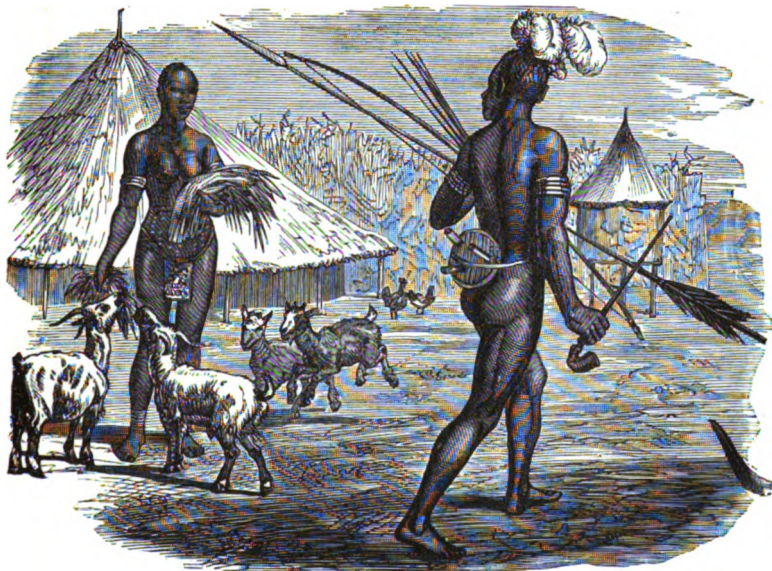
arrived that two white men had arrived from "the sea"! They proved to be Grant and Speke, who had just come from the Victoria Nyanza. Both looked travel-worn. Speke, who had walked the whole distance from Zanzibar, was excessively lean, but in reality in good tough condition. Grant's garments were well-nigh worn out, but both of them had the fire in the eye which showed the spirit that had led them through many dangers.

They had heard of another lake to the westward of the Victoria Nyanza, known as the Luta Nzige. Accordingly, Speke and Grant having generously furnished him with as perfect a map as they could produce, Baker determined to explore the lake, while his friends, embarking in his boats, sailed down the Nile on their voyage homeward.

His men, notwithstanding the lesson they had received, still exhibited a determined mutinous disposition, and in every way neglected their duties. Happily for him, he had among his attendants a little black boy, Saati, who, having been brought as a slave from the interior, had been for a time in the Austrian mission, from which, with many other slaves, he was turned out. Wandering about the streets of Khartoum, he heard of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and, making his way to their house, threw himself at the lady's feet, and implored to be allowed to follow them. Hearing at the mission that he was superior to his juvenile companions, they accepted his services, and, being thoroughly washed, and attired in trousers, blouse and belt, he appeared a different creature. From that time he considered himself as belonging entirely to Mrs. Baker, and to serve her was his greatest pride. She in return endeavoured to instruct him.

Through the means of young Saati, Mr. Baker heard of a plot among the Khartoum escort, to desert with their arms and ammunition, and to fire at him should he attempt to disarm them. The locks of their guns had, by his orders, been covered with pieces of mackintosh. Directing Mrs. Baker to stand behind him, he placed outside his tent, on his travelling bedstead, five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck-shot, a revolver, and a naked sabre. A sixth rifle he kept in his own hands, while Richarn and Saati stood behind him with double-barrelled guns. He then

ordered the drum to beat, and all the men to form in line of marching order, while he requested Mrs. Baker to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his lock when he gave the order to lay down their arms. In the event of the attempt being made, he intended to shoot the man immediately. At the sound of the drum only fifteen assembled. He then ordered them to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do.



A BARI HOMESTEAD.

"Down with your guns this moment!" he shouted.

At the sharp click of the lock, as he quickly capped the rifle in his hand, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered; some retreated a few paces, others sat down and laid their guns on the ground, while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos or singly under the various trees about eighty paces distant. On the *vakeel* and Richarn advancing, they capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition on receiving a written discharge. They were immediately disarmed. The discharge was made out, when upon each paper Mr. Baker wrote the word "mutineer"

above his signature. Finally, nearly the whole of the escort deserted, taking service with the traders.

Not to be defeated, Baker obtained a Bari boy as interpreter, determined at all hazards to start from Gondokoro.

A party of traders under Koorshid, who had lately arrived from Latooka and were about to return, not only refused to allow the travellers to accompany them, but declared their intention of forcibly driving them back, should they attempt to advance by their route. This served as an excuse to the remainder of his escort for not proceeding. Saati discovered another plot, his men having been won over by Mahomed Her, the *vakeel* of Chenooda, another trader. Notwithstanding the danger he was running, Mr. Baker compelled his men to march, and by a clever manœuvre, got ahead of the party led by Ibrahim, Koorshid's *vakeel*. Finally, by wonderful tact, assisted by Mrs. Baker, he won over Ibrahim, and induced him to render him all the assistance in his power.

Aided by his new friend, he arrived at Tarrangollé, one of the principal places in the Latooka country, a hundred miles from Gondokoro, which, though out of his direct route, would, he hoped, enable him with greater ease finally to reach Unyoro, the territory of Kamrasi.

In the meantime, however, several of his men had deserted and joined Mahomed Her. He had warned them that they would repent of their folly. His warnings were curiously fulfilled.

News soon arrived that Mahomed Her, with a party of a hundred and ten armed men, in addition to three hundred natives, had made a raid upon a certain village among the mountains for slaves and cattle. Having succeeded in burning the village and capturing a number of slaves, as they were re-ascending the mountain to obtain a herd of cattle they had heard of, they were attacked by a large body of Latookas, lying in ambush among the rocks on the mountain side.

In vain they fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, while rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above. Compelled to retreat, they were seized with a panic, and took to flight. Hemmed in by their foes, who showered lances and stones on their heads, they fled down the



rocky and perpendicular ravines. Mistaking their road, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat.



THE LATOOKA VICTORY.

The screaming and yelling savages closed around them. All was useless; not an enemy could they shoot, while the savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of a precipice five hundred feet high. Over it they were driven, hurled to destruction



by the mass of Latookas pressing onward. A few fought to the last ; but all were at length forced over the edge of the cliff, and met the just reward of their atrocities. No quarter had been given, and upwards of two hundred of the natives who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had fallen with them.

Mahomed Her had not accompanied his party, and escaped, though utterly ruined.

The result of this catastrophe was highly beneficial to Mr. Baker.

"Where are the men who deserted me ?" he asked of those who still remained with him.

Without speaking, they brought two of his guns, covered with clotted blood mixed with sand. Their owners' names were known to him by the marks on the stocks. He mentioned them.

"Are they all dead ?" he asked.

"All dead," the men replied.

"Food for the vultures," he observed. "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty." He had before told his men that the vultures would pick the bones of the deserters.

From that moment an extraordinary change took place in the manner both of his own people and that of Ibrahim towards him. Unhappily, however, the Latookas exhibited a change for the worse. The Egyptians insulted their women, and treated the natives with the greatest brutality ; and had he not exercised much caution and vigilance, both his own party and Ibrahim's would in all probability have been cut off. Ibrahim had been compelled to go back to Gondokoro for ammunition, and Mr. Baker waited at Tarrangollé for his return.

On one occasion, in consequence of the misbehaviour of the Egyptians, the whole of the natives deserted the town, and vast numbers collected outside, threatening to attack it and destroy their guests. Mr. Baker, gaining information of their intention, took command of the Egyptians, and with his own men showed so bold a front that the natives saw clearly that they would be the sufferers should they attempt to carry their purpose into execution. Their chief, Comonoro, came into the town, and seeing the preparations made for its defence, agreed to persuade his people

to act in a peaceable manner. The next morning they dispersed, and the inhabitants returned to the town.

The Egyptians, after their alarm, behaved better, though they threatened, when Ibrahim arrived with reinforcements and ammunition, that they would have their revenge.

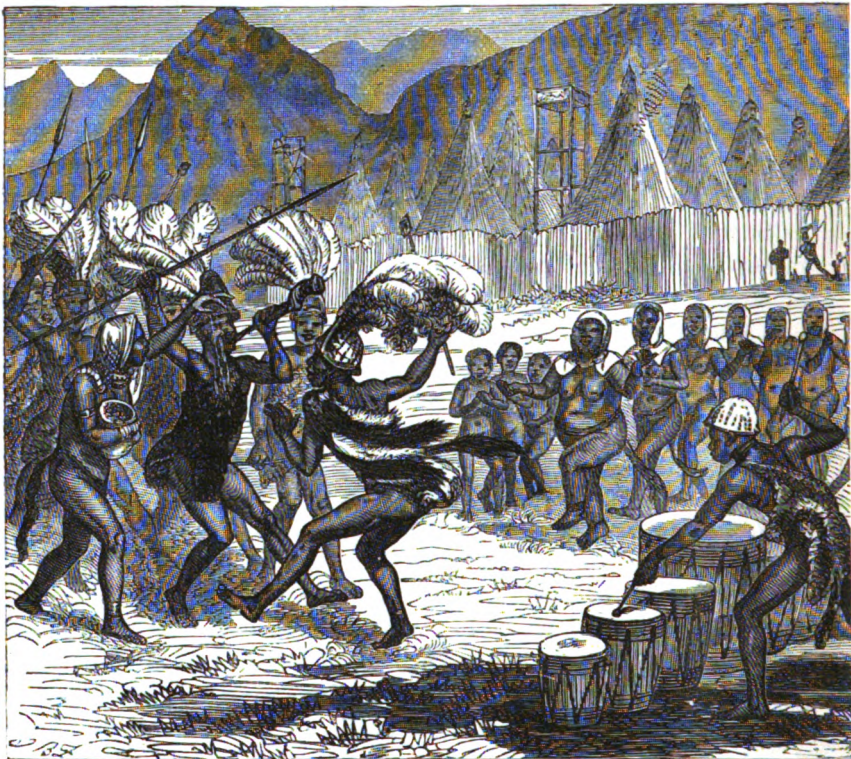
Mr. Baker, after this, moved his camp to a secure position some distance from the town, near a stream of water. Here he formed a garden, and lived in a far more independent way than before.

The debased state of morality prevailing among the natives was exhibited in a variety of ways. One of their chiefs, Adda by name, came to him one day and requested him to assist in attacking a village, for the purpose of procuring some iron hoes which he wanted. Mr. Baker asked whether it was in an enemy's country. "Oh, no!" was the reply; "it is close here, but the people are rather rebellious, and it will do them good to kill a few. If you are afraid, I will ask the Egyptians to do it."

A funeral dance a short time after this took place in honour of those who had been killed in the late fight. The dancers were grotesquely got up, and are amusingly described by Mr. Baker. "Each man had about a dozen huge ostrich feathers in his helmet, a leopard or monkey-skin hung from his shoulders, while a large iron bell was strapped to his loins like a woman's bustle. This he rang during the dance, by jerking the hinder part of his body in the most absurd manner. All the time a hubbub was kept up by the shouting of the crowd, the blowing of horns, and the beating of seven *nogaras*, or drums, all of different notes, while each dancer also blew an antelope's horn suspended round his neck, the sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screeching of an owl. Meantime crowds of men rushed round and round, brandishing their lances and iron-headed maces, following a leader, who headed them, dancing backwards. The women outside danced at a slower pace, screaming a wild and inharmonious chant, while beyond them a string of young girls and small children beat time with their feet, and jingled numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles. One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourd full of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers. The

leader among the women was immensely fat; notwithstanding this she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance."

Notwithstanding the dangers of his position, Mr. Baker frequently went out shooting, and, among other animals, he killed an enormous elephant, but the natives carried off the tusks and flesh.



**FUNERAL DANCE.**

He was able, however, with his gun, to supply his camp with food, which was fortunate, as the natives would not sell him any of their cattle.

Soon after Ibrahim's return, the Egyptians, at the request of Comonoro, attacked the town of Kayala, but were driven back by the natives, whose cattle, however, they carried off.

It became dangerous to remain longer in the country, in consequence of the abominable conduct of these people, which so irritated the natives that an attack from them was daily expected. They were, therefore, compelled to return to Obbo, the chief of which, old Katchiba, had before received them in a friendly manner.

Here, in consequence of their exposure to wet, Mr. and Mrs. Baker were attacked with fever. By this time all their baggage animals, as well as their horses, had died. Mr. Baker purchased from the Turks some good riding oxen for himself and his wife, and, having placed his goods under the charge of old Katchiba and two of his own men, he set out on January 5th, 1864, with a small number of attendants, to proceed to Karuma, the northern end of Kamrasi's territory, which Speke and Grant had visited.

The Shooa country, through which he passed, is very beautiful, consisting of mountains covered with fine forest trees, and picturesquely dotted over with villages. Several portions presented the appearance of a park watered by numerous rivulets and ornamented with fine timber, while it was interspersed with high rocks of granite, which at a distance looked like ruined castles.

Here they found an abundance of food : fowls, butter, and goats were brought for sale.

They had obtained the services of a slave woman called Bacheeta, belonging to Unyoro, and who, having learned Arabic, was likely to prove useful as an interpreter and guide. She, however, had no desire to return to her own country, and endeavoured to mislead them, by taking them to the country of Rionga, an enemy of Kamrasi. Fortunately Mr. Baker detected her treachery, and he and his Egyptian allies reached the Karuma Falls, close to the village of Atada. A number of Kamrasi's people soon crossed the river to within parleying distance, when Bacheeta, as directed, explained that Speke's brother had arrived to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents. Kamrasi's people, however, showed considerable suspicion on seeing so many people, till Baker appeared dressed in a suit similar to that worn by Speke, when they at once exhibited their welcome, by dancing and gesticulating with their lances and shields in the most extravagant manner. The party, however, were not allowed to cross till permission was

obtained from Kamrasi. That very cautious and cowardly monarch sent his brother, who pretended to be Kamrasi himself, and for some time Baker was deceived, fully believing that he was negotiating with the King. Notwithstanding his regal pretensions, he very nearly got knocked down, on proposing to Mr. Baker that they should exchange wives, and even Bacheeta, understanding the insult which had been offered, fiercely abused the supposed King.

His Obbo porters had before this deserted him, and he was now dependent on Kamrasi for others to supply their places.

The King, however, ultimately became more friendly, and gave orders to his people to assist the stranger, granting him also permission to proceed westward to the lake he was so anxious to visit. A few women having been supplied to carry his baggage, he and his wife, with their small party of attendants, at length set out.

On approaching a considerable village, about six hundred strangely-dressed men rushed out with lances and shields, screaming and yelling as if about to attack them. His men cried out: "Fire. There is a fight! there is a fight!"

He felt assured that it was a mere parade. The warriors were dressed either in leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, and two antelope horns fixed on their heads, while their chins were ornamented with false beards made of the bushy ends of cows' tails. These demon-like savages came round them, gesticulating and yelling, pretending to attack them with spears and shields, and then engaged in sham fights with each other.

Mr. Baker, however, soon got rid of his satanic escort. Poor Mrs. Baker was naturally alarmed, fearing that it was the intention of the King to waylay them and perhaps carry her off.

Soon after this, while crossing the Kafue River, the heat being excessive, what was Mr. Baker's horror to see his wife sink from her ox as though shot dead. He, with his attendants, carried her through the yielding vegetation, up to their waists in water, above which they could just keep her head, till they reached the banks. He laid her under a tree, and now discovered that she had

received a *coup de soleil*. As there was nothing to eat on the spot, it was absolutely necessary to move on. A litter was procured, on which Mrs. Baker was carried, her husband mechanically following by her side. For seven days continuously he thus proceeded on his journey. Her eyes at length opened, but, to his infinite grief, he found that she was attacked by brain fever.

One evening they reached a village. She was in violent convulsions. He believed all was over, and, while he sank down insensible by her side, his men went out to seek for a spot to dig her grave. On awakening, all hope having abandoned him, as he gazed at her countenance her chest gently heaved; she was asleep. When at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear; she was saved.

Having rested for a couple of days, they continued their course, Mrs. Baker being carried on her litter. At length they reached the village of Parkani. To his joy, as he gazed at some lofty mountains, he was told that they formed the western side of the Luta Nzige, and that the lake was actually within a march of the village. Their guide announced that if they started early in the morning, they might wash in the lake by noon. That night Baker hardly slept.

The following morning, March 14th, starting before sunrise, on ox-back, he and his wife, with their attendants, following his guide, in a few hours reached a hill from the summit of which "he beheld beneath him a grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun, while on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distant, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level."

Hence they descended on foot, supported by stout bamboos, for two hours, to the white pebbly beach on which the waves of the lake were rolling.

Baker, in the enthusiasm of the moment, rushed into the lake, and, thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, drank deeply from what he describes as one of the sources of the Nile. He bestowed upon this lake the name of the *Albert Nyanza*, after the late Prince Consort.

The dwellers on the borders of the lake are expert fishermen, and in one of their villages, named Vakovia,\* the travellers now established themselves.

His followers, two of whom had seen the sea at Alexandria, and who believed that they should never reach the lake, were astonished at its appearance, unhesitatingly declaring that though it was not salt, it must be the sea.

Salt, however, is the chief product of the country, numerous salt-pits existing in the neighbourhood, and in its manufacture the inhabitants are chiefly employed. Vakovia is a miserable place, and, in consequence of its damp and hot position, the whole party suffered from fever.

Here they were detained eight days waiting for canoes, which Kamrasi had ordered his people to supply. At length several were brought, but they were merely hollowed-out trunks of trees, the largest being thirty-two feet long. Baker selected another, twenty-six feet long, but wider and deeper, for himself and his wife and their personal attendants, while the baggage and the remainder of the people embarked in the former. He raised the sides of the canoe, and fitted up a cabin for his wife, which was both rain and sun proof.

Having purchased some provisions, he started on a voyage to survey the Albert Lake.

Vakovia, he placed, at about a third of the way from the northern end. His time would not allow him to proceed further south. He directed his course northward, towards the part out of which the Nile was supposed to flow.

The difficulties of the journey were not yet over. The first day's voyage was delightful, the lake calm, the scenery lovely. At times the mountains on the west coast were not discernible, and the lake appeared of indefinite width. Sometimes they passed directly under precipitous cliffs of fifteen hundred feet in height, rising abruptly out of the water, while from the deep clefts in the rocks evergreens of every tint appeared, and wherever a rivulet burst forth it was

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\*Stanley arrived near this spot on his memorable visit to the Albert Nyanza Lake, when proceeding to the relief of Emin Pasha. His observations on Baker's description of this portion of the lake, with its "boundless horizon," will appear later on.

shaded by the graceful and feathery wild date. Numbers of hippopotami were sporting in the water, and crocodiles were numerous on every sandy beach.

Next night, however, the boatmen deserted, but, not to be defeated, Baker induced his own people to take to the paddles. He fitted a paddle to his own boat, to act as a rudder, but the men in the larger boat neglected to do as he had directed them.

A tremendous storm of rain came down while he was at work. His own canoe, however, being ready, he started. He was about to cross from one headland to another, when he saw the larger canoe spinning round and round, the crew having no notion of guiding her. Fortunately it was calm, and, on reaching the shore, he induced several natives to serve as his crew, while others went off in their own boats to assist the large canoe.

He now commenced crossing a deep bay, fully four miles wide. He had gained the centre when a storm came on, and great waves rolled in from the lake. The canoe laboured heavily and occasionally shipped water, which was quickly baled out. Had this not been done the canoe would inevitably have been swamped. Down came the rain in torrents, while the wind swept over the surface with terrific force, nothing being discernible except the high cliffs looming in the distance. The boatmen paddled energetically and at last a beach was seen ahead. A wave struck the canoe, washing over her. Just then the men jumped out, and, though they were rolled over, they succeeded in hauling the boat up the beach.

The shore of the lake, as they paddled along it, was thinly inhabited, and the people very inhospitable, till they reached the town of Eppigoya. Even here the inhabitants refused to sell any of their goats, though they willingly parted with fowls at a small price.

At each village the voyagers changed their boatmen, none being willing to go beyond the village next them. This was provoking, as delays constantly occurred.

At length they reached Magungo, situated inside an immense bed of reeds, at the top of a hill, above the mouth of a large river. Passing up a channel amidst a perfect wilderness of vegetation,



they reached the shore below the town. Here they were met by their guide, who had brought their riding oxen from Vakovia, and reported them all well.

The chief of Magungo and a large number of natives were also on the shore waiting for them, and brought them down a plentiful supply of goats, fowls, eggs and fresh butter. Proceeding on foot to the height on which Magungo stands, they thence enjoyed a magnificent view, not only over the lake, but to the north, towards the point where its waters flow into the Nile.

Baker's great desire was to descend the Nile in canoes, from its exit from the lake to the cataracts in the Madi country, and thence to march direct, with only guns and ammunition, to Gondokoro. This plan he found impossible to carry out. Before their return to the canoes, Mr. Baker himself was laid prostrate with fever, and most of his men were also suffering.

They had heard, however, of a magnificent waterfall up the river. They accordingly proceeded in that direction, and on reaching about eighteen miles above Magungo, a slight current was perceived. The river gradually narrowed to about a hundred and eighty yards, and now, when the paddles ceased working, the roar of water could be distinctly heard. Continuing on, the noise became louder. An enormous number of crocodiles were seen, and Mr. Baker counted, on one sandbank alone, twenty-seven of large size.

Reaching a deserted fishing village, the crew at first refused to proceed further, but, on Mr. Baker explaining that he merely wished to see the falls, they paddled up the stream, now strong against them.

On rounding a point, a magnificent sight burst upon them. On either side of the river were beautifully-wooded cliffs, rising abruptly to a height of about three hundred feet, rocks jutting out from the intensely green foliage, while, rushing through a gap which cleft the rock exactly before them was the river. It is here contracted from a grand stream to the width of scarcely a hundred and fifty feet. Roaring fiercely through the rock-bound pass, it plunged, in one leap of about a hundred and twenty feet, perpendicularly into the dark abyss below, the snow-white sheet of water contrasting superbly with the dark cliff that walled the

river, while the graceful palms of the tropics, and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the scene.

This was the great waterfall of the Nile, and was named the Murchison Falls, in compliment to the President of the Royal Geographical Society. To the river itself he gave the name of the Victoria Nile.

Having taken a view of the falls, and remained for some time admiring them, narrowly escaping being upset by a huge bull hippopotamus, they returned down the river to Magungo.

Starting the next morning, both Mr. and Mrs. Baker suffering from fever, while all their quinine was exhausted, they found that their oxen had been bitten by the *tsetse* fly, and were in a wretched condition, unlikely to live. Their guide also deserted them, and the whole of their carriers went off, leaving them on the Island of Patooam, in the Victoria River, to which they had been ferried across.

It was now April 8th, and within a few days the boats in which they had hoped to return down the Nile, would leave Gondokoro. It was, therefore, of the greatest importance that they should set out at once, and take a direct route through the Shooa country.

The natives, not to be tempted even by bribes, positively refused to assist them. Their own men were also ill, and there was a great scarcity of provisions. War, indeed, was going on in the country to the east, Patooam being in the hands of Kamrasi's enemies. It was on this account that no Unyoro porters could be found.

They might have starved had not an underground granary of seed been discovered, by the means of Bacheeta, in one of the villages burned down by the enemy. This, with several varieties of wild plants, enabled them to support existence. The last of their oxen, after lingering for some time, lay down to die, affording the men a supply of beef, and Saati and Bacheeta occasionally obtained a fowl from one of the neighbouring islands, which they visited in a canoe.

At length both Mr. and Mrs. Baker fully believed that their last hour was come, and he wrote various instructions in his journal, directing his head-man to deliver his maps and observations to the British Consul at Khartoum.

The object, it appeared, of Kamrasi in thus leaving them, was to obtain their assistance against his enemies, and at length their guide, Rehonga, made his appearance, having been ordered to carry them to Kamrasi's camp. The journey was performed in spite of their weak state; and on their arrival they found ten of the Egyptians left as hostages with Kamrasi by Ibrahim, who had returned to Gondokoro. These men received them with respect and manifestations of delight and wonder at their having performed so difficult a journey.

A hut was built for their reception, and an ox, killed by the Egyptians, was prepared as a feast for their people.

The next day the King notified his readiness to receive the traveller, who, attiring himself in a Highland costume, was carried on the shoulders of a number of men into the presence of the Monarch. Kamrasi informed him he had made arrangements for his remaining at Kisoona.

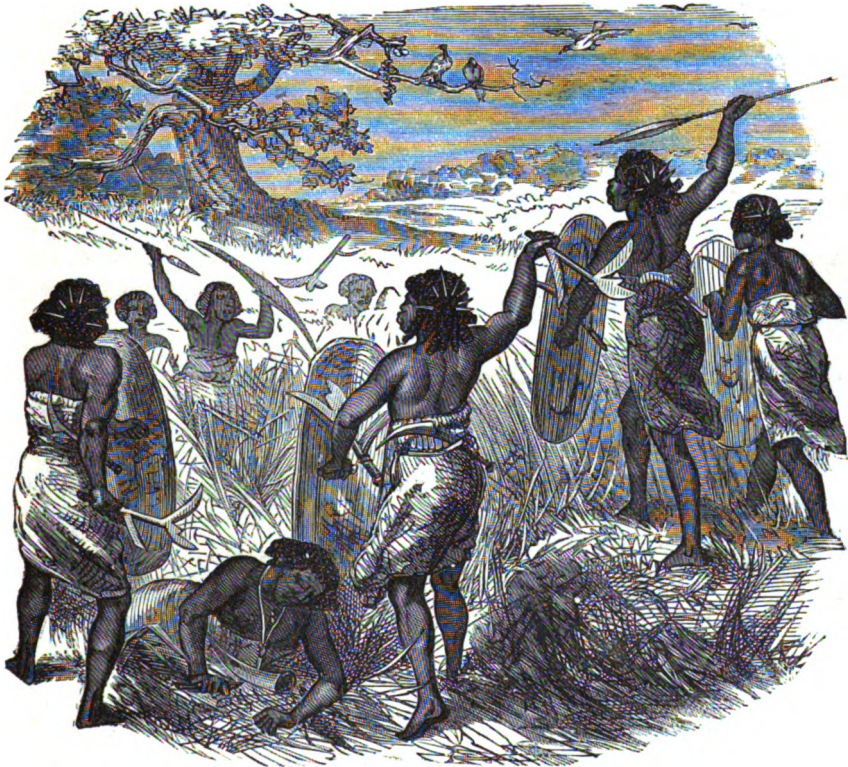
As now all hope of reaching Gondokoro in time for the boats had gone, Mr. Baker, yielding to necessity, prepared to make himself at home. He had a comfortable hut built, surrounded by a courtyard with an open shed in which he and his wife could spend the hot hours of the day. Kamrasi sent him a cow which gave an abundance of milk, also amply supplying him with food.

Here the travellers were compelled to spend many months. Their stay was cut short, in consequence of the invasion of the country by Fowooka's people, accompanied by a large band of Egyptians (or Turks, as all of the governing class were called), under the trader Debono. Kamrasi proposed at once taking to flight; but Baker promised to hoist the flag of England, and to place the country under British protection. He then sent a message to Mahomed, Debono's *vakeel*, warning him that should a shot be fired by any of his people, he would be hung, and ordering them at once to quit the country; informing them, besides, that he had already promised all the ivory to Ibrahim, so that, contrary to the rules of the traders, they were trespassing in the territory.

This letter had its due effect. Mahomed deserted his allies, who were immediately attacked by Kamrasi's troops, and cut to pieces, while the women and children were brought away as captives.

Among them, Bacheeta, who had once been a slave in the country recognized her former mistress, who had been captured with the wives and daughters of their chief, Rionga.

After this Ibrahim returned, bringing a variety of presents for Kamrasi, which, in addition to the defeat of his enemies, put him in excellent humour.



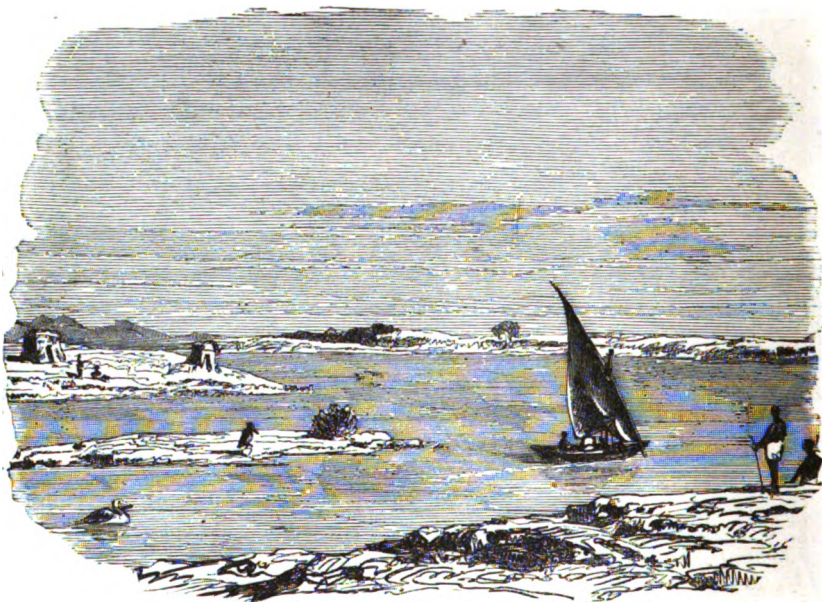
NATIVES FIGHTING.

Mr. Baker was able to save the life of an old chief, Kalloe, who had been captured; but some days afterwards the treacherous Kamrasi shot him with his own hand.

At length the Turkish traders, having collected a large supply of ivory, were ready to return to Shooa; and Mr. Baker, thankful to leave the territory of the brutal Kamrasi, took his leave, and com-

menced the journey with his allies, who, including, porters, women, and children, amounted to a thousand people.

At Shooa he spent some months more encamped among the friendly Madi. As they were marching thence through the country inhabited by the Bari tribe, they were attacked in a gorge by the natives. The latter were, however, driven back; but the following night the camp was surrounded, and poisoned arrows shot



VIEW OF THE NILE ABOVE KHARTOUM.

into it. One of the natives, who had ventured nearer than the rest, was shot, when the rest, who could not be seen on account of the darkness retired. In the morning a number of arrows were picked up.

On reaching Gondokoro, only three boats had arrived, while the trading parties were in consternation at hearing that the Egyptian authorities were about to suppress the slave trade, and had arrived at Khartoum with four steamers, two of which had ascended the White Nile and captured many slavers. Thus the three thousand

slaves who were then assembled at Gondokoro would be utterly worthless.

The plague also was raging at Khartoum, and many among the crews of the boats had died on the passage. Mr. Baker, however, engaged one of the boats, a *diabiah*, belonging to Koorshid Pasha.

Bidding farewell to his former opponent, Ibrahim, who had since, however, behaved faithfully, Baker and his devoted wife commenced their voyage down the Nile.

Unhappily, the plague, as might have been expected, broke out on board, and several of their people died among them. They chiefly regretted the loss of the faithful little boy, Saati.

At Khartoum, which they reached on May 5th, 1865, they were welcomed by the whole European population, and hospitably entertained.

Here they remained two months. During the time the heat was intense, and the place was visited by a dust-storm, which in a few minutes produced an actual pitchy darkness. At first there was no wind, and when it came it did not arrive with the violence that might have been expected. So intense was the darkness, that Mr. Baker and his companions tried in vain to distinguish their hands placed close before their eyes: not even an outline could be seen. This lasted for upwards of twenty minutes, and then rapidly passed away. They had, however, felt such darkness as the Egyptians experienced in the time of Moses.

The plague had been introduced by the slaves landed from two vessels which had been captured, and in which the pestilence had broken out. These boats contained upwards of eight hundred and fifty human beings. Nothing could be more dreadful than the condition in which the unhappy beings were put on shore. The women had afterwards been distributed among the soldiers, and, in consequence, the pestilence had been disseminated throughout the place.

Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of bringing Mahomed Her, who had instigated his men to mutiny at Latooka, to justice. He was seized and carried before the governor, when he received one hundred and fifty lashes. How often had the wretch flogged women to excess! What murders had he not committed! And now how he howled for mercy! Mr. Baker, however, begged that the

punishment might be stopped, and that it might be explained to him that he was thus punished for attempting to thwart the expedition of an English traveller by instigating his escort to mutiny.

The Nile having now risen, the voyage was recommenced; but their vessel was very nearly wrecked on descending the cataracts.

On reaching Berber, they crossed the desert east to Suakin on the Red Sea. Hence, finding a steamer, they proceeded by way of Suez to Cairo, where they left the faithful Richarn and his wife in a comfortable situation as servants at Shepherd's Hotel, and Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of hearing that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him the Victoria Gold Medal, a proof that his exertions had been duly appreciated. He also, on his arrival in England, received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, after a short stay at home, returned to Egypt. Sir Samuel having received the rank of Pasha from the Khedive, organized an expedition to convey steamers up the Nile, to be placed on the waters of Lake Albert Nyanza, and with a strong hand, to put a stop to the slave trade, the horrors of which he had witnessed. For many weary months he laboured in his herculean task, opposed in every possible way by the slave-traders, and the treachery and open hostility of the natives, overcoming obstacles which would have daunted any but the most courageous and determined of men.

The second expedition undertaken by Sir Samuel Baker, who was again accompanied by Lady Baker, had for its double object the suppression of the slave trade, and annexation of what was known as the Equatorial Province of Central Africa. It was equipped by Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, on the suggestion of the Prince of Wales. The mission was to last four years, during which period Baker Pasha was constituted Governor-General of the Equatorial Province in Central Africa, which he was to conquer and annex. The party, consisting of 1,600 troops, with all necessary equipment for warlike and peaceful purposes, reached Khartoum in January, 1870. On February 8th, Baker left for Gondokoro, up the White Nile.

But the vegetation threatened to bar the way, and a regular dam



already existed. The vessels could make but very slow progress through this obstruction, and the men were continually at work with their swords to cut a way through the "sudd" which overgrew the current. This work continued until March 1st, when the flotilla was "caught in a trap" in the vegetation, and any advance became impossible. Return was necessary, but again an advance was made with a fair wind. Still no prospect of progress, and the channel cutting was continued, in which occupation many men fell sick.

On March 11th the river had ceased to be navigable. The canal-cutting, and the attacks of insects and crocodiles in the swamps, were playing havoc with the expedition, and the mortality was increasing. On April 2nd, the order was given to turn back.

The Governor of Fashoda, who was under the Egyptian Government, and, therefore, subordinate to Baker Pasha, was convicted of slave-dealing, this man being the individual who had disclaimed all connivance or knowledge of such wicked transactions. Considering that 145 unfortunate creatures were found, the Governor's denials did not weigh much with Sir Samuel Baker, so the slaves were released, and the flotilla proceeded.

On May 1st the camp at Tewfikceyah was nearly completed, and here Baker was visited by the King of the Shillooks, some of whose subjects he had released from slavery. From one of the King's wives—an elderly woman—Baker obtained an insight into the intrigues of the ruler of Fashoda, and the Pasha promised his assistance to the injured King, who departed after being "treated" to some severe shocks from an electric battery.

At this camp the expedition remained for a while and succeeded in capturing a cargo of slaves. The vessel which was caught in this traffic appeared quite innocent and laden only with corn. Colonel Abd-el-Kader, however, had his suspicions, and he thrust a ramrod deep into the corn, whence came a scream. A woman was at once dragged out, and after a search a number of slaves were found tightly packed together under planks, and one girl was even found in the furled sail.

The slaver was confiscated and the slaves released, with papers signed by Baker to testify to their freedom. The women soon selected husbands amongst the black soldiers. The Egyptian



troops, being brown and not black, were declined by the negro ladies at once. Other slaves were liberated afterwards, and it was not till December that the fleet quitted Tewfikéyah, which was then dismantled.

The Shillook country was left at peace. The treacherous governor had been disgraced and the King's sons rewarded. The ships then began cutting their way south. One vessel was found sunk, and after many "heart-breaking" disappointments, progress was resumed. A dam had to be made to float the fleet, and during all the time the boats and working parties were attacked by hippopotami, while disease broke out among the soldiers. But on April 15th, 1871, the fleet arrived at Gondokoro, after traversing an "abandoned country," a distance fourteen hundred miles from Khartoum.

The natives were not well pleased at the arrival of Baker, who proceeded to annex the country in the name of the Khedive. Slavery was firmly prohibited, and Baker Pasha declared himself ready to punish offenders. As may be anticipated, such measures as these gave considerable offence, and the Bari tribe revolted against his authority. They declined any government, and on June 1st, an order was issued to the effect that, the Baris having refused obedience to the proclamation, force was necessary, and would be used against them. The capture of women and children was forbidden during hostilities, under penalty of death.

Preparations were made for defence, for the Baris were threatening. On June 3rd they came and drove off the cattle, the guards having presumably gone away. The thieves were followed and some of the cattle recaptured. Hostilities were now continuous, and the arrival of a treacherous trader, Abou Saood, did not tend to improve matters. Baker remonstrated with him for continuing his friendly relations with the enemies of the Government, commanded his withdrawal from the district and made him forfeit his stolen cattle.

This too lenient conduct was regretted by Baker afterwards, and, during the time he remained, the incessant attacks of the Baris and the half-hearted service of some of the troops made things very unpleasant, and dangerous after a while. The crocodiles, too,

were extremely ferocious, and many serious losses were occasioned by their attacks. One animal was captured which contained five pounds weight of pebbles in its stomach, a necklace, and two arm-lets, such as are worn by the negro girls.

In the moral discipline of the body-guard, once known as the "Forty Thieves," another successful work was completed. The Forty were now a "crack" corps ready to do anything, anything honest particularly.

The Baris were still very enterprising, and came night after night to attack the expedition. Their wily method of advance, and the silence which they observed, make their attacks all the more dangerous. The passive resistance of Baker had been regarded as cowardice, and one evening a grand attack took place. The tribes were driven off, but the troops in camp had allowed themselves to be surprised. Baker was not at headquarters, and the artillery was "not even thought of!"

Baker having fortified Gondokoro, which he now named Ismailia, quitted it with 450 men to carry the war into the enemy's country. The little force met the Baris after a march of thirteen miles, and an attack was made on their stockades, which were carried at the point of the bayonet. The Baris bolted, and Baker bivouacked. After some skirmishing, a treaty was proposed, and an alliance suggested. But treachery was at work, and Baker discovering it, attacked the Baris in their stockades. He then planted ambuscades, and succeeded in beating the Baris at their own game.

The discipline of the troops under him gave Baker considerable uneasiness; they wanted captives, which their commander had forbidden them; and after some time his chief captain, Raouf Bey, mutinied. An expedition was ordered to counteract this, and it succeeded, but the available force had been much reduced by Raouf sending so many invalids and others to Khartoum without orders. Abou Saood had also done all he could to paralyze the undertaking, and things did not look hopeful. Baker, however, determined not to be beaten, and he made an expedition to the last cataracts of the White Nile. The result was a peace with the Baris; the swift steed and the Snider rifles had subdued the tribes; Abou Saood and his people had departed.

The Expedition to the South was now determined on, and, full of confidence, Baker set out to open the communication with the Albert Nyanza. He advanced to Loboré, after a march full of incident, through a beautiful country. In March he arrived at Fatiko, where his old enemy, Abou Saood, again endeavoured to annoy him and thwart the expedition. His treachery was afterwards carried to greater lengths.

From here Baker, having made up a kind of government for the people, went on to Masindi, in Unyoro. The King was visited, and expressed pleasure at Baker's arrival. He also gave accounts of the bad behaviour of Abou Saood. The King is described as an "undignified lout of twenty years of age, who thought himself a great monarch." He turned out a spy, and was evidently not to be trusted. The natives were suspicious, Abou Saood treacherous, and the position in Masindi was becoming more strained. However, Unyoro was annexed to the Khedive's dominions with some ceremony; but after a while, some poisoned plantain cider having been sent as a present, and nearly proved fatal to many, Baker prepared for resistance. But ere he could lay his plans, the natives suddenly rose, and a fierce conflict ensued.

The battle lasted an hour and a quarter: the natives were defeated, their capital destroyed. Baker lost several men, and his valued servant Mansoor amongst them. The march was continued to Foweira, on the Victoria Nile, fighting all the time; and while at that place Baker heard how Abou Saood had planned the attack and the poisoning at Masindi.

Until January, 1873, Baker and his brave wife remained in the country, using severe discipline; but at last peace and prosperity were established.

Abou Saood was put in irons and sent to Cairo; but his mischievous career was not yet ended. He was set free by "Chinese" Gordon, who succeeded Baker, and whose expedition resulted in important consequences for Central Africa.

Sir Samuel Baker had cause to feel somewhat bitterly the conduct of the English Government in the reversal of the policy of the Khedive in administering as an Egyptian satrapy the vast territories in Central Africa, of which the annexation of the

Equatorial Province was his handiwork. He had cause to approve Gordon's epigrammatic saying, "We are a wonderful people. It was never the Government that made us a great nation. It has always been the drag upon our wheels."

On Emin Pasha taking service with the German Government in their East African possessions in 1890, after his rescue by Stanley, Sir Samuel Baker wrote as follows on the situation at the time he and Gordon relinquished the Government of the Equatorial Province, and as it had become under the new order of affairs:—

"From 1869 until General Gordon quitted the Soudan we built up a grand fabric of British influence, and linked the Albert Nyanza in direct steam communication with Khartoum. The British Government did not see it, although the slave trade of the White Nile was suppressed, and a good government was established throughout the basin of the Nile, with far greater content to the governed than we can boast in Ireland.

"England knocked all this progressive influence on the head. I do not say it was Mr. Gladstone's fault; our country has a cowardly knack of throwing dirt at a fallen Minister, forgetting that England herself must always remain responsible for every act that is committed in her name. The crushing fact remained, all that Englishmen had achieved, first in independent exploration of the Nile sources by Speke and Grant, from the south, by myself from the north; subsequently his Highness Ismail's expedition under my own command to annex the Equatorial regions and suppress the slave trade; then—after nearly five years by the late General Gordon's untiring energy in consolidating and extending the work which I had commenced—all had been paralyzed by England.

"What was the actual position of the Soudan when Gordon relinquished his command? Egypt extended from the Mediterranean to within a degree of the Equator. Throughout that enormous territory there was a responsible Government and security. There was no fear of "moonlight outrages," no cattle were houghed, no person was boycotted. You were safer in the deserts of Nubia than in Hyde Park after dark. There was a system of electric

telegraphs, chiefly erected by Giegler Pasha, throughout the Soudan from Cairo to Khartoum, along the Blue Nile to distant Fazoclé in the south-east, and to the far west in Kordofan. Fifteen steamers were plying up the Blue and the White Niles, and two upon the Albert Nyanza.

"The produce of the Equatorial regions, which, excepting ivory, could not bear the ordinary cost of transport, could be delivered at Khartoum by the bi-monthly steamers from Gondokoro, as being Government vessels, they might as well travel full as empty, without additional expense.

"All this wonderful progress had been achieved within the extraordinary interval of twenty years, before which the sources of the Nile were as dark a mystery as they had been 5,000 years ago. The British Government had no hand in this; the instruments were individual Englishmen. The employer was his Highness Ismail, the present ex-Khedive of Egypt.

"England has taken a wet sponge and completely effaced this picture of successful development and attempt at civilization. Emin was clinging to the last floating spar of the general wreck when Stanley appeared upon the scene to his relief.

"Stanley's was not a Government expedition; it was the result of independent organization; with a special object, which was heroically attained; but there was no official plan for future operations. When Emin turned his back upon the Equatorial Province there was no British policy of re-occupation; the abandonment was complete, and the White Nile regions, including the Albert Nyanza, had reverted to savagedom."\*

\* As to the probable outcome of the German expedition into the interior under Emin Pasha, this experienced African explorer and administrator writes :—

"If the Germans are wise, which they generally are, they will form stations upon the Victoria Nyanza, launch a couple of steamers, and build half a dozen Arab dhows. They will then command the lake, and can disembark a force upon the Uganda shore. The present anarchy in that country will favour their operations, as they will find supporters from one of the rival claimants. The route to the Albert Nyanza will then be easy, and Emin will be received with acclamation by those same people who mutinied against his rule, as he will appear in force of arms.

"The German expedition will have their communications secured, and can always receive support from their depôt on the east shore of the Victoria Nyanza, to be delivered at their station, near the Ripon Falls, or at any more convenient point in the north-west corner of the lake.

"An alliance with M'wanga, the King of Uganda, would entail the defeat of Kabba Béga,

Sir Samuel Baker does not, however, take a hopeful view of the commercial advantages to be derived from an occupation of the regions he annexed and governed with such energy and spirit. He says:—"I should be sorry to invest any coin in the annexation of the Equatorial Provinces with the expectation of seeing it again. During many years' experience in those parts I never saw any natural production worth one penny a pound, and the cost of transport to the coast would be a shilling, in the absence of the White Nile route and the line of steamers that we had established. Ivory cannot be purchased by legitimate means. The outlook commercially is not promising, but there is a grand field for adventure and for missionary enterprise in countries which have remained in savagedom since the time of the Creation, with a population that will fight and dance, but steadfastly refuse to work."

In the scramble for Africa, which set in about the time of the founding of the Congo State, a portion of the regions discovered by

the King of Unyoro, and Captain Wissmann, with Emin, would be master of the situation; the steamers upon the Albert Nyanza would fall into their hands, and the Equatorial Province would be regained. This may all be accomplished in a few months, under such experienced guidance as now exists in the persons of Wissmann and Emin.

"Why should Englishmen be jealous? Sure it is better that some civilized Power should re-occupy those countries, as we have abandoned them to savagedom. I see a great opening and a promising future now that English vacillation and obstruction are removed.

"The King of the Belgians has given a magnificent example of energy and success in the development of the Congo. Germany will not be slow to establish herself in command of the White Nile at Gondokoro. The Italians will be shortly in possession of Kassala, in the fertile regions of Upper Nubia, in the Taka country.

"Only fifty-two miles from Kassala, at Gooraseé, upon the Atbara, the river, although dry from December till May, is navigable to its junction with the Nile, about twenty-five miles south of Berber, from June till September. A couple of steamers conveyed in sections to Gooraseé, with a flotilla of barges, would convey a force to the Nile junction in the rear of Berber, 370 miles distant, and the key of the Soudan would fall into their hands. The Italian fort at the mouth of the Atbara would be supported direct from Kassala.

"We should, therefore, see Germany thoroughly established in the upper White Nile regions, and Italy master of the situation by the possession of Berber and Kassala. Khartoum would of necessity fall, as the natural consequence of the Italian success at Berber.

"All this may appear chimerical to strangers, but it may be effected with the greatest ease by any Power that has a determined policy to advance, and to establish itself permanently without any after-thought of retreat. England has invariably retreated, and she has worked since the occupation of Egypt without any policy, excepting her public declaration that she intends to withdraw her forces at some period during the millennium."

Here Sir Samuel Baker ignores our understanding of July 2nd, 1897, with Germany regarding the respective spheres of influence in Central Africa. England would scarcely consent to be cut off from the territories beyond the Victoria Nyanza, extending to the borders of the Congo State, and while she retains Suakin, she possesses the key to Berber, Khartoum and the Soudan. The Victoria Nyanza, also, she shares with Germany, and will doubtless place steamers there to secure a share of the trade.

our great countryman, Livingstone, was seized by the Germans, owing to the negligence of our Government, or a desire to conciliate that exacting people, who gave little in return for all our concessions.

As George Canning, early in the century, said in the *Anti-Jacobin*, of the negotiations with another friendly Power:—

“In making their bargains, the fault of the Dutch,  
Is giving too little and asking too much.”

Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa were discovered by Burton and Livingstone, and the Stevenson Road, between these lakes, is the work of our countrymen, yet Germany laid claim to these parts, and divides with us the regions round Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Speke.

Again, they demand a portion of Ngamiland, discovered by Livingstone, and forgotten till the year 1890. It lies south of the Zambesi, on the limits of the German Protectorate of Damaraland. Its actual boundaries are: on the west, the twentieth degree; on the south, the twenty-second parallel; on the east, a line drawn from the point of intersection of the Chobe River and the Zambesi, which is about fifty miles west of the Victoria Falls, to the twenty-second parallel; and on the north, a line drawn from the same point of intersection, through Andara, to the twentieth degree. Within these limits is one of the most fertile districts in South Africa. The heart of it is the point marked on the maps as Lake Ngami. South of the lake the country is undulating, woody and well watered. It is also said to be very rich in minerals, and the climate is so good that Livingstone conceived the idea of making it a health resort for Central South Africa. The River Chobe is navigable only for canoes to the Zambesi, and the more important waterway of the Okavango rises in the neighbourhood of the Cunene, in Portuguese territory, to the north, and passing southwards by Lake Ngami, changes its name to the Botletli (or Zuga), and runs out into the Kari Kari Lakes of Khama's country, within ten days' march of Shoshong. Ngamiland was formally declared to be within the sphere of British influence when our Protectorate was

announced over the neighbouring country of Northern Bechuana-land.

When Gordon arrived at Cairo, in February, 1874, to succeed Sir Samuel Baker, as Governor of the Equatorial Province, he made the mistake of releasing from confinement and taking with him Abou Saoud, who had given so much trouble to his predecessor. Efforts were made at Cairo to dissuade Gordon from taking this notorious scoundrel with him to Gondokoro, but he was of opinion that he would be "a very great help—he will be a great man, he is built and made to govern." Yet this treacherous ex-slave-dealer, so far from having any gratitude towards his benefactor, tried to take his life.

The Equatorial Province was at this time only in name under Egyptian control, there being but two forts, one at Gondokoro, held by 300 men, and a second at Fatiko, 200 miles to the south, "in a bee-line," garrisoned by 200 more. He writes, "As for tax-collecting or any Government existing outside the forts, it is all nonsense, for you cannot go out in safety half a mile—all because they have been fighting the poor natives and stealing their cattle." This was due chiefly to the exactions of Raouf Bey, the Egyptian Governor, whom he relieved. Gordon organized a station on the Sambat River, and strove to conciliate the wild Shillooks. The unhealthiness of this climate told on his staff. Anson, De Witt and the elder Linant all died. He had to abandon Gondokoro as his principal station, and transferred the Government to Lado, twelve miles down the river. He completed a map of the Nile, from Rageef to Lado, and had worked hard to suppress the slave trade. He sent Kemp, the only one of his assistants at headquarters, to Dufflé, at the head of the cataracts, 134 miles south of Gondokoro, to put together the steamer that was intended to be used for the navigation of the Albert Nyanza, but troubles with the tribes, caused by the misconduct of Kemp's escort, necessitated the abandonment of the work.

Colonel Long, one of his American officers, had been doing good work before leaving sick for Khartoum. He had visited Mtesa, the King of Uganda, and had met with a favourable reception. On his



way down he had discovered and used a water passage from Urandogani to Foweira, which gave Gordon great satisfaction, facilitating, as it would, his access to Mtesa's capital.

One of Gordon's staff thus summed up the work he accomplished within the first year of his arrival:—"He has certainly done wonders since his stay in this country. When he arrived, only ten months ago, he found a few hundred soldiers in Gondokoro, who dare not go a hundred yards from that place, except when armed and in bands, on account of the hostile Baris. With these troops Gordon had garrisoned eight stations, Sambat, Ratachambe, Bohr, Lado, Rageef, Fatiko, Dufflé and Makrane. Baker's expedition cost the Egyptian Government nearly £1,200,000, while Gordon had already sent up sufficient money to Cairo to pay for all the expenses of the expedition, including not only the sums required for last year, but the amount estimated for the current one as well."

Gordon soon found he had made a mistake in appointing Aboo Saoud, and was obliged to remove him from his governorship in disgrace. This policy of selecting a slave-dealer to assist in the suppression of the slave-trade—"setting a thief to catch a thief"—ended in failure when adopted in Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, in the case of Tippoo Tib, who had played Cameron false and was a black-hearted knave. Gordon, in his last mission to Khartoum, in 1884, asked Lord Granville for the services of Zebehr Pasha, a notoriously cruel slave-trader, but his request, though repeatedly made, was refused. Whether this was wise of the Foreign Secretary must ever be a moot question, but there can be little doubt, we should say, that it was wrong to saddle a man with a grave responsibility, and to deny him a free hand to employ the agents he desired to secure the end in view.

Gordon formed a station at Kerri, 30 miles south of Rageef, which he garrisoned with 100 soldiers, and another station at Moojie. But these milestones on the path of civilization were not won without loss. One of his assistants, the younger Linant, whom Gordon had sent to Mtesa's capital, where he had met Stanley in April, had been surprised, and himself and nearly all his

detachment of thirty-six soldiers were killed. The chain of new stations was nearly complete to the Albert Nyanza.

Early in January, 1876, Gordon was marching south to Foweira, with the object of ousting Kabba Rega, who had been slave-hunting, from the Kingship of Unyoro, and restoring Rionga, who had served under Baker Pasha. Having succeeded in this, Gordon left garrisons at Masindi and Mrooli, and returned to Dufflé. In the following March, the Italian, Gessi, one of his assistants, started with two life-boats to explore the Albert Nyanza. This he did successfully, and earned Gordon's commendation.

On the completion of the steamer at Dufflé, Gordon, though his hands were more than full of administrative work, which was the object of his mission, undertook a share of that exploration which fascinates all who have served in the lake regions of the Dark Continent. He subsequently wrote: "It was contended that the Nile did not flow out of Lake Victoria and thence into Lake Albert, and so northward, but that one river flowed out of Lake Victoria and another out of Lake Albert, and that these two rivers united and formed the Nile. This statement could not be positively denied, inasmuch as no one had actually gone along the river from Foweira to Magungo. So I went along it with much suffering, and settled the great question. I also found that from Foweira to Karuma Falls there was a series of rapids to Murchison Falls, thus by degrees getting rid of the 1,000 feet difference of level between Foweira and Magungo."

On July 28th, Gordon was on Lake Albert at the point where it receives the Victoria Nile. Here he began his arduous survey work of the seventy miles stretching from Magungo to Foweira. Writing near Murchison Falls, he says: "A dead mournful place this is, with a heavy damp dew penetrating everywhere; it is as if the Angel Azrael had spread his wings over this land. You can have little idea of the silence and solitude." The survey was completed in a downpour of rain, through a dense jungle. At the end of five days Gordon arrived at the deserted station of Anfina, and three days later he was in Foweira. He visited the station that had been formed at Mrooli, seventy-five

miles up the Victoria Nile from Foweira, and penetrated by land eighty miles further in the direction of Lake Victoria. Then he turned back, and visited Masindi station, thence arriving at Magungo on September 29th, having annexed to Egypt a large tract of the Equatorial Lake region. On October 6th, Gordon started on his journey northward, and reached Cairo on December 2nd. On Christmas Eve, he was in London, having resigned the Khedive's service.

During his eighteen months' administration, he had "mapped the White Nile from Khartoum to within a short distance of Victoria Nyanza. He had given to the slave trade on the White Nile a deadly blow. He had restored confidence and peace among the tribes of the Nile valley, so that they now freely brought into the stations their beef, corn, and ivory for sale. He had opened up the water communication between Gondokoro and the Lakes. He had established satisfactory relations with King Mtesa; formed Government districts, and established secure posts with safe communication between them. Finally, he had contributed a revenue to the Khedivial exchequer, and this without oppression."

The Khedive Ismail was too sagacious a prince not to value the services of the honest, capable Englishman above those of the time-serving, corrupt Egyptian Pashas around him; and when he agreed to remove Ismail Yacoob Pasha, the Governor-General of the Soudan, who had encouraged the slave trade all the time Gordon was working to put it down, the Englishman consented to return to Africa, armed with autocratic powers, as Governor-General of the Soudan, Darfour, and the Equatorial Province.

In February, 1877, Gordon was back at Cairo, and after undertaking a mission on behalf of the Khedive, *via* Massowah, to Walad, General of the King of Abyssinia, at Keren, capital of the frontier province of Bogos, he proceeded, by rapid marches on camel-back, of about forty-five miles a day, to Khartoum, the capital of his vast dominions, where he was destined, a few years later, to lay down his valuable life. In less than a month he had infused a new spirit into the administration, which he purged of venality, while he abolished the "koorbash," or lash. From Khartoum he hastened to Darfour.

Journeying to Obeid and Fogia, he relieved Fascher, the capital of Darfour, and gained the submission of the rebel forces, under Suleiman,\* son of the Arab slave-trader, Zebehr Pasha. His arrival at Dara he compared to the relief of Lucknow, riding on his camel eighty-three miles in thirty-six hours, and leaving his escort in the rear.

After a visit to Shakka, Gordon returned to Khartoum, and came to Cairo at the request of the Khedive, having journeyed during the year on camel-back no less than 4,000 miles. Again this restless and active satrap set off for his Government, first proceeding to Zeila, opposite to Aden, whence he journeyed to Harrar, 200 miles inland, a place rarely visited by a European, which was under his orders. Gordon dismissed from the office of governor, Raouf Pasha, whom he had relieved at Gondokoro four years previously, and who succeeded him as Governor-General of the Soudan.

Proceeding to Suakin, Gordon travelled through the desert to Berber, and was once more at Khartoum. Here he proceeded with the work of combating the slave trade and continuing the never ending Sysiphus-like work of instilling habits of honesty into his Egyptian subordinates. His able lieutenant, Gessi, defeated Suleiman, rescuing 10,000 slaves, while at the same time, the Cairo Government wished to force on Gordon, Zebehr Pasha, the father of Suleiman, but he refused to employ him, though, with a strange inconsistency, he asked for the arch slave-trader in 1884. Gessi captured and shot Suleiman and ten of his gang, by orders of General Gordon, who, after clearing out the slave-traders from Shakka, left for Cairo, and proceeded, *via* Massowah, on a mission for the Egyptian Government to King Johannis, of Abyssinia, whom he visited at Debra Tabor, near Gondar.

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\* Gordon describes the scene in his picturesque way:—"At dawn I got up, and, putting on the golden armour the Khedive gave me. . . . rode out to the camp of robbers, three miles off. I was met by the son of Zebehr, a nice looking lad of twenty-two years, and rode through the robber band. There were about three thousand of them, men and boys. I rode to the tent in the camp. The whole body of chiefs were dumbfounded at my coming among them. After a glass of water, I told the son of Zebehr to come with his family to my divan. They all came, and, sitting there in a circle, I gave them, in choice Arabic, my ideas. That they meditated revolt, that I knew it, and that now they should have my ultimatum, viz., that I would disarm them and break them up. They listened in silence, and then went off to consider what I had said. They have just now sent me a letter stating their submission, and I thank God for it. . . ."

He now resigned the service of the new Khedive, Tewfik, successor to Ismail, for whom Gordon always had a liking, and, in 1880, was once more in England. Hence, in May, Gordon proceeded to India, as Military Secretary to Lord Lytton, but his stay was brief. He left India for China, on the invitation of his old colleague, Li Hung Chang, now Prime Minister of the Celestial Empire; and having advised him against the folly of going to war with Russia, he returned to England and went on a visit to the King of the Belgians to discuss his International African Association for the civilization of the Congo districts.

In June, 1881, we find him in Mauritius, fulfilling the prosaic duties of Commanding Officer of the Royal Engineers. On his way he visited, at Suez, the grave of his distinguished Soudan assistant, Gessi Pasha, who had died at the hospital there, on the preceding April 3rd, of fever contracted in the deadly Soudan, which had carried off nearly all Gordon's subordinates, leaving him only to be its last and noblest victim.

But he gravitated to Africa, as the needle to the pole, and in March, 1882, General Gordon (as he now was) accepted the offer of the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, to set in order the disturbed affairs of Basutoland. In May he was at work, having first drawn up a plan for the organization of the colonial forces, the command of which he had declined. Gordon went on a mission to try and win over Masupha, the recalcitrant Basuto chief, but the emissaries of the Cape Government inspired Letsea, another Basuto leader, to assail the paramount chief, and Gordon, in disgust at what he considered a breach of faith, resigned the appointment and returned to England.

Then came his last mission to Khartoum, to save the Egyptian garrisons and settlers and evacuate the Soudan, consequent on the rise of the Mahdi, whose defeat of Hicks Pasha, in September, 1883, forty-five miles from El Duem, while on the march to Obeid, put an end to Egyptian domination in the Soudan. The iniquities perpetrated by the Pashas,\* had frequently drawn from

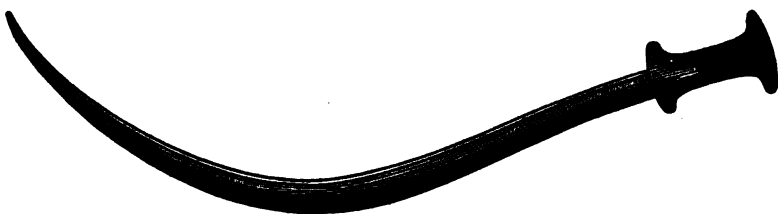
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\* Of these Pashas and the Egyptian system of Government, he indignantly wrote: "The Government of the Egyptians in those far off countries is nothing else but one of brigandage

Gordon his most scathing denunciations, and it was a strange fate that doomed him—the one of all others who had worked during the best years of his life to eradicate these evils—to fall a victim to the righteous indignation which inspired the down-trodden people to rise and annihilate their oppressors.

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of the very worst description. It is so bad that all hope of ameliorating it is hopeless. I have no hesitation in saying that an Arab Governor suits the people better, and is more agreeable to them than an European." Of the officers and soldiers, his agents in the process of coercing the people of the Soudan into submission, and destroying the slave-trade, he says: "It is degrading to call these leaders and these men officers and soldiers. I wish they had one neck, and that someone would squeeze it. When not obliged, I keep as far as I can from them, out of earshot of their voices. It is not the climate; it is not the natives: but it is the soldiery which is my horror."



SWORD OF THE HAMRAN ARABS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S THIRD JOURNEY TO THE ZAMBESI.

Livingstone lands near the mouth of the Rovuma—Reaches Lake Nyassa—The Babisa chief—Proceeds westward—Visits the Zambesi—Arrives at Kasembe's city, Londa—Reception by the King and his wife—Important discoveries by Livingstone—Lakes Mopo, Moero and Bangweolo—He discovers the Lualaba, or Congo, River—Arrival at Nyangwé, on the Congo—Is compelled to return east—Illness of Livingstone—Returns to Ujiji—Young's expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone—News of the Great Traveller.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dangers and hardships he had endured during the many years spent in penetrating into the interior of Africa and exploring the Zambesi, Dr. Livingstone, unwearied and undaunted, felt an ardent desire to make further discoveries, to open up a road for commerce, and, more than all, to prepare the way for the spread of the Gospel among the benighted inhabitants of the mighty continent.

A year after he performed his adventurous voyage in the *Lady Nyassa* to Bombay, he returned to Zanzibar to make arrangements for another journey of exploration.

For the particulars of this expedition we have to depend on the brief letters he sent home at distant periods, and more especially on the deeply-interesting account of Mr. Stanley, who, when many had begun to despair of the traveller's return, made his adventurous journey to find him.\*

The Governor of Bombay had given Dr. Livingstone permission to take twelve Sepoys, who, being provided with Enfield rifles, were to act as guards to the expedition. He had brought nine men from Johanna, in the Comoro Islands, and these, with seven liberated slaves and two Zambesi men, making thirty in all, formed his attendants, who were considered sufficient to enable him to pass through the country without having to fear any marauding attacks from the natives.

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\* "How I found Livingstone," by Henry M. Stanley.  
Sampson, Low & Co. 1872.

Leaving Zanzibar in March, 1866, he landed in a bay to the north of the mouth of the Rovuma River early in the following month.

On April 7th he began his journey into the interior, moving along the left bank of the river. His baggage consisted of bales of cloth and bags of beads, with which to enable him to purchase food and pay tribute to the chiefs through whose territories he might pass. He had, besides, his chronometer, sextant, artificial horizon and thermometers carried in cases, as also medicines, and the necessary clothing and other articles for himself. To carry the baggage he had also bought six camels, three horses, two mules and three donkeys.

The route he had chosen was beset with difficulties. For miles on the banks of the river he found the country covered with dense jungle, through which the axe was required to hew a way. There was, indeed, a path, formed by the natives, sufficient for the passage of persons unencumbered by baggage, but which it was found the camels could not possibly pass along unless the branches overhead were first cut down.

Greatly to his disappointment the Sepoys and Johanna men, unaccustomed to such sort of labour, showed from the first a great dislike to be employed in it, and, soon after they started, they began to use every means in their power to frustrate the expedition, in order to compel their leader to return to the coast. So cruelly did they neglect and ill-treat the unfortunate camels and other animals, that in a short time they all died. The doctor, however, obtained natives to carry the loads. They then tried to prejudice him in the minds of the natives by bringing all sorts of false accusations against him. They likewise behaved ill in a variety of other ways. To lighten their own shoulders, they laid hands on any woman or boy they could find, and compelled them to carry their arms and ammunition. Frequently also, after marching a short distance, they would throw themselves down on the ground, declaring that they were too much fatigued to move, and refused to advance, often not making their appearance till the camp was formed in the evening.

Livingstone, feeling that even should he be attacked, they



would probably desert him, at length dismissed the whole of the Sepoys, and, providing them with provisions, sent them back to the coast.

For several days together he and his remaining men travelled through an uninhabited wilderness, and, being unable to obtain food, they suffered much from hunger, while several of the men deserted. Reaching, however, the village of a Wahiyou chief, situated on high ground above Lake Nyassa, their wants were supplied.

Early next month he arrived at the village of Mpende, a chief already mentioned, near the shore of Lake Nyassa. Here one of his attendants, in whom he thought he could place confidence, and whom he had liberated from slavery, insisted on leaving him, making various excuses for doing so. He also tried to induce another youth, named Chumah, to desert; but the latter was persuaded by Dr. Livingstone to remain.

The next halt was made at the residence of a Babisa chief, who was suffering from sickness; and here the doctor remained till he had seen him restored to health.

While at this place an Arab arrived, and declared that he had escaped from a marauding band of Mazitu, who had plundered him of his property. He so worked on Musa, the captain of the Johanna men, who pretended to believe his account, that Musa entreated the doctor to return; but when the Babisa chief denounced the Arab as an impostor, Musa confessed that his great object was to get back to his family at Johanna.

On finding that the doctor persevered in his intention to proceed westward, Musa and his followers deserted him. Thus was Livingstone left with only three or four attendants to prosecute his journey, while those who had gone off, had robbed him of much of his property and even the greater part of his clothes.

Leaving the Nyassa, he proceeded westward, passing through the territories of numerous chiefs, who generally treated him hospitably, though he had many difficulties to encounter, and constantly met with misfortunes. Continuing his course west and north-west, he came to a large river flowing west, called the Chambezi, and, in consequence of the similarity of its name to

that of the stream he had so long navigated, he concluded, trusting to the accounts given by Dr. Lacerda, that it was but the head water of the Zambesi. He pushed on, therefore, without paying it the attention he otherwise would have done. He subsequently discovered that it fell into a large lake, called Bangweolo, to the south of which are a range of mountains which cut it off completely from the Zambesi.

Directing his course to the north-west, through the province of Londa, he reached the town of a chief named Kazembe, of whom he had heard through Dr. Lacerda.

This prince was a very intelligent man, with a fine commanding figure. He received Dr. Livingstone, dressed in a kilt of crimson stuff, surrounded by his nobles and guards.

The doctor had previously received a visit from a chief, who called to enquire the objects he had in view, and who now announced in due form the reply he had received. He stated that the white man had arrived for the purpose of ascertaining what rivers and lakes existed in the country, though, as he observed, it was difficult to comprehend why he wished to gain such information. The King then, having put various questions to the doctor, the answers to which seemed to satisfy him, gave him leave to travel wherever he liked throughout his dominions, and assured him that he could do so without the risk of interference from any of his subjects. He had never before seen an Englishman, and he was pleased to know one for whom he already felt a regard. Soon after the doctor received the announcement that the Queen would honour him by a visit, and a dignified, fine-looking young woman, holding a spear in her hand, and followed by a number of damsels also with spears, made her appearance, evidently intending to produce an effect upon the white stranger. Her costume, however, and the enormous weapon she carried in her hand, seems so to have tickled the doctor's fancy, that he burst into a fit of laughter. The lady herself and her attendant maidens, unable to resist the influence of the doctor's laugh, joined in the fun, and, wheeling about, rapidly beat a retreat. The doctor quickly made himself at home with his new friends, and under their protection, commenced a series of researches which occupied him for many months.

Londa, Kazembe's capital, is situated on the small Lake Mopo. To the north of it is a very much larger lake, called Moero, surrounded by lofty mountains, clothed to their summits with the rich vegetation of the tropics. The whole scenery is indeed beautiful and magnificent in the extreme.

This is, however, only one of a series of lakes which Livingstone discovered in this portion of Central Africa. The most southern is the large lake of Bangweolo, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, its area almost equal to that of Lake Tanganyika. It is into this lake that the Chambezi and a vast number of other smaller streams empty themselves.

The next important fact he observed is that a larger river than any of them, called the Luapula, runs out of the lake into Lake Moero. Out of the northern end of the Lake Moero again another large river, the Lualaba, runs thundering forth through a vast chasm, and then, expanding into a calm stream of great width, winds its way north and west till it enters a third large lake, the Kamolondo. The doctor gave it the additional name of Webb's River. In some places he found it to be three miles broad. He perseveringly followed it down its course, and found it again making its exit from Lake Kamolondo, till it was joined by other large rivers, some coming from the south and others from the east, till he reached the village of Nyangwé, in latitude 4° south. Here, having exhausted the means of purchasing fresh provisions, and his followers refusing to proceed further, he was compelled to bring his journey northward to a termination. This was not till the year 1871.

Livingstone's discoveries entitle him to rank as, perhaps, the greatest of African explorers. All the ground he traversed during these years was virgin soil so far as the foot of the white man had traversed them. This place, Nyangwé, was the starting point for a traveller equally eminent, whose fortunes were strangely linked with Livingstone's, in his remarkable journey down the Congo in 1874-77, which is described in his work, "Through the Dark Continent." In this journey Stanley proved, by following the river to its mouth, that the Lualaba of Livingstone, on which Nyangwé is situated, is the Congo, the second greatest river of Africa, and the course of which was the enigma of all ages.

He, however, heard of another lake to the northward, into which, as he supposed, the Lualaba empties itself, bounded by a range to the westward, called the Balegga mountains. From the information he received, he believed that this last mentioned lake is connected by a series of small lakes, or by a somewhat sluggish stream, with the Albert Nyanza, the waters of which undoubtedly flow into the Nile.\*

To the south-west of Lake Kamolondo the doctor discovered another large lake, to which he gave the name of Lincoln, after the President of the United States, the liberator of their negro population.

Another large river, the Lomane, flowing from the southward, enters this lake, and, passing out again at its northern end, joins the Luaba, which after that takes an almost northerly course.

These important discoveries occupied Livingstone three years. After his discovery of Lake Moero, while residing with Kazembe, he unfortunately became acquainted with a half-caste Moor, named Mahommed Ben Sali, who had been detained as a prisoner by the King. The doctor obtained his release, and allowed the Arab to accompany him. The villanous old fellow, in return, did his utmost to ruin his benefactor, by inducing his attendants to desert him, and even Susi and Chunnah for a time were won over, though they ultimately returned to the doctor.

During his journeys, now to the west, now to the east, he met, in the latter quarter, a large sheet of water, which he discovered to be the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and, after remaining some time with Kazembe, he set off, and crossed over to Ujiji, which he reached about the middle of March, 1869. After resting here till June, he again crossed the lake, and proceeded westward with a party of traders till he reached the large village of Bambarra, in Manyuema.

It is the chief ivory depôt in that province, where large quantities are obtained.

He was here detained six months, suffering severely from ulcers

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\* These views of Dr. Livingstone were, in a measure, confirmed by the discoveries of Mr. Stanley in his famous expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha, between 1887 and 1889. The stream apparently referred to is the Semliki, between the Albert and Albert Edward Lakes, the first discovered by Sir Samuel Baker, and the latter by Stanley.

in his feet, which prevented him putting them to the ground, and from thence it was, when again able to set out, that he tracked for a certain distance the course of the Lualaba, which occupied him till the year 1871.



SUSI.

From Nyangwé, he returned eastward to Ujiji, a distance of 700 miles. Ruo, in which he discovered copper mines, lies directly to the south of it. Each village is governed by its own chief, holding little or no communication with its neighbours. They possess a considerable amount of ingenuity, and manufacture a most

beautiful fabric from fine grass, equal to the finest grass cloth of India.

So numerous are the elephants which range through the wilds of this region, that until the Arabs unhappily made their way into it, the people were accustomed to form their door-posts and partially to build their houses with ivory tusks. The inhabitants, who were then unacquainted with firearms, were so terrified at hearing the reports of the Arabs' muskets and feeling their effects, that they did not attempt to defend themselves, and already great numbers had been carried off into slavery by the abominable kidnappers.

Dr. Livingstone witnessed a horrible massacre committed by one of these wretches, a half-caste Arab, Tagamoyo by name, with his armed slaves, on a number of the helpless inhabitants collected in a market-place on the bank of the Lualaba. While the people, unsuspecting of danger, were assembled, to the number of two thousand, eagerly carrying on their trade, the wretch Tagamoyo suddenly appeared, and opened fire upon them. Numbers were shot down, others rushed to their canoes, and, in their terror made off without their companions, while many, throwing themselves head-long into the water, were seized by the voracious crocodiles. Upwards of four hundred women and children were killed, while a greater number were carried off into slavery.

The doctor describes the people as of light colour, with well-formed features. Being of gentle manners, they are eagerly sought for by the Arabs, whose wives they sometimes become.

Further to the north he met with a race not darker than the Portuguese, and a remarkably handsome people, who seemed to have a peculiar aptitude for commerce.

On reaching Ujiji, on October 16th, 1871, greatly to his dismay he found that Sheriff, into whose charge he had committed his goods, believing him to be dead, had sold the whole of them for ivory, which he had appropriated.

Thus, the doctor, already suffering fearfully from illness, found himself deprived of the means of purchasing food or paying his way back to the coast. The letters, stores and provisions sent to him from Zanzibar had been detained on the road, but relief, when least expected, was at hand.

It has been mentioned that, in the year 1866, Dr. Livingstone had remained for a time with a certain Babisa chief, until the native was restored to health. Musa, and the doctor's other followers, deserted him and then made for the coast, where they at once spread the report that Livingstone had been murdered by the sanguinary tribe of Mazitu.

We know that this tale was false, for we have already tracked the doctor to Ujiji, but the authorities at Zanzibar, in 1866, had no such evidence. Musa stated supposed facts in a very circumstantial manner, and rumours thus circulated gave rise to the activity which resulted in the Search Expeditions despatched from England; which, however, were rendered abortive by the enterprise of the *New York Herald* and its correspondent, Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

The news of Livingstone's murder was received in England with sorrow. The story had so many elements of apparent truth in its composition, that friends and relatives, as well as the less-informed British public, feared the worst.

But some people, and notably Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, discredited the news. It was, however, suggested that an expedition should be forthwith despatched to find the explorer, but this proposal was combated as one which, if carried out, would prove useless and disastrous.

However, after some months had elapsed, Sir Roderick Murchison and his adherents gained their point. A former companion of Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Edward D. Young, was appointed leader, and proceeded in one of H.M. ships, from the Cape in June, 1867, to the mouth of the Zambesi, where a small steel vessel, named the *Search*, was successfully launched upon the waters of the great river.

After some adventures, and a visit to a Portuguese settlement, whose chief gave the members confirmation of Livingstone's death—which, however, Young did not credit—the *Search* continued her course, and entered the Shiré River. Here they were attacked by the natives, but on being recognized as English, were hospitably received, and everywhere, as the little party continued their route, the inhabitants recognized the English as old friends.

Information which came in from time to time, assured Young and his companions that they were on the right trail. No hostile tribe opposed their progress, and the *Search* continued her venturesome way unmolested. At length, in the beginning of September, Nyassa Lake was gained, and it became now a difficult matter to decide in what direction the course should be steered. A "white man" had been reported as having gone in a north-westerly direction, but that was long ago, and Mr. Young and his men were somewhat undecided.

The appearance of a native, however, gave them hopes; and when the man confessed a liking for the English because a white man had lately passed by, and made his village presents, Young was assured of success. Questions were put to the man concerning the appearance and departure of the good Englishman, and enough was extracted to assure Young that, so far, he had been proceeding in the right direction, and that Livingstone had certainly not been murdered as reported.

Proceeding farther up the lake, the good news was confirmed. The illustrious traveller had remained in a small village by the water during the past winter season, and had left an excellent impression upon the natives. They gladly welcomed Young's party, and told the leader in what direction the Englishman had gone. They described him very fairly, and even indicated the peak of the Doctor's cap, while other portions of his equipment were also faithfully and graphically recalled by the native chief.

Doubt could no longer exist in the minds of the members of the *Search* party that they had found "warm" traces of the great explorer. Further enquiries resulted in accurate information respecting his observations of the sun with the sextant—which were illustrated by means of sticks—by a detail of the number of his men, "two or three tens" of persons, his feet clothed in "skins" (boots)—and his little dog was mentioned.

Mr. Young at once continued his course, crossing the lake to Chivola, where more relics and reminiscences of the doctor were discovered and related. The villagers gave many faithful and interesting details of the white man's residence with them, and held his memory in great reverence, for he and his countrymen



set their faces against slave dealing, which the Arabs practised, and which it was reputed the Portuguese did not entirely discountenance.

While Young remained at Chivola he tested the accuracy of the chief's memory by mixing a photograph of Livingstone, in European dress, with the pictures of other individuals, when the chief at once identified the doctor.

Young also found other evidence in one of the doctor's young attendants who had been ill and left behind. But no news had been heard of the great traveller since he had gone south-west. Still Young persisted, and finally he gained information which entirely upset Musa's ingenious fabrication, although the doctor was not found.

A native, who was encountered by the lake, gave the valuable intelligence that he had himself seen and assisted the doctor, after the desertion of Musa and his faithless companions, of whom the native knew nothing. The man scouted the idea of Livingstone having been murdered, and Musa's tale of death and burial was fully investigated and proved false when the *Search* party penetrated to the Babisa country, and interviewed the old chief.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Young came to the conclusion that Livingstone was alive, and that he had wandered through territories infested by a hostile tribe, who had destroyed the villages.

The Babisa chief warmly dissuaded Young from attempting to follow the doctor, and accordingly, the *Search* expedition returned to the coast, and to England, with the information they had acquired.

Though nothing definite had actually been heard of the great explorer since May, 1869, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society, in the following year, Sir R. Murchison expressed his belief in the doctor's existence. Livingstone had been reported at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he was waiting supplies. Sir Samuel Baker hoped to find him, but this hope had no actual result, owing to geographical difficulties.

Sir Bartle Frere now proposed a relief expedition. Money was eagerly subscribed throughout the United Kingdom, and the Royal

Geographical Society took the matter in hand for the nation. Lieutenants Dawson and Henn were selected as the leaders, from a candidates' list of four hundred volunteers. Mr. Oswell Livingstone went with them.

The Livingstone Search Expedition landed at Zanzibar on March 17th, 1872, and made their preparations for advancing. On April 27th, Lieutenants Henn and Dawson were about to start, when three men came in who had been sent on by an unknown person, named Stanley, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, with the announcement that Livingstone had been found. The expedition, therefore, came to nothing. Livingstone had sent certain instructions by Stanley, and there was nothing to be done but despatch to his aid the men and stores he required.



SHIELD OF THE HAMRAN.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### STANLEY'S EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF LIVINGSTONE.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley—His birth and early life—Proceeds to America and changes his name—Serves in the Confederate Army—Returns to England and joins the Federal Navy—Becomes Correspondent of the *New York Herald*—Stanley arrives at Zanzibar and crosses to Bagamoyo—Porters abscond, and the white men fall sick—Arrival at Ugogo—Pushes on for Ujiji—Hears news of Livingstone—Reaches Lake Tanganyika—The meeting between Stanley and Livingstone—Exploration of Lake Tanganyika—Stanley and Livingstone part company—Livingstone's last journey and death at Ulala.

HENRY MORTON STANLEY, who found and relieved Livingstone, and has since performed the more arduous task of succouring Emin Pasha, is one of the most remarkable men of the century. To be a successful traveller demands uncommon qualities, but Stanley possesses them all in a degree so marked, that he may well be called the "Prince of African Travellers," and this title Sir Richard Burton has, with characteristic generosity, conceded to this world-renowned explorer.

At the time Stanley proceeded to Abyssinia as the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he was a naturalized citizen of the great Republic, and for some reason the traveller encouraged the belief that he was an American by birth, and always called himself an American. But his birth, antecedents, and early life have all been ferreted out by a public which demands to know every particular of its great men, and it has been ascertained that Stanley is a Welshman.

He was born in the year 1840, and his name is John Rowlands. Like many celebrated characters, including travellers, such as Livingstone and the Landers, Stanley, as we must continue to call him, was of humble origin. His mother was left a widow when he was only two years of age, and he was placed in the workhouse school of St. Asaph, near to which he was born. There he remained for ten years, and though little is known of his early life, it has

been ascertained that he was remarkable at school for intelligence and determination of character, characteristics which he displayed throughout his career. However, the school for some reason was not to his liking, for he ran away and took a situation under his cousin, who was master of a National School. But he could not long stand such a monotonous life, and after acquiring all the information he could extract from works of travel and adventure, which were his favourite reading, he left the National School, and, finding his way to Liverpool, worked his passage on a sailing ship bound for New Orleans. Arrived here, the friendless Welsh youth found employment in the office of a gentleman of the name of Stanley, who, appreciating his qualities, took a fancy to him, and having no children of his own, at length adopted him. Thus John Rowlands became transformed into Henry Morton Stanley, a name known throughout the civilized world, and even in the pathless forests and wilds of Africa.

But now a misfortune befell him. His kind employer and benefactor died suddenly, and, having made no will, his property was claimed by his relatives, and Stanley found himself once more thrown on the world, with nothing to aid him but his indomitable will. When the Great American Civil War broke out, Stanley joined the Confederate Army, under General Johnston, and was engaged in some of the battles until he became a prisoner at Pittsburg Landing. He managed, however, to escape by swimming across a river, and made his way to England. But the great American Republic had a superior fascination for one of his adventurous tastes, and again he worked his passage out, this time to New York. Stanley now transferred his allegiance to the Northern States, and served in the Federal Navy until the close of the war, when he joined, as correspondent for an American paper, an expedition against the Indians in the Far West, and on his return, was taken on the staff of the *New York Herald*, the most enterprising of American papers.

In this capacity, he served through the Abyssinian War, and by his enterprise, was enabled to anticipate his fellows in an account of the capture of Magdala. He was correspondent of the *New*

*York Herald* in the Carlist War, in Spain, and in the years 1873-74, in the brief and arduous Ashantee campaign.

But before this last service, Stanley undertook his expedition for the discovery and relief of Livingstone, which first brought him prominently before the world. The circumstances of his appointment are sufficiently singular and amusing to be recorded. Stanley was at Madrid on October 16th, 1869, when he received a telegram from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, son of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, to join him at Paris. He thus records the interview with Mr. Bennett on his arrival at his hotel at Paris:—

"I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel,' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"'Come in,' I heard a voice say. Entering I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes, sit down. I have important business in hand for you. Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'

"'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him. Of course, you can act according to your own plans, and do what you think best; but find Livingstone!'"

When Stanley spoke of the expense, Mr. Bennett said:—

"Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; but find Livingstone!"

Stanley's instructions were, first, to ascertain in Egypt what Sir Samuel Baker—then about to start up the Nile—intended to do, and then to make his way, viâ Bombay and Mauritius, to Zanzibar.

He arrived on January 6th, 1871, at Zanzibar, and, without delay, set about making the necessary preparations for his important journey into the interior of the African Continent.

He had engaged at Jerusalem a Christian Arab boy, named Selim,

who was to act as his interpreter, and he had also on the voyage attached to the expedition two mates of merchantmen, Farquhar and Shaw, who were very useful in constructing tents and arranging two boats for the journey, but who proved in other respects very poor travellers. He also secured the services of Bombay, captain of Speke's "faithfuls," and five of his other followers, Uledi, Grant's valet, and Mabruki, who had in the mean time lost one of his hands. They were the only remains of the band to be found, the rest having died or gone elsewhere.

The boats, one of which was capable of carrying twenty people, and the other six, were stripped of their planks, the timbers and thwarts only being carried. Instead of the planking it was proposed to cover them with double canvas skin, well tarred. They and the rest of the baggage were carried in loads, none exceeding sixty-eight pounds in weight. Two horses and twenty-seven donkeys were purchased, and a small cart, while the traveller had brought with him a watch-dog, which he hoped would guard his tent from prowling thieves. An ample supply of beads, cloth and wire were also laid in, with tea, sugar, rice, and medicine. To Bombay and his "faithfuls" were added eighteen more freemen, well armed, who were to act as escort to the carriers.

On February 5th, 1871, the expedition embarked in four dhows, which conveyed it across to Bagamoyo on the mainland. Here it was detained five weeks, while its persevering leader was struggling to overcome the rogueries of the Arabs, who had undertaken to secure 140 *pagazis* (porters), and in making the necessary arrangements. At Bagamoyo he found a caravan which had been despatched by the British Consul a hundred days before to the relief of Dr. Livingstone; but which had hitherto remained inactive, its leader making an excuse that he was unable to obtain a fresh supply of *pagazis*.

Stanley divided his expedition into five caravans, the first of which he started off on February 18th, although it was not till March 21st that he, with the largest, was able to commence his journey westward. Altogether the expedition numbered on the day of departure, besides the commander and his two white attendants, twenty-three soldiers, four chiefs, one hundred and fifty-

three carriers, and four supernumeraries. Every possible care had been bestowed on the outfit, which was complete.

Bombay proved to be as honest and trustworthy as for nerly, while Ferajji and Mabruki turned out true men and staunc'h, the latter on one occasion, finding a difficulty in dragging the cart, having brought it along on his head rather than abandon it.



TRAVELLING IN AFRICA.

The Kingani river was crossed by a bridge rapidly formed with American axes, the donkeys refusing to pass through the water.

Soon after starting, Omar, the watch-dog was missing, when Mabruki, hastening back, found him at the previous halting-place. One of the caravans at the same place was detained by the sickness of three of the carriers, whose places it was necessary to supply. The two horses also died within a few hours of each other.

Few men were better able to deal with the rogueries of the petty chiefs he met with than Mr. Stanley. He had always a ready answer, and invariably caught them in their own traps, while the "great master," as he was called, managed to keep all his subordinates in pretty good order.

Moving on, the expedition passed the town of Simbamwenni, which is about half a square mile in area, while four towers of stone guard each corner. There are four gates, one in each wall, which are closed with solid square doors of African teak, and carved with complicated devices. It is ruled by the daughter of Kisalungo, notorious as a robber and kidnapper.

Before long Stanley was attacked with fever, which greatly prostrated his strength, though he quickly recovered by taking strong doses of quinine.

The cook, Bunda Selim, who had been punished for pilfering rations, ran away, and the men sent after him were seized and imprisoned by the Sultana of Simbamwenni, and, though ultimately liberated by the interference of an Arab Sheikh, nothing could be found of the missing cook. Shaw also fell ill, and left the task of urging on the floundering caravan through marshes and rivers to his superior. Several of the others followed his example, and even Bombay complained of pains and became unserviceable.

The report from Farquhar's caravan was most unsatisfactory, he, as far as Stanley could make out, having lost all his donkeys. The unhappy man, indeed, he found on overtaking him, was suffering from dropsy. He had also given to the carriers and soldiers no small amount of the contents of the bales committed to his charge, as payment for the services he had demanded of them, and in purchasing expensive luxuries. As he could not walk and was worse than useless, Stanley was obliged to send the sick man, under the charge of Mabruki, thirty miles away to the village of Mpwapwa, to the chief of which place he promised an ample reward if he would take care of him.

Worse than all, Shaw, after a dispute, during the night fired into his tent, evidently with the intention of killing him. He found the intended murderer pretending to be asleep, with a gun by his side yet warm. Unable to deny that he had fired, he declared



that in his dreams he had seen a thief pass his door; and then asked what was the matter? "Oh, nothing," answered Stanley; "but I would advise you in future, in order to avoid all suspicion, not to fire into my tent, or at least, so near me. I might get hurt, in which case ugly reports would get about, and this, perhaps, would be disagreeable, as you are probably aware. Good night!"

On reaching Mpwapwa the chief positively refused to take charge of the white man unless an interpreter was left with him, and Jako, who was the only one of the party besides Bombay and Selim who could speak English, was ordered to remain in that capacity.

The expedition was now about to enter Ugogo. During the passage of the intervening desert, five out of the nine donkeys died, the cart having some time before been left behind. The expedition was now joined by several Arab caravans, so that the number of the party amounted to about four hundred souls, strong in guns, flags, horns sounding, drums and noise. This host was to be led by Stanley and Sheikh Hamed through the dreaded Ugogo.

On May 26th they were at Mvumi, paying heavy tribute to the Sultan. Nothing seemed to satisfy him. Stanley suggested that as he had twenty Wazunga, armed with Winchester repeating rifles, he might make the Sultan pay tribute to him. The Sheikh entreated that he would act peaceably, urging that angry words might induce the Sultan to demand double the tribute.

While here five more donkeys died, and their bones were picked clean before the morning by the hyænas.

The tribute was paid to preserve peace, and on the 27th, shaking the dust of Mvumi off their feet, the party proceeded westward. The country was one vast field of grain, and thickly populated. Between that place and the next Sultan's district, twenty-five villages were counted. Wherever they halted large groups of people assembled and greeted with peals of laughter the dress and manner of the *mzungu*, or white man, and more than once had to be kept at a distance by Stanley's rifle or pistols, sometimes his thick whip coming into play.

After this a dense jungle was entered, the path winding in and

out of it; again open tracts of grass bleached white were passed: now it led through thickets of gums and thorns, now through clumps of wide-spreading mimosa and colonies of baobab-trees, across a country teeming with game, which, though frequently seen, were yet safe from their rifles. But the road they were on admitted of no delay; water had been left behind at noon, and until noon the next day, not a drop was to be obtained.

After this wearisome journey Stanley was again attacked by fever, which it required a whole day's halt and fifty grains of quinine to cure. As may be supposed, they were thankful when Ugogo was passed, and they entered Unyanyembe.

A large district presented the sad spectacle of numerous villages burnt down, cattle carried off, and the grain-fields overrun with jungle and rank weeds—too common a sight in that part of the country.

The expedition at length entered Kivihara, the capital of the province ruled over by the aged Sultan Mkaswa, who received Stanley in a friendly way. The Sheikh Said Ben Salim invited him to take up his quarters in his house, where Stanley's goods were stored and his carriers paid off. His three other caravans had arrived safely. One had had a slight skirmish, a second having shot a thief, and the third having lost a bale when attacked by robbers.

Soon after, the Livingstone caravan arrived, and the goods were stored with those of Stanley, the men being quartered with his. The chief of the caravan brought Stanley a package of letters directed to Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji.

After his long journey, Stanley was completely prostrate, and for two weeks was perfectly senseless. The unhappy Shaw was also again taken ill. The fever rapidly destroyed both his memory and his reason. Selim, who had hitherto faithfully watched over his master and treated him according to the written directions he had received, was also prostrated, and in a state of delirium for four days.

On July 28th, however, all had again recovered, and on the 29th, fifty carriers were ready to start. Three days after this, Shaw again broke down, and had to be carried on the backs of his men till brought into his leader's hut.

The road, however, ahead was closed by the chief Mirambo, who declared that no Arab caravan should pass that way. The Arabs, therefore, had resolved to attack him, and mustered an army of upwards of two thousand men. Stanley, with his followers, determined to join them, to assist in bringing the war to a speedy conclusion.

The palace was soon surrounded, and, though the party were received with a volley, the fire of the defenders was soon silenced. They took to flight, and the village was entered. Notwithstanding the heavy fire which had been kept up on it, twenty dead bodies only were found. Other villages were attacked and burned.

A more serious affair occurred soon afterwards. When Stanley was again attacked with fever, a number of his men, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary, joined the Arabs in an attack on a more important place, commanded by Mirambo himself. The result was that, though the place was taken, the Arabs fell into an ambush, laid by Mirambo, and were completely defeated, many of them, including some of Stanley's soldiers, being killed. Mirambo, following up his successes, pursued the Arabs, and Stanley had to mount his donkey, Shaw being lifted on his, and to fly at midnight for their lives. His soldiers ran as fast as their legs could carry them, the only one of his followers who remained by his master's side being young Selim. At length they reached Mfuto, from which they had issued forth so valiantly a short time before.

Stanley had felt it his duty to assist the Arabs, though he had now cause to regret having done so.

From the last-mentioned place he returned to Kivihara. Here he was detained a considerable time, during which he received authentic news of Livingstone from an Arab, who had met with him travelling into Manyuema, and who affirmed that, having gone to a market at Liemba in three canoes, one of them, in which all his cloth had been placed, was upset and lost. The news of Farquhar's death here reached him.

As he had expected, Mirambo advanced; and one of the leading Arabs and his adopted son, who had gone out with their slaves to meet him, the slaves having deserted, were killed.

The neighbouring village of Tabora was burned, and Kivihara itself was threatened. Stanley made preparations for defence, and having collected a hundred and fifty armed men, bored loopholes for the muskets in the clay walls of the house, formed rifle-pits round it, removed the huts, and everything which might afford shelter to the enemy, felt little fear for the consequences. Mirambo, however, seemed to have thought better of it, and marched away, with his troops, satisfied with the plunder he had obtained.

Month after month passed away, and he had great difficulty in obtaining soldiers to supply the places of those who had been killed or died. One day he received a present of a little slave boy from an Arab merchant, to whom, at Bombay's suggestion, the name of Kalulu, meaning a young antelope, was given.

On September 9th Mirambo experienced a severe defeat, and had to take to flight, several of his chief men being slain.

Here Stanley was again attacked with fever, but his white companion in no degree sympathized with him, even little Kalulu showing more feeling. Weak as he was, he recommenced his march to the westward, with about forty men added to his old followers.

Bombay, not for the first time, proving refractory and impudent, received a thrashing before starting, and when Stanley arrived at his camp at night, he found that upwards of twenty men had remained behind. He, therefore, sent a strong body back, under Selim, who returned with the men and some heavy slave-chains, and Stanley declared that if any behaved in the same way again he would fasten them together and make them march like slaves. Shaw also showed an unwillingness to go forward, and kept falling from his donkey, till at last Stanley consented to allow him to return to Unyanyembe.

While encamped near the Gambe, its calm waters, on which lotus-leaves rested placidly, all around looking picturesque and peaceful, invited Stanley to take a bath. He discovered a shady spot under a wide-spreading mimosa where the ground sloped down to the still water, and having undressed, was about to take a glorious dive, when his attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the surface which he was about to explore by a header. It was a

crocodile! He sprang back instinctively, and registered a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African river.

As war was going on in the country, it was necessary to proceed with caution. Some of his followers also showed a strong inclination to mutiny, which he had to quell by summary proceedings, and Bombay especially sank greatly in his good opinion. As they approached Lake Tanganyika, all got into better humour, and confidence was restored between them.

An ambassador from Simba, the Lion of Kasera, received two gorgeous cloths, and other articles, as tribute—Stanley thus making that chief his friend.

After having encamped one evening, he went out with his rifle, accompanied by Kalulu, to shoot some animal or other for supper. After searching in vain, he was returning, when he encountered a wild boar, which, although it received several bullets after it had fallen, started up, and escaped into the wood. During the night, the party were startled by the roar of a lion, which was soon joined by others. He turned out to shoot them, but not a bullet took effect, and, at length he went to sleep with the roar of the monsters as a lullaby.

On the evening of November 2nd, the left bank of the Malagarazi River was reached. The greater part of the day had been occupied in negotiating with the ambassador of the chief of the greedy Wavinza tribe, who demanded an enormous sum. This being settled, the ferrymen asked equally preposterous payment for carrying across the caravan. These demands, however, having at length been settled, the next business was to swim the donkeys across. One fine animal was being towed with a rope round its neck, when, just as it reached the middle of the stream, it was seen to struggle fearfully. An enormous crocodile had seized the poor animal by the throat; in vain it attempted to liberate itself. The black in charge tugged at the rope, but the donkey sank and was no more seen. Only one donkey now remained, and this was taken across by Bombay the next morning.

The next day was an eventful one. Just before starting, a caravan was seen approaching, consisting of a large party of a

tribe, occupying a tract of country to the south-west of Lake Tanganyika.

The news was asked. A white man had been seen by them who had lately arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. He had white hair and a white beard, and was sick. Only eight days ago they had seen him. He had been at Ujiji before, and had gone away and returned. There could be no doubt that this was Livingstone.

Stanley started in high spirits, pushing on as fast as his men could move. There were dangers, however, still in the way. A war party of Wavinza was out, who would not scruple even to rob their own villages when returning victorious from battle.

Next day they travelled on in silence, but on the 5th, fell in with a party of the Wahha, who soon brought a band of warriors down upon them, at the head of which appeared a fine-looking chief, dressed in a crimson robe, with a turban on his head, he and his people being armed with spears and bows and arrows. He asked whether it should be peace or war? The reply was, of course, peace. At the same time Stanley hinted that his rifles would quickly give him the victory should war be declared. Notwithstanding this, Mionvu demanded a hundred cloths. Ten were offered. Rather than pay the hundred, Stanley asked his followers if they would fight, but Bombay urged pacific measures, remarking that the country was open—no places to hide in, and that every village would rise in arms.

Mabruki and Asmani agreed with him. The payment was made, but Stanley resolved, if possible, not to come back that way. A night march was determined on, and sufficient grain was purchased to last the caravan six days through the jungle. They hoped thus to escape the extortions of other chiefs to the westward. The men toiled on bravely, without murmuring, though their feet and legs bled from the cutting grass. The jungle was alive with wild animals, but no one dared fire.

As they were halting in the morning near the Rusugi River, a party of natives were seen, who detected them in their hiding-place, but who fled immediately to alarm some villages four miles away. At once the caravan was ordered to move on, but one of

the women took to screaming, and even her husband could not keep her quiet till a cloth was folded over her mouth.

At night they bivouacked in silence, and before dawn broke, the caravan was again on the march. The guide having made a mistake, while it was still dark they arrived in front of the village of Uhha. Silence was ordered; goats and chickens which might have made a noise had their throats cut, and they pushed boldly through the village. Just as the last hut was passed, Stanley bringing up the rear, a man appeared from his hut, and uttered a cry of alarm.

They continued their course, plunging into the jungle. Once he believed that they were followed, and took post behind a tree to check the advance of their foes; but it proved a false alarm.

Turning westward, broad daylight showed them a beautiful and picturesque country, with wild fruit-trees, rare flowers, and brooks tumbling over polished pebbles. Crossing a streamlet, to their great satisfaction they left Uhha and its extortionate inhabitants behind, and entered Ukaranga. Their appearance created great alarm as they approached the village, the King and his people supposing them to be the followers of Mirambo, but, discovering their mistake, they welcomed them cordially.

On November 10th, just two hundred and thirty-six days after leaving Bagomoyo, and fifty-one since they set out from Unyanyembe, surmounting a hill, the Lake of Tanganyika was seen before them. Six hours' march brought them to its shores.

The "stars and stripes" were given to the breeze; and repeated volleys were fired. The faithful Chumah and Susi, Dr. Livingstone's old followers, rushed out of the village to see the stranger, and in a short time Stanley was rewarded for all the dangers and hardships he had undergone by greeting the long-looked-for traveller face to face. The meeting of these two remarkable men has become historical. Stanley, advancing, held out his hand, with the words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume;" and the travel-worn, but indomitable, explorer replied simply in the affirmative.

At this time, when reduced almost to death's door by sickness and disappointment, the assistance thus brought to Dr. Livingstone was of inestimable worth. The society of his new friend, the letters

from home, the well-cooked meal which the doctor was able to enjoy, and the champagne quaffed out of silver goblets, brought carefully those hundreds of miles for that especial object, had a wonderfully exhilarating influence.

Some days were spent at Ujiji, during which the doctor continued to regain health and strength. Future plans were discussed, and his previous adventures described. The longer the intercourse Stanley enjoyed with Livingstone, the more he rose in his estimation.

"Dr. Livingstone," he says, "is about sixty years old. His hair has a brownish colour, but here and there streaked with grey lines over the temples. His beard and moustache are very grey. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright: he has a sight keen as a hawk's. His frame is a little over the ordinary height; when walking, he has a firm but heavy tread, like that of an over-worked or fatigued man. I never observed any spleen or misanthropy about him. He has a fund of quiet humour, which he exhibits at all times when he is among friends. During the four months I was with him I noticed him every evening making most careful notes. His maps evince great care and industry. He is sensitive on the point of being doubted or criticised. His gentleness never forsakes him, his hopefulness never deserts him; no harassing anxiety or distraction of mind, though separated from home and kindred, can make him complain. He thinks all will come out right at last, he has such faith in the goodness of Providence. Another thing which especially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but it is constant, earnest, sincere, practical; it is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only towards his servants, but towards the natives. I observed that universal respect was paid to him; even the Mahomedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say: 'The blessing of God rest on you!' Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him, and reads prayers and a chapter from the Bible in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone, and afterwards delivers a short



address in the Kiswahili language, about the subject read to them, which is listened to with evident interest and attention.

"His consistent energy is native to him and his race. He is a very fine example of the perseverance, doggedness and tenacity which characterize the Anglo-Saxon spirit. His ability to withstand the climate is due not only to the happy constitution with which he was born, but to the strictly temperate life he has ever led.

"It is a principle with him to do well what he undertakes to do, and, in the consciousness that he is doing it, despite the yearning for his home, which is sometimes overpowering, he finds to a certain extent contentment, if not happiness.

"He can be charmed with the primitive simplicity of Ethiopia's dusky children, with whom he has spent so many years of his life. He has a sturdy faith in their capability—sees virtue in them, where others see nothing but savagery; and wherever he has gone among them, he has sought to ameliorate the condition of a people who are apparently forgotten of God and Christian men."

In another place Stanley says: "Livingstone followed the dictates of duty. Never was such a willing slave to that abstract virtue. His inclinations impel him home, the fascinations of which it requires the sternest resolution to resist. With every foot of new ground he travelled over he forged a chain of sympathy which should hereafter bind the Christian nations in bonds of love and charity to the heathen of the African tropics. If he were able to complete this chain of love by actual discovery, and, by a description of them, to embody such people and nations as still live in darkness, so as to attract the good and charitable of his own land to bestir themselves for their redemption and salvation, this, Livingstone would consider, an ample reward.

"Surely, as the sun shines on both Christian and infidel, civilized and pagan, the day of enlightenment will come: and though the apostle of Africa may not behold it himself, nor we younger men, nor yet our children, the hereafter will see it, and posterity will recognize the daring pioneer of its civilization."

After they had been some weeks together at Ujiji, Stanley and Livingstone agreed to make a voyage on Lake Tanganyika, one of

the chief objects of which was to settle the long-mooted point as to whether the Rusizi River is an affluent or an effluent. They embarked in a somewhat cranky canoe, hollowed out of a tree, which carried sixteen rowers, Selim, Ferajji, the cook, and two guides, besides themselves.

The lake was calm, its waters of a dark green colour, reflecting the serene blue sky above. The hippopotami came up to breathe in close proximity to the canoe, and then plunged down again, as if playing at hide and seek with them.

At one place where they sounded, the depth was found to be thirty-five fathoms near the shore, and further out a hundred and fifteen fathoms of line was let down without finding bottom, and Dr. Livingstone stated that he had sounded opposite the lofty Kabogo, and attained the depth of three hundred fathoms.

A range of hills, beautifully wooded and clothed with green grass, sloping abruptly—almost precipitately—into the depth of the fresh water, towered above them, and as they rounded the several capes or points, high expectations of some new wonder or some exquisite picture being revealed to them were aroused: nor were they disappointed.

However, we must not venture to attempt a description of the magnificent scenery of this enormous lake. Each night they landed and encamped, continuing their voyage the next day.

Generally they were well received by the natives, though they had to avoid one or two spots where the people were said to be treacherous and quarrelsome.

On reaching the mouth of the Rusizi, they pushed up it a short distance, but found that it was navigable only for the smallest canoes. It abounds in crocodiles, though not one hippopotamus was seen.

The most important point, however, which they discovered was that the current was flowing, at the rate of six to eight miles an hour, *into* the lake.

Coasting round the north shore, they paddled down the west coast till nearly opposite the island of Muzimu, when they crossed back to the shore from whence they had come, and steered southward beyond Ujiji till they reached nearly the sixth degree of latitude,

at a place called Urimba. Their voyage, altogether, took twenty-eight days, during which time they traversed over three hundred miles of water.

On their return to Ujiji, they resolved to carry out one of the several plans which Stanley had suggested to Livingstone. One of them was to return to Unyanyembe to enlist men to sail down the Victoria Nyanza in Stanley's boat, for the purpose of meeting Sir Samuel Baker; but this, with several others, was dismissed. Livingstone's heart was set on endeavouring to settle numerous important points in Manyuema connected with the supposed source of the Nile. He therefore finally agreed to allow Stanley to escort him to Unyanyembe, where he should receive his own goods and those which Stanley proposed to deliver up to him, and where he could rest in a comfortable house, while his friend would hurry down the coast, and organize a new expedition, composed of fifty or sixty men, well armed, by whom an additional supply of needful luxuries might be sent.

Christmas Day was kept with such a feast as Ujiji could furnish them, the fever from which Stanley had lately been suffering having left him the night before.

On December 27th they embarked in two canoes, the one bearing the flag of England, the other that of America; and their baggage being on board, and having bidden farewell to Arabs and natives, together they commenced their voyage on the lake, steering for the south. At the same time the main body of their men, under Asmani and Bombay, commenced their journey, which was to be performed on foot, along the shores of the lake. It had been arranged that the canoes should meet them at the mouth of every river, to transport them across from bank to bank. Their intention was to land at Cape Tongwe, when they would be opposite the village of Itaga, whence, by traversing the uninhabited districts to the east, they would avoid the exactions of the roguish Wavinza and the plundering Wahha, and then strike the road by which Stanley had come. This plan was completely carried out. Stanley had procured a strong donkey at Ujiji, that the doctor might perform the journey on its back.

Pouring rain, however, came down during the whole journey, and

it was to their intense satisfaction that at length the two friends walked into Stanley's old quarters, who said, "Doctor, we are at home."

Here they were again busily employed in examining stores, and Livingstone in writing despatches and letters to his friends.

Mirambo still held out, and probably the Arabs would not conquer him for many months to come.

Here the doctor resolved to remain, while Stanley went down to the coast to enlist men and collect such further stores as were required, and to send them back. On their arrival, Livingstone purposed returning with them to Ujiji, and from thence crossing over into Manyuema, to make further researches in that province and Ruo; among other things, to examine the underground habitations which he had heard of on a previous journey.

On March 14th, Stanley and Livingstone breakfasted together, and then the order was given to raise the flag and march. Livingstone accompanied him some way, but they had to part at last.

The return journey was not performed without many adventures and a considerable amount of suffering by the enterprising traveller.

Passing the stronghold of Kisalungo, a large portion had disappeared. The river had swept away the entire front wall and about fifty houses, several villages having suffered disastrously, while at least a hundred people had perished. The whole valley, once a paradise in appearance, had been converted into a howling waste. Further on, a still more terrible destruction of human life and property had occurred. It was reported that a hundred villages had been swept away by the inundation of a river. Passing a dense jungle, and wading for several miles through a swamp, on May 6th, the caravan was again *en route*, at a pace its leader had never seen equalled. At sunset the town of Bagamoyo was entered.

His first greeting was with Lieutenant Henn, who had come out as second in command of the proposed Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition. He next met Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the doctor's second son. The two proposed shortly starting on their journey,

having come over with no less than a hundred and ninety loads of stores, which they would have had no small difficulty in conveying. Stanley was not over well pleased with some of the remarks made in the papers about himself, some having regarded his expedition into Africa as a myth.

"Alas!" he observes, "it has been a terrible, earnest fact with me: nothing but hard, conscientious work, privations, sickness and almost death."

However, welcomed cordially by numerous friends at Zanzibar, which he reached on the following day, he soon recovered his spirits, and, having disbanded his own expedition, set to work to arrange the one he had promised to form for the assistance of Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Henn having in the meantime resigned, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone being compelled from ill health to abandon the attempt to join his father.

Fifty rifles, with ammunition, stores and cloth. were furnished by Mr. Oswell Livingstone out of the English expedition. Fifty-seven men, including twenty of those who had followed Stanley, were also engaged, the services of Johari, chief dragoman to the American consulate, being also obtained to conduct them across the inundated plains of the Kingani.

Having engaged a dhow, Stanley saw them all on board, and again urged them to follow the "great master," as they called Livingstone, wherever he might lead them, and to obey him in all things. He then shook hands with them, and, watched the dhow as she sped westward on her way to Bagamoyo.

Those who had accompanied him were handsomely rewarded, and he states to their credit, though Bombay and many others had at first annoyed him greatly, that from Ujiji to the coast, they had all behaved admirably.

After being detained at the Seychelles for a month, Mr. Stanley reached Marseilles, *via* Aden, when Mr. Bennett, in order to fulfil Stanley's promise that he would post Dr. Livingstone's letters to his family and friends in England twenty-four hours after he had seen his public ones published in the London journals, telegraphed two of them by cable, at an expense of nearly two thousand pounds—"one of the most generous acts," as Stanley observes, "that

could be conceived, after all he had done in originating and sustaining the enterprise."\*

Dr. Livingstone, in parting with Stanley, stated that he did not intend to return home until he had satisfied himself concerning the sources of the Nile. He expressed his determination to strike across country from Lake Tanganyika to the Lualaba River. "Crossing that," he continued, "I will go to the Katanga mines," and eight days south of the Katanga, the natives had assured the explorer, the "fountains of the Nile" were to be found. The doctor proposed to return from Katanga, then journey to Lake Komolondo, up the Lufira to Lake Lincoln. Coming down again, he would proceed by the Lualaba to the next lake, and then make his way to Zanzibar, which he estimated would occupy him a year and a half.

"May God bring you back safe to us all, my dear friend," was Stanley's last wish. "Farewell."

Stanley sent the men and the supplies for two years to Livingstone, who waited for them until August, at Unyanyembe, where Stanley had left him. On August 25th, 1872, the little caravan, which numbered sixty persons, including many faithful adherents, quitted Unyanyembe upon Livingstone's last journey.

The particulars of this expedition have been published under the title of "Livingstone's last Journeys," in which are described the weary days passed in the forest and on the mountains as the party slowly proceeded towards the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika. The expedition proceeded without any very remarkable incident occurring till, on September 15th, we find the significant entry in the journal, which on that day closes with the word "Ill." Nevertheless next day Livingstone passed over the range of hills, and then westward to the village of Kamirambo. On the 18th, the party "remained at Miriras," and then the Editor of the Journals remarks how Livingstone's old foe (dysentery) attacked him, and afterwards his followers spoke of few periods of health.

But the explorer still pressed on, with occasional halts for rest, and on October 8th, he "came on early, as the sun is hot, and in two hours saw the Tanganyika from a gentle hill." After a

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\* Stanley published an account of this journey in a work, entitled "How I Found Livingstone."

short rest, the doctor proceeded along the top of the range, which runs parallel with the lake, about a thousand feet above it. Then, crossing several inlets of the lake, the party proceeded through a country swarming with game, and so on over the hills and mountains; then southwards. After suffering from want of food, and by the falseness of a guide, the expedition climbed up a steep mountain, whence a view of the lake was obtained. They descended to the valley; and on the 12th and 13th, their journey led them over low ranges of sandstone, past several stockaded villages, and they arrived at Zombé's Town.

The loss of the best donkey is recorded as a calamity; and on the journey a young child, deserted by its mother, was picked up. So the journey continued, without any adventure, but with varying daily progress till the Lofu was reached on November 28th, and subsequently the Lower Katanta, through heavy rains and many streams. Food was scarce; while the entries in the journal show that the doctor was feeble and ailing.

Christmas Day was cold and wet, but a day of rest and some rejoicing. They pushed on again, in wet and drizzling weather, till, on January 8th, 1873, they were detained by heavy rains at Moenja. "We are near Lake Bangweolo," says Livingstone, "and in a damp region." Thenceforward it appears that the journey was a continual plunge into and out of morasses, "and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents, and the necessity for using canoes. To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms ever likely to be aggravated by exposure, the effect may well be conceived."

A dry day enabled the caravan to "move forward an hour to a rivulet and sponge"—through flat forest, "to a running rivulet with one hundred yards of sponge on each side." There was a great want of canoes, and no assistance was afforded by the natives. Sometimes the doctor was carried across the rivulets; for he was too weak to wade, and thus, in a continued series of troubles and worries, the painful pilgrimage was continued. An entry, under date of January 24th, with an illustration in the "Journals," tells us the extreme difficulty of the passage. Plunging

through a stream, neck deep, in pouring rain, the doctor was transferred from one pair of shoulders to another for fifty yards at a time. A terrible journey indeed, and nothing but the greatest pluck and determination, united with respect for the leader, could have kept the people together.

So February passed, and March found them on a miserable island. "We are surrounded by scores of miles of rushes, an open sward, and many lotus plants, but no mosquitoes," adds the diarist, thankfully.

Still wandering in the swamps of Lake Bangweolo, the explorer continued his search for evidence of the junction of the Lualaba with the Lake; but doubt of success seems to have filled the doctor's mind. "Can I hope for ultimate success?" he writes on March 19th, "so many obstacles have arisen!" This, as the Editor of the Diary remarks, "was Livingstone's last birthday," when, perhaps, the shadow of the coming darkness was perceptible to his mind.

At length, in the beginning of April, the complaint from which Livingstone had been so long suffering, assumed a bad character, and left him "bloodless and weak, from bleeding profusely since March 31st. Oh! how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work." This entry tells us, more than many pages of description, what the sufferings of the brave man were. On April 12th he adds, "lay down quite done, cooked coffee—our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down." The 19th tells us: "I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey I could not move a hundred yards. *It is not all pleasure, this exploration!*" The end was, indeed, drawing near.

"Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down. They carried me back to vil exhausted." Fight on, brave heart, fight on, but it is in vain. Chuma and Susi, his faithful followers, undid Livingstone's belt, and carried him to the village. The men perceived the increasing weakness of their master, and made him a litter, in which they carried him, suffering acutely.

Then only dates are entered. Passing through the flooded, treeless wastes, the men were sheltered in villages, the doctor becoming weaker and weaker. Sunday, April 20th, was the date of the last



service he held with his followers, and on the 27th, he appeared to be dying.

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo" (Lulimala).

These were the last words Livingstone ever wrote.

Great difficulties were encountered in the transport of Livingstone across the river, for he was in great pain. Then the dying explorer was carried forward to Chitumbo's village, but even in this brief transit he begged his bearers many times to stop and let him rest. The house was erected and made ready as soon as possible, and the litter placed within it. At eleven o'clock P.M. on April 30th, Livingstone asked some questions of his attendant Susi, and then dozed off. An hour later Susi was again called, and Livingstone took some medicine. "All right; you can go now," he said. And Susi left him.

Early on the morning of May 1st,\* a lad came to Susi and called him to "Bwana," for "I don't know if he is alive!" Susi, alarmed, ran to fetch the rest. Six men entered the hut, and found their brave leader kneeling by his bed—his body stretched forward, his hands under the pillow. He was dead!

Far away from home and friends, in the heart of the inhospitable African continent, David Livingstone ended his noble life in a manner befitting its course.

The men elected Chuma and Susi their chiefs. They embalmed the body, and decided to carry it to Zanzibar; and loyally these untutored followers of the great missionary traveller performed their labour of love. After a long journey, rounding Lake Tanganyika once again, the melancholy procession, losing on the way many of its members from disease, reached Unyanyembe, where Lieut. Cameron and his associates met the returning expedition in October, 1873.

The faithful servants, accompanied by Dr. Dillon and Lieut. Murphy, proceeded to the coast. The former never reached the end of the journey, but the rest delivered their sacred charge to the English Consul at Bagamoyo, in February, 1874. The body was

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\* The inscription on the coffin gives the date as May 4th.

conveyed to England from Zanzibar, and the remains of the great African Explorer were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey on April 18th. The coffin bore the inscription—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,

19 MARCH, 1813,

*Died at Ilala, Central Africa,*

4 MAY, 1873.

He had died like a sentry at his post, engaged to the last hour of his life in the task of elucidating one of the many enigmas of the "Dark Continent," which has so over-powering a fascination for all those who have ever traversed its recesses. Like Mungo Park, Richard Lander, and many other African explorers, Livingstone lost his life in prosecuting to an issue the weighty problems propounded by nature to those who would penetrate her secrets.



## CHAPTER XV.

### CAMERON'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

*Journey across the Makata Morass—Cameron Reaches Unyanyembe—Hears of Livingstone's death—Death of Dr. Dillon—Cameron reaches Lake Tanganyika—The Lualaba—Nyangwé—Cameron is joined by Tippoo-Tib—Proceeds to Lake Mohyrá—Arrives at the Zambesi—Journey thence to Loanda on the West Coast—Cameron returns to England.*

LIEUTENANT VERNEY CAMERON, of the Royal Navy, volunteered, in the year 1872, to conduct an expedition to explore the region which Livingstone had traversed, and in which he had so long lived. The Royal Geographical Society decided to utilize the surplus funds of the first Search Expedition, formed under Henn and Dawson, and this second one was to be placed under Livingstone's orders.

Cameron, accompanied by Dr. Dillon, a former messmate, reached Zanzibar in January, 1873. He declared his purpose of crossing Africa from sea to sea, and this he accomplished. But his party was not a very strong one, for only thirty men were collected, and Bombay, who had the selection, took no trouble in the matter. This man, who had first been engaged by Speke, and had been employed by Stanley, and other explorers, was trusted by Cameron; but he seems to have got his men from "anywhere," without due regard to the purposes for which their services were intended, and considerable trouble ensued at the outset.

In February, 1873, the expedition marched into the interior without impediment, and reached Killoa without having encountered any important adventure by the way. Cameron had meantime been joined by Mr. R. Moffatt, a nephew of Doctor Livingstone, who was left with Lieut. Murphy.

The journey from Killoa was most enervating—across the swamps and the terrible Makata morass, where Dr. Dillon was taken ill, and could go no further. Cameron, however, pushed

on into higher and more healthy country, and at once sent back assistance and conveyance for his friend, who was conveyed to Rehenucko. Here an encampment was formed, and preparations for a prolonged stay were made, as Murphy and young Moffatt were behind.

For several days Cameron was almost in despair concerning his friend Dillon. The men were also very unruly, and Cameron himself was far from well. These unpleasant and weary days came to an end in the latter part of May, when Doctor Dillon began to mend. But again a cloud was thrown upon the party by the intelligence that Moffatt was ill. This sad news was more than confirmed by Murphy himself, who came into camp, having buried his young companion under the trees by the fatal Makata swamp.

Three sick men to govern an unruly set of natives gave small hope of success; but these three men determined to push on, and they did so on May 30th, 1873. The march to Unyanyembe was accomplished under the greatest difficulties. Death, desertion and suffering marked the course with sad milestones, as day by day the route was pursued. But in August, 1873, the place so famous in African travel from the time when Burton and Speke first entered it, was gained.

At Unyanyembe, Cameron met with a kind welcome from the governor, and was installed in the same dwelling which had already sheltered Livingstone and Stanley. But once again trouble arose with the men. A mutiny broke out, which was quelled, but fever and desertion decimated the following of Cameron and Dillon. The head man, Bombay, already mentioned, gave himself up to habits of intoxication; while, to add to the trouble, Cameron himself suffered from a severe attack of fever, which nearly proved fatal.

This was a trying time, and in the letters written by Dillon may be found the affecting record of the young leader's sufferings and delirium in that fearful fever which soon was to lay its fell grasp upon Dillon himself, and caused him to die by his own hand in a paroxysm of madness. During many weary weeks Cameron remained prostrate, but October found him on the road to convalescence.

October 20th brought in some news of a very saddening nature. As Cameron was slowly recovering, his servant entered the tent and gave him a letter which had just arrived. The man could tell nothing more than it had come in by a messenger.

The letter, of which we give a literal copy, was from Jacob Wainwright to Mr. Oswell Livingstone.

"SIR,—We have heard, in the month of August, that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyanyembe, and, again, have lately heard of your arrival. Your father died by disease beyond the country of Bisa, but we have carried the corpse with us. Ten of our soldiers are lost, and some have died. Our Hunger presses us to ask of you some clothes to buy provisions for our soldiers, and we should have an answer that when we shall enter, there shall be firing guns or not; and, if you will permit us to fire guns, then send us some powder. We have wrote these few word in the place of Sultan or King Mborwa.

"The Writer,

"JACOB WAINWRIGHT,

"Dr. Livingstone Expedition."

This was the first intimation of the death of the celebrated African explorer, and it fell upon eyes and ears dimmed and dulled by fever. Dillon and Cameron, both only half recovered, took some time to grasp the meaning; but on the arrival of the faithful Chumah, all doubt of the fact was put an end to. Cameron's occupation was virtually gone! The Livingstone Search Expedition had been arrested by the hand of death. Cameron and his companions might now return, for their mission had been accomplished.

But Cameron determined to proceed across the continent westwards, while Dillon and Murphy accompanied the funeral procession of Dr. Livingstone, as already related. Poor Dillon shot himself in delirium; and hearing of the sad event, Cameron hurried back to see Murphy and learn particulars. At Kasekerah, where the suicide had happened, Cameron collected his men, and started thence, accompanied by Bombay on December 2nd, 1873.

It was not until the following February, however, that Cameron and his party reached Tanganyika, which our readers may remember had been discovered by Burton nearly seventeen years previously. Canoes had been sent hither for his use; and in them he was enabled to reach Ujiji, or rather Kawele, the landing-place. Arrived there, Cameron made enquiries concerning Livingstone's papers and documents, which had been left in custody of an Arab chief at Ujiji. His next proceeding was to obtain means of transport, to enable him to make the desired explorations upon the great lake, and to ascertain what river formed the outlet for its superabundant waters. It was nearly a month, however, before Cameron could obtain the boats he wanted; but at length he embarked with his following for his important cruise.

We must refer readers to the explorer's own work for the varied description of his travels. We can only record results in these few pages at our disposal. "Creeping in and out of bays," as he declares, with some contempt for his timid crew, was all the gallant sailor could do; and bitterly he laments that he had not a man-o'-war's "whale boat" with a crew of blue-jackets, instead of the natives, who trembled at the least swell upon the lake. But by the last days of April, the boats reached the end of the lake, and of the district near which Livingstone had passed in his last fatal march. The outlet of the lake was discovered, and the important fact revealed that the Lukuga carries its stream into the Lualaba, which had been discovered by Livingstone, who thought it belonged to the "Nile system"; while Cameron declared it was a branch of the Congo. The true solution of the problem was left for Stanley, as we shall see later.

The chief to whom Cameron applied, assured him that his men had travelled for days along the Lukuga, which joined the Lualaba; but progress by canoes was stopped by the thick-growing grass and weeds. So Cameron quitted the end of the lake, went to Ujiji, and thence crossed the water again with the view of reaching Nyangwé, where he hoped to find the Congo River, down which he wished to proceed to the west coast, a task accomplished by Stanley some years later.

"The expedition left Kwakasongo on August 1st, and after two marches came in sight of the mighty Lualaba—a strong sweeping current, fully a mile wide, and flowing at the rate of three or four knots an hour, with many islands like the eyots in the Thames, lying in its course." The crocodiles and hippopotami were numerous and dangerous. Without delay Cameron started for Nyangwé, and was carried at a rapid pace down stream. "At last," he says, "I was at Nyangwé, and now the question before me was, what success would attend the attempt at tracing the river to the sea."

Nyangwé is a very considerable place, and Cameron was warmly welcomed by the old Arab chief, Hamed bin Salim, who had known Livingstone. This man placed himself at Cameron's disposal, and the Englishman endeavoured to find out the best course to pursue. The chief, who is also called Tanganyika, certainly did all he could, though another individual, Mainyi Dugumbi, was the head-man, and as he strongly objected to hurry himself for anyone, a month or two might elapse before the requisite canoes would be forthcoming. *Festina lente* was his motto. "To-morrow will do as well as to-day" was his shibboleth. His promises were continually broken, and all kinds of evasions were practised.

After several weeks' delay, there arrived at Nyangwé, an Arab trader, named Tippoo-Tib—who has since become so famous in connection with Stanley's great expedition across Africa for the relief of Emin Pacha. Being consulted by Cameron, he advised the Englishman to proceed to Lake Sankorra, on the north-west, across the Lomané, where his Arab encampment lay. This offer Cameron decided to accept, so he crossed the river, in face of difficulties and the usual desertions—Bombay being again unfit for duty—and finally joined Tippoo-Tib.

The Rombu stream was crossed, and then fever checked the explorer for a while; but Russuna's station was reached on August 29th, after a march through a very fertile country. Russuna was astonished to see the white man, and came to gaze upon the pale stranger, whose skin seemed a most fascinating study for all. They turned up his sleeves and trousers to ascertain the dubious fact of his being all over the same colour, and their intrusion had to be

checked by presents of beads. The chief village consisted of forty huts, in each of which were four wives, and the Dowager Lady Russuna had the pleasant task of preserving order amongst the ladies of her son's harem.

The district chief, Kasongo, soon arrived, and endeavoured to further Cameron's progress; but a certain other chief on the opposite side of the River Lomané, refused to permit any man with guns to pass through his territory. So Cameron decided on September 12th, to change his route, and go round the forbidden district.

Tippot-Tib's men accompanied Cameron's people for ten days, and then the expedition proceeded. Bombay endeavoured to throw difficulties in the way, and to induce Cameron to return. But the Englishman was determined to go on. On the way he was shot at by an ambuscade, but catching the man, Cameron gave him a sound thrashing, broke his weapon, and let him go. The "guides" endeavoured to lead the explorer to the east, but Cameron, whose knowledge of navigation stood him in good stead, took his own line, and reached Kamwawi. Here a pet goat was stolen, which theft became the cause of some skirmishing. The unfriendliness of the natives continuing, the party proceeded, but had eventually to halt and fortify themselves at the next village.

For a day or two desultory fighting continued, but peace was afterwards concluded at Fort Dinah, which was quitted on October 6th; and after the guides had given trouble by desertion and misconduct, Cameron reached Kilemba, where Jumah Merikani provided him with assistance, and gave him information concerning the Lualaba. He also introduced him to a Portuguese trader, who dissuaded him from proceeding to Lake Sankorra, as the route was dangerous, but offered to lead him to Benguela. Before Alvez, the trader, was ready, Cameron made a little side tour to Lake Mohyra, where he found curious "floating huts," built on piles, about six feet above the surface of the water.

On his return to Kilemba, he proceeded in search of another lake. He was in this journey a witness of a native wedding, which he describes as attended with curious dancing, and a "jumping" of the bride of ten years by the elder women. After another attack



of fever, he reached Lake Kassali. One curious trait in the country is that the chief's wives are actually his bedroom furniture, for on their hands and knees they form a couch or footstools, and even when lying down, provide him with a carpet of soft texture.

The opening of the year 1875 found the impatient explorer still at Kilemba. He had been promised that a start should be made when the Chief Kasongo had returned from a raid which he was making. But on January 25th Alvez, the Portuguese, actually did start with a slave-trader, named Coimbra, who made Cameron's blood boil by his brutalities. We need not dwell upon the details of this march, in which the Portuguese caravan miscondacted themselves grossly.

In the beginning of August the Zambesi was seen, and at the end of the month Katende, near Lake Dilolo, was reached. Dr. Livingstone had penetrated so far. Then the want of food began to make itself felt. The pleasant traders with whom Cameron journeyed had stripped him of nearly all he possessed, and he was actually obliged to sell his shirts for food. So the march proceeded. In November the Kukewi River was crossed; then they marched through the mountains, until the approach to Katombela, on the coast, filled Cameron with delight.

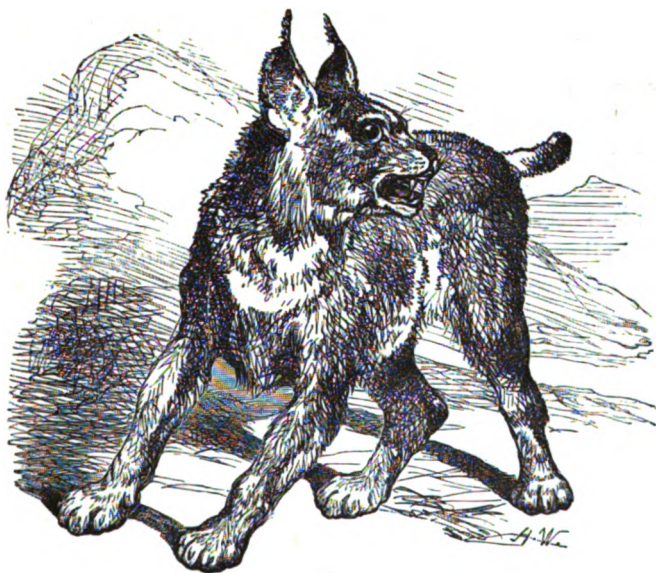
A messenger sent in advance had obtained provisions which reached the half-starved explorer, and when within sight of the sea, Cameron ran down the slope of the hill towards Katombela, "swinging his rifle round his head." Unfurling the English flag he carried, Cameron advanced, and met a Frenchman, who, with three men bearing wine, welcomed him, and drank to the health of the first European who had crossed the Continent from east to west, Livingstone having performed the same feat in a contrary direction.

After a delay caused by sickness, during which he met with great kindness, Cameron proceeded to Loanda. At the Consulate he found letters and a hearty welcome, and having seen his people off in a schooner for Zanzibar, in February, 1876, he embarked for Liverpool in the steamer *Congo*.

The results of this journey across Africa were very important. The traveller proved that the Lualaba has no connection with the

Nile system, and was of opinion that it was the head waters of the Congo, a result which Stanley has since ascertained to be true. Thus Livingstone was actually exploring the Congo, and not the Nile, during his later years. Cameron also discovered a water system by the Lomané, which he called the true Lualaba.

For his great services to geographical science, the gallant explorer received the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, and it has seldom been more worthily bestowed. Cameron was not only a successful traveller, but he was an accomplished observer. His observations were conducted on scientific principles and were of vast extent, displaying untiring industry under the most depressing influences of climate, and constancy and courage of a high order.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### STANLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.

Stanley despatched to the Dark Continent—Arrival at the Victoria Nyanza—Murder of Halleck—Deaths of Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker—A fight with savages—Exploration of Victoria Nyanza—King Mtesa of Uganda—Fighting at Bumbireh—Arrival at Nyangwé—Stanley embarks on the Congo—Perils and sufferings of the expedition—Deaths of Kalulu and Frank Pocock—Stanley arrives at the coast.

ONCE again Stanley appears on the scene, commissioned jointly by the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, to complete the discoveries of Speke and Livingstone, especially to clear up all doubts regarding the Central African Lakes, and to follow the Lualaba until it reaches the sea, the task which Livingstone sought to accomplish. His party from England consisted of Frank and Edward Pocock, Frederick Barker, and Halleck. A barge, named the *Lady Alice*, was taken in sections, besides two other boats, with a perfect equipment.

When all preparations had been completed, Stanley left England, to begin his perilous journey, on August 15th, 1874. He reached Zanzibar on September 21st, and, having completed his preparations, left for the mainland on November 12th, and five days later, started for the interior, on his perilous and famous journey through Africa, of which he has given so graphic an account in his work, "Across the Dark Continent."

The first stage was to the Victoria Nyanza, which Stanley desired to explore. The imperfect description of previous explorers had left much to be decided concerning this great inland sea.

The advance to the great Lake Victoria was full of adventurous interest. Those who read his volumes will learn that travelling in the "Dark Continent" means being at times in the wilderness without a guide, or with traitors acting as guides, which is a worse

alternative. This was Stanley's fate, and he was deserted in the waste, with a small stock of food. Through the difficult jungle the men had to crawl, cutting their way, guided solely by the compass, overcome by hunger and thirst, with desertions frequent, and much sickness. This was in "famine-stricken Ugogo."

While on this disastrous march he lost five of his people, who "wandering on helplessly, fell down and died." The country produced no food, or even game, unless lions could be so called. Two young lions were found in a den, and were quickly killed and eaten. Stanley tells us how he returned to camp, and was so struck by the pinched jaws of his followers that he nearly wept. He decided to utilize his precious medical stores, for the people were famishing. So he made a quantity of gruel, which kept the expedition alive for eight-and-forty hours, and then the men he had despatched to Suma for provisions, returned with food. Refreshed, they all marched on, so that they might reach Suma next morning.

After proceeding twenty miles they came to the cultivated districts and encamped. But the natives of Suma were hostile, and the increasing sick list made a four days' halt necessary. There were thirty men ailing from various diseases. Edward Pocock was taken ill here, and on the fourth day, he became delirious; but the increasing suspicions of the natives—who are represented as a very fine race—made departure necessary, and so a start was made, on January 17th, in hostile company. The famine in Ugogo had severely tried every man's constitution, and all felt weary in spirit if not ill in body. "Weary, harassed, feeble creatures," they reached Chiwyu, four hundred miles from the sea, and camped near the crest of a hill 5,400 feet high. Here Edward Pocock breathed his last. He was laid under an acacia, and upon the trunk of this fine old tree, a cross was cut deeply, *in memoriam* of a faithful follower.

Hence two rivulets ran, gradually converging and finally uniting into a stream which trends towards Lake Victoria. Up to this point the explorer had, as he said, "child's play" to what he afterwards encountered.

After passing Mangina the expedition pushed on and reached

Izanjih, where Halleck was seized with asthma. He would lag behind, and so Stanley proceeded slowly to Vinyata, where the expedition arrived on January 21st, 1875. Here a magic doctor paid Stanley a visit and cast longing eyes at the stores. Scouts had been meantime sent after the man Halleck, and he was found murdered on the edge of a wood, his body gashed by many wounds.

Next day, after the departure of the magic-doctor, who came for another present, the natives showed hostile symptoms. One hundred savages, armed and in warlike costume, came around, shouting and brandishing their weapons. At this juncture Stanley, following Livingstone's practice, decided to make no counter demonstration; but to remain quiet in camp, and provoke no hostility. This plan did not answer, however. The natives mistook for cowardice the wish for peace. There were so many tempting articles and stores which the natives coveted. No peace could be made at any price, and the savages attacked the camp in force.

Stanley disposed his men behind hastily erected earthworks and other shelter, and used the sections of the *Lady Alice* barge as a citadel for final occupation. There were only seventy effective men to defend the camp, and these were divided into detachments and subdivided. One sub-detachment was quickly destroyed, and in the day's fight twenty-one soldiers and one messenger were killed—three wounded. Stanley's men, however, pursued the retreating enemy, and burned many villages, the men bringing in cattle and grain as spoils. Next day the natives came on again, but they were quickly routed, and the expedition, after three days of battle, continued its way through the now desolate valley unmolested.

The victors, however, had not much to boast of. After only three months' march, the expedition had lost 120 Africans and one European, from the effects of sickness and battle. There were now only 194 men left. They pressed on, however, towards the Victoria Nyanza, and after escaping the warlike Mirambo, who fought everybody on principle, Stanley reached Kagehyi on February 27th. He was now close to the lake, having marched 720 miles; average daily march, ten miles.

On March 8th, Stanley, leaving Frank Pocock to command the

camp, set forth with eleven men in the *Lady Alice* to explore the lake and ascertain whether it is one of a series, as Dr. Livingstone said it was. The explorer began by coasting Speke Gulf. Many interesting observations were made. He penetrated into each little bay and creek, finding indications that convinced him that the slave trade is carried on there. But the explorer had to battle for his information. Near Chaga the natives came down, and after inducing him to land, attacked him; but Stanley "dropped" one man, and the natives subsided. On another occasion the natives tried to entrap him, but he escaped by firing on the savages, killing three men, and sinking their canoes with bullets from an elephant rifle.

Continuing his course now unopposed, Stanley coasted along the Uganda shore, and a messenger came from the King to Stanley requesting his attendance. Five canoes escorted the travellers to Usavara, the capital of King Mtesa. The explorer landed on April 5th, and was most kindly received, and closely questioned upon subjects of so diverse a character as to remind Stanley of a college examination for a degree.

King Mtesa appeared almost a civilized monarch, quite a different being from what he had been when Speke and Grant visited him as a young man. He had become a Mahomedan, wore Arab dress, and conducted himself well. He entertained Stanley with reviews of canoes, a naval "demonstration" of eighty-four "ships" and 2,500 men! Shooting matches, parades, and many other civilized modes of entertainment were practised for the amusement of the white man. In Uganda the traveller was welcomed, and perfectly safe. Stanley met Colonel de Bellfonds and Linant, whom Gordon had sent on a mission to Mtesa.

While exploring the lake, serious conflicts occurred at Bumbireh Island, where he had put in for food, but was not amicably received. After a time, however, he was induced to go ashore, and when he landed, the boat was immediately seized. The crew and Stanley rushed to the boat, while the crowd yelled and brandished their weapons. Some presents checked the fury of the people; but their object was apparently to kill the white man. The chief, who had already stolen the oars, was anxious to secure

Stanley's weapons, but he caused his boat to be suddenly pushed off. Furious with rage, they rushed to their canoes; but a few bullets and some elephant explosive shells settled the question. Fourteen of the savages were killed and two canoes sunk.

Paddling with the bottom-boards of the boat, Stanley's men pushed on through storm and rain, until a favourable wind at length carried the voyagers to camp. Here, on May 6th, Frank Pocock met his chief, who then learned that Frederick Barker had died a fortnight before. This was sad news, and much trouble was still ahead of Stanley. Other men had died, and fever attacked the leader himself.

In the continuation of his voyage Stanley again came into collision with the people of Bumbireh. Finding they would not return his oars, he sailed with eighteen canoes to chastise them in Bumbireh Island.

Here he was expected, and the fight commenced. Stanley, by pretending to land, drew the enemy from their ambush, and then fired on them. Forty-two dead were counted, and this put an end to the resistance of the tribe. Their treachery was sufficiently punished, and they had declined peace. Stanley then proceeded to the Court of Uganda, where he found Mtesa at war.

Stanley had now explored the entire coast of the Victoria Nyanza, and found only one outlet, the Ripon Falls. The King was at the head of a numerous army, which had some skirmishing. While the army was encamped, and making ready for its final advance, Stanley converted King Mtesa to Christianity.

After remaining some time with Mtesa, he departed in October, 1875, to explore the country lying between Muta Nzige (Albert Nyanza), and the Victoria Nyanza. This time he had with him an escort of Mtesa's men, under a "general" named Sambusi. The expedition, after a pleasant march, came within a few miles of the Albert Nyanza, but then the native warriors wished to return, and Stanley yielded perforce. He returned, but the faint-hearted "general" was put in irons by Mtesa, whom he had disgraced. Stanley had now confirmed Speke's discoveries. He proceeded towards the Alexandra Nile and thence turned towards Lake Tanganyika, and camped at Ujiji where he had met David Living-

stone. Thence he prepared to journey to Nyangwé, the farthest northern place attained by Cameron, as already related. Stanley carried the *Lady Alice* across the 350 miles which intervened between Ujiji and Nyangwé, which is situated on the Lualaba (of Livingstone), which Stanley demonstrated to be none other than the mighty Congo. We shall now follow Stanley briefly in his discovery along that river, which he had determined to explore.

On November 5th he set out from Nyangwé. He had with him 140 rifles and seventy spearmen and could defy the warlike tribes of which he had heard so much, and he made up his mind to "stick to the Lualaba, fair or foul!" For three weeks he pushed his way along the banks, meeting with tremendous difficulties, till all became disheartened. Stanley said he would try the river. The *Lady Alice* was put together and launched, and then the leader declared he would never quit it until he reached the sea. "All I ask," said he to his men, "is that you will follow me in the name of God."

"In the name of God, master, we will follow you," they replied. And they did so bravely.

A skirmish occurred at the outset, by the Ruiki River, and then the Ukassa Rapids were reached. These were passed in safety, one portion of the expedition on the bank, the remainder in canoes. So the journey continued, but under very depressing circumstances, for the natives, when not openly hostile, left their villages, and would hold no communication with the strangers. Sickiness was universal. Small-pox, dysentery, and other diseases raged, and every day a body or two was tossed into the river. A canoe was found, repaired, and constituted the hospital, and so was towed down stream. On December 8th, a skirmish occurred, but speedily ended in the defeat of the savages, who had used poisoned arrows. Again, another serious fight ensued, the savages rushing against the stockades which surrounded the camp, and displaying great determination. The attack was resumed at night. At daybreak, a part of the native town was occupied, and there again the fighting was continued. The village was held, but the natives were still determined, and again attacked; the arrows fell thickly, and it was a very critical time for the voyagers.



Fortunately the land division arrived and settled the matter. The savages disappeared, and the marching detachment united with Stanley's crews. That night Pocock was sent out to cut away the enemy's canoes, and that danger was over. But now the Arab escort which had joined Stanley at Nyangwé, became rebellious, and infected the rest. Stanley feared that all his people would mutiny, but he managed them with a firm and friendly hand. All this time the people had been dying of fever, small-pox and poisoned arrows, and constant attacks of the enemy prevented burial of the dead or attendance on the sick and wounded.

On December 26th, after a merry Christmas, considering the circumstances, the expedition embarked, 149 in all, not a man having deserted. On January 4th, 1877, they reached the first of a series of cataracts, now named Stanley Falls. This was a cannibal country, and the man-eaters hunted the voyagers "like game." For four-and-twenty days the conflict continued, fighting, foot by foot, the forty miles or so which were covered by the cataracts, and which the expedition had to follow by land, foraging, fighting, encamping, dragging the fleet of canoes, all the time with their lives in their hands, cutting their way alike through the forest and their deadly enemies.

Yet, as soon as he had avoided the cannibals on land, they came after him on the water. A flotilla of fifty-four canoes, some of great size, with a total of nearly two thousand warriors, were formidable obstacles in the way. But discipline and gunpowder won the day, and the natives were dispersed with great loss and the village plundered of its ivory. In effecting this great success Stanley only lost one man, making the sixteenth since the expedition had left Nyangwé.

Some of the cataracts Stanley describes as magnificent, the current boiling and leaping in waves six feet high. The width in places is 2,000 feet, narrowing at the falls. After the great naval battle, Stanley found friendly tribes who informed him the river, the Lualaba, which he had named the Livingstone, was surely the Congo. Here was a great geographical problem settled. Proceeding on his way Stanley encountered further determined opposition, but he overcame all resistance and pushed on rapidly.

Soon the friendly tribes were again met with, and at length the warfare with man ceased, but the struggle with the Congo continued.

There are fifty-seven cataracts and rapids in the course of the river from Nyangwé to the ocean, a distance of eighteen hundred miles. One portion of one hundred and eighty miles took the explorer five months. During that terrible passage, of which graphic details are given in his work, he lost many of his followers, including the brave Pocock and Kalulu—the black boy.

March 12th found them in a wide reach of the river, named Stanley Pool, and below that they “for the first time heard the low and sullen thunder of the Livingstone Falls.” From this date the river was the chief enemy, and at the cataracts the stream flows like a mill-race. The canoes suffered or were lost in the “caldron,” and *portages* became necessary. The men were hurt also; and Stanley had a fall, and was half stunned. There were only seventeen canoes remaining on March 27th. The descent was made along shore below Rocky Island Falls, and in gaining the camping place, Kalulu, in the *Crocodile* canoe, was lost. This boat got into mid-stream, and went gliding over the smooth, swift river to destruction. Nothing could save it or its occupants. It whirled round three or four times, plunged into the depths, and Kalulu and his canoe-mate were seen no more. Nine men, including others in other canoes, who were likewise swept over, were lost that day. By April 21st, thirty-seven days had passed in covering thirty-four miles. One big fall only remained, the voyagers were told, and so they resolved to persevere till they had passed it; but subsequently, on May 17th, a chief informed them that five falls were in front. Mowa was quitted on June 3rd, and a new camp was to be pitched above the great cataract, near Zinga. These falls proved to be whirlpools, and not rapids. About 3 P.M. on that day, Stanley went up to Zinga Point to survey the rapids, when he perceived a canoe tumbling about in the Massassa Pool. It was capsized, and he sent men to aid the wrecked with ropes in the little bay to which the current tended.

The men struggled to avoid the cataract, and impelled the boat towards the land. They gained it nearly, then they swam ashore,

while the current swept the canoe away into the whirlpools. Eight only of the occupants were saved. Three were lost, and one was Pocock, "Little Master," as he was called. By some fatal rashness he had urged the coxswain, against his will, to try the stream, and though repeatedly told of the danger, he had persisted in urging the men to the attempt. He paid a heavy penalty for his rashness.

The descent by river had cost Stanley, besides the lives of Pocock, and many of the natives, 18,000 dollars worth of ivory, twelve canoes, and a mutiny, not to mention grave anxiety and incessant cares and conflicts.

After a weary time, nearly starved, the remainder of the expedition, reduced to 115 persons, arrived at Boma, on August 9th, 1877, nine months from the date they left Nyangwé. Stanley thus demonstrated that the Lualaba is the Congo, and opened up a splendid water-way into the interior of the "Dark Continent,"\* which the African International Association—founded by the King of the Belgians, in 1876, for the suppression of the slave trade and the civilization of the interior—has since planted with stations over a considerable extent of country.

At the request of the enlightened ruler of Belgium, Stanley undertook the task of organizing the administration of the Congo Free State, which received its first impulse from the great explorer, who returned to Africa in the following year to start the infant State on its course of progress and civilization. Under the rule of Stanley the Congo Free State became a pattern to the French and other Colonies of what such an administration should be, and, but for his untimely end, General Gordon would have carried on the grand work of civilization.

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\* Stanley published an account of this journey, under the title "Through the Dark Continent," and his services to the Congo State are recorded in his work, "The Congo, and the founding of its Free State." He also wrote a work of fiction for boys, entitled "My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### VARIOUS JOURNEYS AND EXPLORATIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

*Major Serpa Pinto's travels across Africa from Loanda to Durban—Expeditions of Thomson, Schweinfurth, DeBrazza, and Wissmann—Casati's wanderings in Central Africa—Ascent of Mount Killimanjaro by Dr. Hans Meyer.*

THE Portuguese, who were the pioneers of discovery in Africa, for centuries slept on their laurels, and the government of the Portuguese colonies was a disgrace to European civilization, while no attempts were made to penetrate the Dark Continent, for which their possessions at Loanda on the west coast, and Mozambique on the opposite side of Africa, afforded admirable starting points. But the fever for possessing countries they took no steps to explore, which animated the other European powers, seized upon this once great country, and an officer of the Portuguese army, possessed of remarkable qualities, earned great distinction by his journey across Africa, from west to east.

Major Serpa Pinto left Europe in 1877, and reached Loanda, on the West coast, in August of that year. There were many difficulties in his way, particularly the want of carriers. He had 400 loads of baggage, containing objects of barter, which it was absolutely necessary to carry into the interior. The Portuguese was not daunted, but having encountered Stanley after his memorable journey, the kindest feelings were engendered between the travellers. After a while, Serpa Pinto went on to Benguela, where he was joined by his companions, Capello and Ivens.\*

On September 12th, the carriers having been engaged, the explorers quitted the coast. "The caravan," says the narrator,

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\* These travellers parted company with Serpa Pinto, and have related their experiences in a work entitled "Benguela."

"consisted of sixty-nine persons and six donkeys. The heavy baggage arrived a couple of days later, and one hundred carriers were necessary for its transport forward." Capello and Ivens remained behind to look after the baggage, while Pinto went on to Quillengues. The road by which they travelled proved difficult, the progress was slow, the loads being heavy, 66lbs. a man, including rations for the nine days' march. That evening Capello and Ivens joined at the camp, and next day the march was resumed. Water was exceedingly scarce, and Major Serpa Pinto lost himself in the bush, and with difficulty rejoined his men.

The food was rapidly consumed, and the leader went hunting *en route*, and so the waning supplies were replenished. Quillengues was reached on December 12th, and the carriers discharged according to agreement. Porters had now to be engaged as far as Caconda, the culminating point of the up hill journey, 5,507 feet above the sea-level. There is a Portuguese settlement at Quillengues, which is watered by the Calunga; the district is very fertile, and thickly populated by natives, who are tall, robust and warlike. They are, moreover, gifted with curiosity, for, having stolen an explosive bullet, three of them proceeded to test its powers in a simple manner. The ball was placed on a stone, one man put a knife across it and struck it violently. The bullet exploded, and severely wounded the operator and the on-lookers.

On January 1st, 1878, the exploring party quitted Quillengues for Bihé. A man named Gonsalves here joined the party, and proved a valuable acquisition. The ascent proved toilsome, but the chiefs of the country were friendly. Rivers swollen by heavy rains were crossed, terrific thunderstorms were encountered, till Caconda was safely gained. There Major Pinto met Signor José d' Anchieta, "the first zoological explorer of Africa," who was still pursuing his studies.

At Caconda, notwithstanding the valued bribe of spirits, delay occurred, there being no carriers. At length Serpa Pinto started in search of men, with a party of nine, and reached Quipembe, a village ten miles distant, where the party were well received. At Quingolo forty carriers were procured. There fever set in, and the heat was intense. The chief of the Huambo territory promised

more carriers, but in the village a letter reached the Portuguese leader that Capello and Ivens had determined to secede, and had resolved to go on alone, but they sent the forty loads by the carriers.

After much deliberation Major Pinto decided to proceed. The new carriers were discharged and forty others engaged to go on to Bihé, but as Capello and Ivens had kept all the white calico, the traveller found some difficulty in making terms with blue and striped material, as no money is exchanged.

It is not necessary to follow the track very closely. Thunderstorms, attacks of fever, want of carriers, and sometimes overt hostility of the natives, marked Major Serpa Pinto's progress. After twenty days of peril the party reached Belmonte, where Ivens and Capello had already arrived. The former volunteered to accompany Serpa Pinto (who was still suffering from fever) back to Benguela, and he could but "express his gratitude for so generous and disinterested an offer!" The Bihé territory had been at length reached. Serpa Pinto went on to Magalhães, where he nearly succumbed to fever.

When he had recovered, the traveller determined to start for the upper Zambesi, and after the usual difficulties as to transport, the start for the interior was begun. Soon afterwards José Alvez, the African trader whose name occurs in Cameron's adventures, was encountered, and more worries ended in a determination to destroy part of the stores and carry the remainder with the available porters. On June 14th the camp was broken up and the passage of the Cuanza effected. The caravan now entered the Ganguella country. The King begged for a pair of trousers, which were made for him, as no breeches were in stock of a size sufficient for a man who is described as a "veritable hippopotamus," though a good-tempered one. His Majesty came out afterwards and danced, in a very fancy dress and masked, wherein he acted the part of a "wild beast torn with rage," and had an immense success.

The Luchaze territory was then traversed. The natives are mentioned as wearing a small beard, and indulging in extraordinary head-dresses. They fashion their front teeth curiously into a triangle; a lozenge-shaped aperture appears in the centre when the teeth are closed. The people were kind and hospitable. The

route was continued to the sources of the Cubangui River, but here the last rations were consumed; hunger again stared the travellers in the face, and during the night lions kept up a horrible concert. At Cangamba some scanty supplies were obtained, and the leader proceeded down the Cubangui River in his mackintosh boat, with two rowers and two men of his caravan. The others did not appear, but at length, after a long march and some firing as signals, the camp was reached after thirty-six hours' fasting. About this time several of the party were afflicted with gôitre, and others were seriously ill.

It was July 25th when the camp was formed upon the River Cuchibi. On the 29th a halt was ordered opposite the village of Can-en-hue, the residence of the chief of the Cuchibi, in the Ambuellas territory. Major Serpa Pinto, in describing his mode of travelling, often mentions the cold, in some cases the "extreme cold," which prevented the men from leaving camp-fire before 8 A.M. His toilette seems to have occupied him some time, and brushes, sponges, perfumery, etc., were in daily use. "Until this journey," he adds, "I never knew the entire value of time, or how much can be done in it, if judiciously employed." He travelled at about nine geographical miles a day, and made regular observations and measurements.

While amongst the Ambuellas, the King's daughters were anxious to marry him, the younger and prettier one being evidently disconcerted that he did not accept her; but after a time both the princesses waited on him, in a perfectly friendly way, and forgot the suggested alliance with the "white man." All the people in the district were remarkably friendly, but the language is entirely wanting in all words that express noble or generous sentiments. The Ambuellas are successful cultivators of the soil, and raise quantities of maize, potatoes, beans and cotton. Domestic poultry is the only live stock reared. The River Cuchibi is rich in fish.

On August 4th the explorer departed, and crossed the river safely, guided by the princesses, the daughters of the King. The honey-birds excited the traveller's admiration, as they almost unfailingly led him to the bees' nests, hopping and chirping near by until the men had followed them and found the honey.

The young princesses returned home, and then, after a very fatiguing march, the source of the River Ninda was reached. This place is celebrated for its wild beasts, lions and hyænas. Elephants are also found in the neighbourhood, and buffalo, one of the latter falling to the hunter.

Farther on the country is very marshy. Other and more serious difficulties arose, such as want of supplies, and insubordination. On August 6th Major Pinto was almost in despair. There was no energy in the men, and the leader was virtually alone. No food on the 17th was procurable, yet a camp was formed on the Nhengo (the Ninda in its upper reaches), an important tributary of the Zambesi. The natives here, and subsequently, refused to afford any food, and matters looked very serious; insults and blows were returned in answer to requests for food, until a raid was made upon the native storehouses, and supplies obtained by force. They were afterwards paid for, and by this honourable conduct all fear of starvation was avoided.

The Luina race were the next people visited *en route*, and supplies were cheerfully brought in. Salt and tobacco were sent by the King. On August 24th the Zambesi was reached, with many demonstrations of joy. Two hippopotami and a crocodile were killed, when they came too near to be pleasant. The capital of the kingdom of Lui was reached that evening, and twelve hundred warriors were drawn up to welcome the coming guest. The King had arranged a reception, and much friendship was displayed; but a presentiment of coming trouble filled Major Serpa Pinto's mind, and it was not unfounded.

The district in which Major Pinto and his followers were then encamped is by the Upper Zambesi. The town is named Lialui, and the King's name is Lobossi. On receiving the Major he expressed himself much pleased at his arrival. Gambella, the Prime Minister, seemed hostile, but dissembled his feelings. The Commander of the troops, Machuana, was a former companion of Livingstone's in his journey to Loanda from the Zambesi, and was inclined to favour the Portuguese stranger. A conference upon trade was held, for the natives are great traders, and value European stuffs highly. It was arranged that a deputation should go to Benguela



and arrange a treaty. Some of the carriers took advantage of this, and returned, leaving the leader with only fifty-eight men.

After a while Lobossi's friendship waned, and he demanded impossible presents. He then declared that the expedition must return, and that he would not permit any advance. To make matters worse, Gambella induced some of the major's men to turn traitors, so things looked badly. A slave, however, overheard a project against Serpa Pinto, and came at night to give warning of the treachery. Just before that he had narrowly escaped an assagai thrown at him by a man who had been incited by Gambella to assassinate the visitor. Serpa Pinto wounded the would-be assassin, and by stratagem caused one of his own treacherous followers to tell the truth.

An attack was made on his camp, the huts were burned, and the multitude of natives would have succeeded, had not a few explosive bullets been fired amongst them. These terrible missiles immediately put the assailants to flight. The King denied all complicity, and sent troops to protect the European traveller; but Gambella had certainly ordered the attack, and under these circumstances Serpa Pinto quitted the vicinity of the capital, and camped fifteen miles away in the forest, on the slopes of the Catongo Hills. Food was denied them, and fish formed the only means of sustenance. That evening all but eight men deserted, carrying away powder and cartridges, and leaving only thirty bullets. But Serpa Pinto, tearing the leaden weights from his fishing-net, found means to cast bullets for his rifle, presented to him by the King of Portugal. Some boxes of powder were found, and some hundreds of cartridges were assured.

The faithful men soon built up a fence as protection, and then waited events. At length Major Pinto sent a messenger to treat with the King, who professed innocence of the whole affair. After much parley and some plain language, the potentate permitted boats and crews to carry the expedition down the Zambesi to Itufa, where other boatmen were engaged. On October 3rd two lions were seen, and one was shot by Serpa Pinto. On the 4th the Gonha Cataracts were reached, and the land *portage* accomplished. The descent of the rapids afterwards was dangerous, but successful.

Near camp, one evening, a terrible combat between a lion and a buffalo took place, and in the morning nothing of the buffalo remained except the head-bones and the lacerated hide.

Here the navigation of the upper Zambesi ceased. Embarira, on the Cuando, was close at hand. Two Englishmen were there, and owing to the enmity of a native chief, all the party were in danger for a while. But the arrival of the French Missionary, M. Coillard, whose servant Pinto had already encountered, quieted the chief.

Serpa Pinto afterwards visited the Victoria Falls, and traversed the Transvaal, but no new country was explored. We may, therefore, leave him in safety with M. Coillard, who accompanied the explorer in a waggon to Shoshong, and finally to Durban. Thence the explorer steamed to Zanzibar, and, after some little travelling for pleasure, returned to Lisbon on June 5th, 1879.

Among those who have contributed their quota to our knowledge of the Continent, Burton ranks high. Besides the journey to Mecca, and the expedition with Speke to Lake Tanganyika, he visited Dahomey, the Cameroon Mountains, Abeokuta and many other places, of which he has given descriptions.

Interesting journeys in various parts of Africa have been made by the enterprising travellers, Du Chaillu (in the Gaboon region) Andersson, the artist Baines and Mr. Galton, who, starting from Walvisch Bay, on the west coast, to the north of Cape Colony, visited the Damaras, the Namaquas, the Bechuanas and other tribes of whom more is known daily since the inauguration of the great British South African Company.

The Niger is now well known throughout its course, and all the adjacent rivers and territories have been explored and opened up by another important British trading company, and there is a great future, doubtless, for the teeming population on its banks and those of its tributaries, as civilization surely follows in the wake of British enterprise.

But before this desirable end was attained many valuable lives were lost. An expedition on a considerable scale, organized by Mr. McGregor Laird, was started in the year 1832, for the Niger districts. Messrs. McGregor Laird and Oldfield wrote an account

of this expedition, which took place between the years 1832-34, in the steam vessels *Quorra* and *Aburkah*. Among those who died was the famous explorer, Richard Lander, who had traced the course of the Niger from Boussa to the sea.

A second expedition, in 1842, under the auspices of the Admiralty, was commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) H. D. Trotter, R.N., and is described by Captain Allen, R.N., and Surgeon Thomson. These expeditions suffered greatly from fever, and the results attained were by no means commensurate with the terrible loss of life incurred. Another, however, which was organized, in 1854, by the Government, was more successful. A small steamer, *The Pleiad*, having a black crew and a few white officers, under the command of Dr. Baikie, R.N., proceeded up the Niger, and, entering the mouth of the Binue, known as the Tsadda, discovered by Dr. Barth, steamed up that magnificent stream until the falling waters compelled the little steamer to return. This expedition was conducted without the loss of a man.

Among other travels we might mention those of Beke and Mansfield Parkyns in Abyssinia, and the journey of the enterprising ivory trader, Mr. Petherick, who visited a vast extent of Africa. An interesting enterprise was that promoted by the Royal Geographical Society, and headed by the eminent geographer, Mr. Keith Johnston, in 1878-79. Unfortunately he died at the commencement of his undertaking, but Mr. Joseph Thomson, his successor, explored Masai-land, traversed the country between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, and navigated the Rovuma. A lake, called "Leopold," was discovered, and the scientific results achieved by his researches here, in the upper Congo region, the Niger, and the Atlas mountains, were considerable, owing to his great attainments. Thomson's expedition to Masai-land is also remarkable in that he had few or no disputes with his own men or with the natives.

Dr. Schweinfurth published an interesting record of his wanderings in his book, "The Heart of Africa." He journeyed from 1868 until 1871, partly in the Niam-Niam country, and found some curious dwarf specimens of humanity. Dr. Schweinfurth made a series of

valuable botanical observations, and he explored the Welle River for a considerable distance. Much, however, still remains for the explorer in this region.

Lieut. De Brazza of the French Navy, made some explorations of the Ogowe River, which he found quite distinct from the Congo. He returned in 1879, and when Mr. Stanley came back from his expedition, undertaken for the African International Association to establish stations on the Congo River as far as Nyangwé, he and De Brazza had a wordy war concerning the French right to interfere in that region, but these matters were settled by the Congress on African affairs, which assembled in Berlin, when the boundaries of the Congo Free State, and those of the French and other territories, were peacefully settled.

De Brazza's journey is by no means devoid either of interest or incident. He confirmed much of Du Chaillu's experiences; and in consequence of his explorations, the French Government deputed him, in 1880, to open up communications and make treaties with the chiefs, which he did.

In 1881, Lieut. Wissmann, of the German army—since so famous as the German Imperial Commissioner who settled affairs in the possessions of the German East African Company—accompanied by Dr. Pogge, crossed the continent from Loanda to Saadani, and visited much hitherto untrodden country. They reached Nyangwé in April, 1882, whence Dr. Pogge returned westward, leaving Lieut. Wissmann and three men to proceed to the east coast. On this portion of his route he nearly lost his life, but, as he was able to claim "blood brotherhood" with the powerful chief Mirambo, he was spared. From Unyanyembe the German officer went to Mpwapwa, and reached Saadani in November, 1882, having occupied nearly two years in his travels.

Other African explorers were Drs. Lenz and Nachtigall, the Marquis of Antinori, and Drs. Rohlfs, Holub (working northward from Cape Town) and Junker, friend and correspondent of the famous Emin Pasha, whose real name is Dr. Schnitzer.

Mission stations have been established by Scotch missionaries at Blantyre, and other places near Lake Nyassa, and on the Shiré River, explored by the great missionary traveller, Dr. Livingstone;

and the African Lakes Company has opened up the Shiré Highlands, establishing settlements at Katunga and elsewhere.

On January 2nd, 1890, Paiva Andrade, a Portuguese officer, having crossed the Ruó, the boundary line between Portuguese territory and the British Protectorate, arrived at Katunga, with 500 men, and forcibly hauled down the British flag. But for this outrage and Major Serpa Pinto's massacre of the Makololo (the interesting race of whom we have spoken in so much detail in our account of Livingstone's travels), the Portuguese Government was compelled to make restitution, by withdrawing from those territories, and the British flag was re-hoisted, and the people assured of the protection of England.\*

The story of Captain Casati, the African traveller and friend of Emin Pasha, who was rescued by Mr. Stanley and returned with him to the east coast, is one of romantic interest.

Gaetano Casati was born in 1838, and joining a corps of Bersaglieri, during the war of Italian Independence, in 1867,

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\*The condition of affairs in the Nyassa and Tanganyika region, discovered by Englishmen, is naturally a subject of considerable interest for English people. Estimates of the breadth of the plateau which lies between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika vary from 210 to 240 miles. The height above the sea is about 5,000 feet, and above the lakes it may be roughly counted as 3,000 feet at the Nyassa end and 2,500 at the Tanganyika end. The ascent and descent at either end are extremely steep, and the Stevenson road renders them practicable. Once upon the plateau, of which the surface is almost entirely level, a beaten caravan track extends without a natural obstacle for over 300 miles. The Nyassa end of the road was held by Arabs during the late native war. It is now perfectly free, and the pacified Arabs have settled down on terms of active friendship with the English traders and missionaries. In order to define the sphere over which English treaties have been made, a line should be drawn from the junction of the Ruó and the Shiré in a north-easterly direction to Milanje, from Milanje to the west coast of Lake Shirwa, thence round Mount Zomba to the Upper Shiré, and from the west bank of the Upper Shiré to Nyassa. Within this line the whole territory has been declared to fall under British protection. The east coast of Lake Nyassa has been left untouched, in accordance with the general understanding that Germany looked upon it as the boundary of the back country in that latitude. West of Lake Nyassa every bit of the soil is covered with English treaties to the northern point of the lake and across Livingstonia to Lake Bangweolo. Again, from the northern end of Nyassa to Tanganyika treaties have been made covering the whole soil and securing the Stevenson road. Treaties have also been made over the south end of Tanganyika. These treaties have been made both with native chiefs and with Arab rulers where they exist, and the freehold of the soil over the whole district between the two lakes has been purchased by English subjects. From Lake Tanganyika to the Ruó a continuous belt of British influence, consolidated and enforced by British settlements and the investment of British money, has been stretched. To the south this belt expands so as to include the Shiré Highlands on the east, and Livingstonia up to the limits of the Congo Free State and the shores of Lakes Bangweolo and Moero on the west. The strip of territory is very important, both for the practical interests which it represents and by reason of the fertility of the soil. The British South African Company has also acquired, by treaty and concessions, the whole of the Barotse country which lies north of the Zambesi, between that river and the southern limits of the Congo Free State, and touches in its north-eastern corner the south-western extremity of the lake strip which has been described.

was promoted to the rank of Captain. But he had set his heart on becoming an African explorer, and in 1879, was commissioned by the Italian "Society for the Commercial Exploration of Africa," to proceed to that Continent at their expense. Casati sailed from Genoa on December 24th in that year, and journeying by way of Suez and Suakin, crossed the desert to Berber, and arrived at Khartoum about the middle of May, 1880. His immediate object was to reach the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and there see his fellow-countryman, Gessi Pasha, then Governor of that particular province, under the orders of Colonel Gordon. In this he succeeded, and Gessi soon afterwards nursed Casati through a dangerous fever. Gessi now proceeded to Khartoum, intending to return to Europe, though he got no further than Suez, where he died.

After his friend's departure Casati had another severe attack of fever, this time of prolonged duration, but he was able, on October 14th, 1880, to proceed to Rumbeck. After this nothing was heard about him by his friends until a letter reached them from Tangasi, dated December 29th, 1881, stating that he had been kept a prisoner by a certain King, Azanga by name, and had only succeeded in making his escape on the 7th of that month. He had, it seems, presented himself to Azanga, at the latter's capital, Neolopo, in order to procure an escort in his intended exploration of the Welle, a river which takes its rise near to Wadelai and empties itself into the Congo, running part of the distance almost parallel with the Aruwhimi. But Azanga refused his request, and "begged" so many articles from him that Casati was at last plundered of everything not having even a spoon left. When the King found he could get nothing more out of the traveller and his followers, he cut off their food supplies and left them to pick up what they could for themselves, and his subjects also made several attempts to take Casati's life. One day he gave a courteous salute to the King's mother, but this act of respect so infuriated the people that he was surrounded by an angry mob, from among whom a young man suddenly rushed upon him with a knife. Casati, with the help of one of his men, had just time to seize the youth's arm and wrest the knife from his hand, keeping the weapon as a memento of a narrow escape. His imprisonment among these people gave him a good opportunity for studying

their customs. He at last made his escape, and resolved to continue his explorations, inquiring into commercial prospects, though not overlooking scientific objects.

In 1881, Casati made his way to the Niam-Niam territory, which lies immediately to the west of Emin Pasha's province, and had been visited ten years before and described by George Schweinfurth. The history of the Niam-Niam, as related by Casati, is full of incident. Casati had an "exchange of blood" with the King in token of lasting friendship, and seems to have formed, on the whole, a very favourable opinion of his rule. The day before Casati took his departure from this friendly monarch, Kauna was anxious to see if the fates were propitious for the journey. He accordingly procured eighty hens, and had them all thrown into a stream. He watched how many of them sank and how many floated, the result being that Casati was dismissed with an assurance that all would go well with him.

Among other savage potentates whom Casati met with in his travels, was a certain Bakangoi. This individual had 500 wives, whom it was his custom to keep for about two years, after which he distributed them as special favours among his chief Ministers of State.

In a letter, dated April 13th, 1883 Casati describes his cordial reception by Emin Pasha at Lado, where he also saw Junker, an eminent explorer. Emin Pasha, he says, treated him with "rare liberality and generosity." At that time, however, the Mahdi was assuming a very threatening attitude, and thus the three Europeans found themselves "united but shut in" in this extreme corner of the Egyptian possessions. Two expeditions were organized to effect their rescue, one conducted by Dr. Fischer, which got as far as the east of Victoria Nyanza, and then had to return for want of the requisite goods for barter; and the other, led by Dr. Lenz, who proceeded by way of the Congo, but was also obliged to abandon his attempt, leaving, as we all know, the honours of the rescue to be reaped by Stanley.

In the meantime, however, Casati's interests had not been overlooked by the Italian Society. It succeeded in sending to him letters, papers, and maps specially referring to the River Welle, the exploration of which was one of the main objects of his journey;

while a supply of money reached him through the Italian Consul at Zanzibar.

Casati had resolved to remain with Emin Pasha and help him in his struggle against adverse circumstances, being ready to share whatever lot the "caprices of fate" might have in store for the Governor of the Equatorial Province. At the request of Emin Pasha he went to live as "resident" in the territory of King Kabba Rega, of Unyoro. In this capacity part of his duty was to play the rôle of Emin's postmaster. Emin forwarded to him all his correspondence for Europe, which he had to devise means to send to the coast.

At first Casati was well treated by the King; but, after a lapse of about twenty months, Kabba Rega changed his humour, and condemned him to death, together with an Arab merchant named Biri, who, Casati heard, was actually killed. Casati, however, though at first tied with cords round his neck, arms and legs, managed to escape with some of his men, and during the night reached the Albert Nyanza, where lay his sole hope of safety. Happily he found a boat in which one of his men went off to acquaint Emin Pasha, at Wadelai, with what had happened. Two days afterwards Emin Pasha arrived in his steamer, and rescued Casati from his perilous situation. For three days the Italian traveller had not had a morsel of food to eat. "I am now in safety, it is true," wrote he from the Albert Nyanza, on March 25th, 1888, "but I am oppressed with grief at the loss of all my notes. The work of so many years has vanished like smoke!" But Casati had previously sent home sufficient information to show that he had already done valuable service to the cause of African exploration, the loss of his further papers notwithstanding.

Casati was Emin's faithful friend and companion to the last, and accompanied him when he proceeded to the coast, with Mr. Stanley, in 1889, and on April 5th in the following year, sailed for Italy, where he is regarded with as much popular interest as Stanley in England.

One of the most interesting features in the African continent was visited and explored in 1889, a year rendered memorable in African travel by Stanley's return from his adventurous journey to



the relief of Emin Pasha. This was the ascent of Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa, which has an elevation of 19,700 feet.\* Baron Von der Decken, who was murdered in East Africa, ascended to a height of 15,000 feet, and received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

It was reserved for Dr. Hans Meyer to scale the highest peak of the great mountain. In 1887, and 1888, he made expeditions, and finally, in 1889, he succeeded in scaling the ice summit of Kibo, the highest peak of Kilimanjaro. The ascent occupied three days, and on October 6th the great feat was accomplished.

While the main portion of the caravan encamped at Marangu, Dr. Meyer ascended with Herr Purtscheller and eight picked men through the primeval forest to a stream beyond, where he had encamped in 1887, at an altitude of 9,200 feet. There their large tent was pitched; straw huts were built for the men, and firewood collected. Accompanied by four men they travelled for two more days up the broad, grassy, southern slopes of Kilimanjaro to the plateau between Kibo and Mawenzi, and found there, to the south-east of Kibo, under the protection afforded by some blocks of lava, a spot, at an altitude of 14,270 feet, well suited for the erection of their small tent.

As soon as the instruments and apparatus had been placed under cover, three of the men returned to the camp on the edge of the forest, and only one, a Pangani negro, remained to share, uncomplainingly, their sixteen days' sojourn on the cold and barren heights. With regard to their maintenance they arranged that every third day, four men should come up with provisions from the lower camp at Marangu, to the central station on the edge of the forest, and that two of the men stationed there should thence convey the necessary food to them in the upper camp, returning immediately afterwards to their respective starting-places. Every third day they found on returning from their excursions, fresh meat, beans and bananas, in their tent, and not once did they

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\* The mountain next in height is Kenia, in British territory, which has an elevation of 19,000 feet above the sea, and then comes Ruwenzori, Stanley's discovery, and said by him to rise to a height of between 18,000 and 19,000 feet. Kilimanjaro was discovered in 1848, by Rebmann, the missionary, and has been visited by Von der Decken, New, Thomson, and Johnston.

suffer from want. Firewood was supplied by the roots of the low bushes, and their negro fetched a daily supply of water from a spring rising below the camp. In this manner they were enabled, as if from an Alpine Club hut, to carry out a settled programme in the ascent and survey of the upper heights of Kilimanjaro.

The ice-crowned Kibo towered precipitately another 5,000 feet to the west of their camp, itself at an altitude of 14,300 feet. On October 3rd they undertook their first ascent. It was not till half-past seven o'clock that they reached the crown of the rib of lava to the south-east, and began slowly to pick their way over the boulders and débris covering the steep incline of the ridge. Every ten minutes they had to pause for a few moments to give their lungs and beating hearts a short breathing space, for they had now for some time been above the height of Mont Blanc, and the increasing rarefaction of the atmosphere was making itself gradually felt. At an altitude of 17,220 feet they rested for half an hour; apparently they had attained an elevation superior to the highest point of Mawenzi.

The ice-cap of Kibo was gleaming above their heads, appearing to be almost within reach. Shortly before ten o'clock they stood at its base at an elevation of 18,270 feet above sea level. At this point the face of the ice did not ascend, but almost immediately afterwards it rose to an angle of 35 degrees, so that without ice-axes it would have been absolutely impracticable. The toilsome work of cutting steps in the ice began about half-past ten, and slowly they progressed by the aid of the Alpine rope, the brittle and slippery ice necessitating every precaution.

They now made their way across the crevasses of one of the glaciers that projected downwards into the valley which they had traversed in the early morning, and took a rest under the shadow of an extremely steep protuberance of the ice-wall, at an altitude of 19,000 feet. On recommencing the ascent, the difficulty of breathing became so pronounced, that every fifty paces they had to halt for a few seconds, bending their bodies forward and gasping for breath. The oxygen of the air amounted here, at an elevation of 19,000 feet, to only 40 per cent., and the humidity to 15 per cent. of what it is at sea level. No wonder that their

lungs had such hard work to do. The insufficiency of oxygen and the humidity, the too great bodily strain, and more especially the strong physical exertion, all combined to exhaust their systems. They frequently broke through the surface of the ice as far as their breasts, causing their strength to diminish with alarming rapidity. And still the highest ridge of ice appeared to be as distant as ever.

At last, about two o'clock, after eleven hours' climb, they drew near to the summit of the ridge. A few more hasty steps in eager anticipation, and then the secret of Kibo lay unveiled before them. Taking in the whole of Upper Kibo, the precipitous walls of a gigantic crater yawned beneath them. The first glance told them that the vast lofty elevation of Kibo lay to their left, on the southern brim of the crater, and consisted of three pinnacles of rock rising a few feet above the southern slopes of the mantle of ice.

They reached the summit on October 6th, after passing the night below the limits of the ice, in a spot sheltered by overhanging rocks, at an altitude of 15,160 feet, an elevation corresponding to that of the summit of Monte Rosa. Wrapped up in their skin bags, they sustained with tolerable comfort even the minimum temperature of 12 degrees Fahr., experienced during the night, and were enabled, about three o'clock in the morning of October 6th, to start with fresh energy on their difficult enterprise of climbing the summit—and this time Njaro, the spirit of the ice-crowned mountain, was gracious to them: they reached their goal. At a quarter to nine they were already standing on the upper edge of the crater, at the spot from which they had retraced their steps on October 3rd. Their further progress, from this point to the southern brim of the crater, although not easy, did not present any extraordinary difficulty. An hour and a half's further ascent brought them to the foot of the three highest pinnacles, which they calmly and systematically climbed one after another.

The central pinnacle reached a height of about 19,700 feet, overtopping the others by fifty to sixty feet. Dr. Meyer was the first to tread, at half-past ten in the morning, the culminating peak. He planted a small German flag, which he had brought with him in

his knapsack, upon the rugged lava summit, and christened that—the loftiest spot in Africa—Kaiser Wilhelm's Peak.

After having completed the necessary measurements, they were free to devote their attention to the crater of Kibo, of which an exceptionally fine view was obtained from Kaiser Wilhelm's Peak. The diameter of the crater measured about 6,500 feet, and it sank down some six hundred feet in depth. In the southern portion the walls of lava were entirely free from ice, descending almost perpendicularly to the base of the crater; and in its northern half, the ice sloped downwards from the upper brim of the crater in terraces, forming blue and white galleries of varying steepness. A rounded cone of eruption, composed of brown ashes and lava, rose in the northern portion of the crater to a height of about five hundred feet, which was partly covered by a thick sheet of ice extending from the northern brim of the crater.

In this hitherto untrodden recess of nature's home, whence in times long past the molten lava rushed in a fiery river, an ice-cold stream trickled through a cleft in the crater. The explorer, as he stood awe-struck in this elevated and remote region of the earth, contrasted the present with the past. Around him there reigned the absolute silence of inanimate nature, forming in its majestic simplicity a scene of the most impressive grandeur. On October 30th, they bade farewell to Kilimanjaro, one of the most interesting, as well as the grandest, region in the "Dark Continent."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### STANLEY'S RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA.

The position of Emin Pasha—Stanley summoned to the Rescue—He proceeds to Zanzibar, and thence to the Congo—The voyage up the Congo to Aruwihimi—The start from the camp at Yambuga for the interior of Africa—Hostility of the Natives—Lieut. Stairs is wounded and several men killed—Some account of the Pigmies—Arrival at Ugarrowwa's Station—The terrible march through the forest—Kilonga-Longa's Station—The halt at Ibwire—Starvation Camp—Stanley pushes on—The Expedition emerges out of the forest into the open country—Severe fighting with the Natives—Arrival at Kavalli, on the Albert Nyanza.

ONE of the results of the abandonment of the Soudan by the Egyptian Government was that Emin Pasha, Governor\* of the Equatorial Province, was placed in great jeopardy after the death of General Gordon at Khartoum, in January, 1885. A Relief Committee under the Presidency of Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Mackinnon, Chairman of the British East African Company, was formed in London, and a sum of £20,000 was subscribed, including £10,000 from the Egyptian Government, and £1,000 from the Royal Geographical Society.

From accounts which leaked out of Emin Pasha's position, in which English people took a keen interest, as in great part due to the policy forced on the Khedive by the action of their Government, it seemed that he remained undisturbed till the beginning of 1884, when the Mahdi's followers invaded the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province, and carried off its Governor, Lupton Bey. Emin, expecting that he would soon be assailed, withdrew all his troops, functionaries and stores from Lado to Wadelai, on the Bahr-el-Jebel, the branch of the Nile which issues from the Albert Nyanza, discovered by Sir Samuel Baker, and within easy reach of that lake. In this remote corner

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\* The other Governors under General Gordon's orders as Governor-General of the Soudan, were Slatin Bey, in Kordofan, and Lupton Bey, in the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province. Not long after Gordon's death, Slatin surrendered his province to the Mahdi, and Lupton, being attacked, also yielded obedience, and became, like Slatin, an enslaved captive. Emin alone held out and defended himself successfully against all the efforts of the Mahdist generals, withdrawing from position to position, and stubbornly defending each in turn.

of Central Africa, whence he was rescued by Stanley, he was able to carry on his work of administration unmolested. But discontent was brewing among his people, and supplies and ammunition were running short. Rumours of these events, with the usual exaggerations incidental to all things African, filtrated by Zanzibar and the Soudan to Europe, and Dr. Junker brought home reliable news of his friend.

This German traveller had for a lengthened period enjoyed Emin's hospitality, until tired of inaction in the province, he resolved to try and reach the coast. At a fortunate period he made the effort, and succeeded in reaching Uganda. Being too poor to excite the cupidity of Mwanga, the King of Uganda, he was allowed to depart in a missionary boat to the south end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and thence, under escort of Arabs, he succeeded in making his way in safety to the coast.

Emin, in a letter dated Lado, November 16th, 1884, implored Mr. Mackay, the English Missionary, to inform his correspondents that by their aid the Egyptian Government may learn his position, and help be sent to him, or, as he said, "we perish."

On January 1st, 1886, Emin wrote to Sir John Kirk from Wadelai that "two years and a half are passed away since I had the last news from our Government. The Bahr-el-Ghazel Province (Lupton Bey's) has been overwhelmed by the followers of the false prophet, and with the greatest exertions only I have been able to preserve this province (the Equatorial) from a similar fate. I have lost a good many gallant men; we rest now a little flock in the midst of thousands of negroes. Our munitions are nearly exhausted, our people short of their most modest wants (clothing); our way to the north has now been cut up by Arabs and negroes. So I came here and opened intercourse with King Kabba Rega, of Unyoro, who kindly assisted me, and I venture now to forward you some letters by way of Uganda and Unyanyembe, requesting you most earnestly to send the despatches for the Prime Minister in Cairo as soon as possible by way of your official post. The existence of our people may depend upon them."

Emin also wrote in a similar strain to Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh, to Dr. Schweinfurth, and to Mr. Allen, Secretary of the Anti-

Slavery Society. These letters appealed forcibly to the generous instincts of the English people, who, after the death of Gordon, and the fate of Lupton and Slatin, recognized in the Governor of the Equatorial Province the last of the lieutenants of their great and much regretted countryman. When suggestions for his relief began to take shape, Mr. Mackinnon applied to Mr. Stanley, who was about to leave England for America on a lecturing tour. Stanley, with a praiseworthy feeling of generosity, suggested as leaders either Mr. Joseph Thomson or Mr. H. H. Johnston, both experienced African travellers and men of great capacity.

But Mr. Mackinnon asked Stanley, "Would you be willing to lead the Relief Expedition?"

His reply was, "Well, if your choice devolves on me, and you are really in earnest, I will accept the command instantly and gratuitously; but if the choice of the Committee devolves on Mr. Thomson, I will subscribe £500 to the Relief Fund."

In a letter to Mr. Mackinnon, dated November 15th, 1886 Stanley expresses his readiness to go at once, and states that already he had been examining the question of routes, of which he said there were four from which to select. However, he was allowed to proceed to America, but Mr. Mackinnon, having concerted his measures with the Foreign Office, then presided over by Lord Iddesleigh, telegraphed to Mr. Stanley, on December 11th, in the following terms: "Your plan and offer accepted. Authorities approve. Funds provided. Business urgent. Come promptly. Reply."

The answer came from New York, dated December 13th, and was in the following terms: "Just received Monday's cablegram. Many thanks. Everything all right. Will sail per *Eider*, 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. If good weather and barring accidents, arrive December 22nd, Southampton. It is only one month's delay, after all. Tell authorities prepare Holmwood, Zanzibar, and Seyyid Barghash." Thus the work of the rescue of Emin Pasha was fairly started.

Shortly after his arrival in England, Mr. Stanley paid a visit to the King of the Belgians, at Brussels, in whose service he was still retained. After mature consideration, the route by the Congo was

chosen as, on the whole, the most desirable, and Stanley had reason to congratulate himself on the selection, though the wisecracks, as usual, when rumours arrived of disaster having befallen the expedition, shook their heads, and said, sagaciously, "I told you so." Among other reasons against the adoption of the east coast route was the fear lest the savage Mwanga, King of Uganda (who has since turned Christian), might massacre the missionaries in his country were the route adopted. On the other hand, the King of the Belgians placed at Stanley's disposal the steam flotilla on the Upper Congo, which would convey the expedition to a point about 320 miles from the Albert Nyanza, though, as matters turned out, this offer was illusory.

On this point of route, Stanley says that the simple reason why he adopted that by the Congo, was "to ensure success." When the expedition was committed to his charge, he decided instantly in favour of the Congo route. Both routes, by the east and west coasts, were familiar to him for nine-tenths of the distance, as he had penetrated to within 150 miles of Lake Albert from Zanzibar, and 320 miles from the side of the Congo. But the Emin Relief Committee expressed their preference for the route from the east coast, and preparations were at once set on foot with that object. Under orders sent to Zanzibar, several tons of rice were forwarded 200 miles inland, sixty baggage animals, and £400 worth of saddlery were purchased, besides goods to the value of £1,000, and one steel boat was ordered.

At Zanzibar, and in London, everything was in full preparation for a march from the east coast, when presently Stanley received a note from the Foreign Office that the French Ambassador had protested against his proceeding by any route that would take him near Lake Victoria, as the presence of an expedition in that region would be dangerous to the French missionaries in Uganda. Equally quick were the Germans to take alarm, and Lord Salisbury was informed by Baron Plessen that the German East African Association had addressed a petition to the Imperial German Government, wherein they expressed their apprehensions lest the expedition undertaken by Stanley for the relief of Emin Pasha should be utilized for the establishment of English protectorates



at the back of the German sphere of action in East Africa. So the Congo route was adopted, not, however, so completely but that a change might be effected any moment, if it were necessary, on arriving at Zanzibar. This change of route, however, says Stanley, had one mischievous effect. There was no time to order the construction of a steam flotilla, which would have carried the entire expedition up the Congo, to within sixty miles of the Albert Nyanza, and he had to be content with one boat only, and arrange that a rear column should follow with the remainder of the men and stores.

Meantime, Stanley was busy collecting supplies and selecting a staff of officers to accompany him. He received hundreds of applications from all parts of the United Kingdom, including a large number from military and naval officers. The task of making a selection was a difficult one, but the result has proved that, in nearly every instance, the choice was judicious.

The following were selected—Major Edmund Barttelot, of the 7th Fusiliers, distinguished in Afghanistan and the Nile campaigns; Lieutenant W. G. Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, lately engaged on the survey in New Zealand; Captain R. H. Nelson, who had served in Zululand and against the Basutos; Surgeon T. H. Parke,\* Army Medical Department, who served at the action of Abu Klea, under Sir Herbert Stewart; Mr. A. M. Bonny, of the same service; Mr. John Rose Troup, son of Sir Colin Troup, an Indian general of distinction; Mr. Herbert Ward, an explorer in Borneo and New Zealand. Two gentlemen, Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson and Mr. J. S. Jameson, having applied rather late, were admitted upon payment of £1,000 each, which sums were added to the Relief fund. Of these gentlemen, Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson never returned.

Quitting England in the latter part of January, 1887, Mr. Stanley arrived at Alexandria on the 27th, and, proceeding on to Cairo, had interviews there with the Khedive and Mr. Junker, who was returning after many years' absence in the Soudan and Equat-

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\* Surgeon Parke has related the circumstances of his engagement. He was serving in Egypt, and when Mr. Stanley arrived at Cairo, called on him and offered his services, which were declined. Next day, he received a telegram from Stanley, offering him the situation, which he immediately accepted, and in a day or two, started with Stanley for Suez. Had there been no medical officer with the expedition, Stanley would most likely have perished, and the expedition not improbably ended in disaster.

torial Africa. Zanzibar was reached on February 21st, and so well had everything been arranged, that, on the 25th, Stanley sailed from Zanzibar for the Congo by the Cape of Good Hope in the British Indian Company's steamship *Madura*.

The *personnel* of the expedition consisted of 800 souls. There were 11 English Officers; 605 Zanzibari men and 12 Zanzibari boys; 62 Soudanese, and 13 Soomaulis. In addition, there were embarked in the *Madura* Tippoo Tib, and 96 of his people. Some special mention is required of this remarkable Arab chief, who has played an important part in Central African explorations. While at Brussels Stanley was consulted by the King of the Belgians respecting Tippoo Tib and the Congo State. He advised that he should be employed as an agent of the Congo State, it being a far cheaper and more humane method to disarm his hostility than the costly method of force, and he was entrusted with the mission to negotiate with him. With the aid of Mr. Holmwood, Consul at Zanzibar, Tippoo Tib was enlisted as the salaried Governor of the Stanley Falls region, whose duty it would be to arrest the advance of the Arabs down the Congo and to save the stations on its banks from the devastation which, in 1883, had already commenced below the Falls. Stanley also obtained Tippoo's signature to a formal contract, that he would furnish him with a contingent of 600 Manyuema carriers, to be paid for at the rate of 30 dollars a head, to assist in the portorage of the goods and ammunition for Emin Pasha's force for which promise he was given a free passage for himself and 96 of his followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls, and also free rations.

The *Madura*, after touching at the Cape for coal, arrived at Banana point, at the mouth of the Congo, on March 18th, and, after a little difficulty, the steamers *Albuquerque*, *Serpa Pinto*, and *Heron*, assisted by a gunboat, conveyed the expedition to Matadi, at the limit of navigation on the Lower Congo, beyond which lies a great stretch of cataracts that would have to be passed by land.

On March 24th the expedition commenced the overland march to Leopoldville, at Stanley Pool, 235 miles from Metadi; which was reached on April 21st. Three days after arriving at Leopoldville, Stanley mustered the force under his command, when it was

found that the number was already reduced by 63 men and 28 rifles out of 524. Three-fourths of this loss was due to desertion, which is characteristic of an expedition consisting of Zanzibaris. "It is a proof," he says, "if any were needed, of the disaster that would have overtaken us had we proceeded by any East African route on such a distant mission." Yet this was but the beginning of his troubles on this head. Desertion continued from the day he began the land march at Metadi, until he arrived within a few days' march of Zanzibar.

At Stanley Pool it was found that the steamers promised by the King of the Belgians were not ready, though after undergoing some repairs, the *Stanley* was made available. There remained the steamer *Peace*, of the Baptist Mission, and the *Henry Reed*, of the Livingstone Inland Mission. But the missionaries were averse to lending these steamers, and meantime there was great danger of the starvation of the little army of over 700 men, as at Stanley Pool there was not even a single day's food to be had. After resultless negotiations, as the case was so urgent and immediate departure from the famine-stricken region was imperative, Stanley took the high-handed, but necessary, step of compelling the Livingstone Inland Mission to sign a charter; and the Baptist Mission, probably fearing a similar measure, voluntarily offered the *Peace*, by which means and by lighters which they towed, the expedition was enabled to advance up the Upper Congo. On the steamer *Peace* and two boats were embarked 112 people and their loads; the *Henry Reed* and two boats held 131 and their loads, and the steamer *Stanley*, with the hulk *Florida*, took up 364—total, 607. The flotilla steamed from Stanley Pool on May 1st, and on the 12th, arrived at Bolobo. The *Stanley* steamer was instantly despatched back again down stream for the remainder of the men who were marching along the south bank of the Congo from the Pool, and by May 14th, the expedition was assembled at Bolobo. Leaving 131 men at Bolobo, under Mr. Ward and Mr. Bonny, the flotilla resumed its journey up the river.

On June 16th, after a voyage of 1,050 miles from Stanley Pool, the flotilla made fast to the landing place of Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwhimi, just below the first rapids, and without trouble or

bloodshed occupied the village. Meantime the *Henry Reed* and lighters had been despatched to Stanley Falls with Tippoo Tib and his people, who had thus been saved a year's journey on foot.

When the flotilla parted, Tippoo Tib said that, nine days after arrival at his station, he would set out with his 600 carriers for Yambuya camp to join Stanley in his march to the Albert Nyanza.

Up to June 20th the expedition was engaged cutting fuel for the steamers, a work which occupied all hands. The wood was so hard that the axes were broken and the saws utterly spoiled. On this date the *Stanley*, well supplied with fuel, started down stream for Bolobo, to bring up Messrs. Ward and Bonny's detachment of 131 men, with some 600 loads of goods left in store at Leopoldville.

Two days later the *Henry Reed* and boats, with Major Barttelot and the Soudanese guard, arrived. The Major reported that the last words of Tippoo Tib were that he would follow him in nine days with the expected contingent of porters—in other words, that he would be at Yambuya on June 26th.

The Mission steamers *Peace* and *Henry Reed* were now permitted to leave on their return to Stanley Pool, and every able-bodied man of the expedition was set to work to make the camp at Yambuya defensible. A broad ditch was dug round the camp, which was fenced in with tall poles, and platforms were built at the various angles to command the approaches. Stanley decided that Major Barttelot should be commandant of the fort, with Mr. Jameson as his second-in-command, and fixed the strength of the garrison at 80 men. He expected that by the middle of August, when all the officers, Troup, Ward and Bonny, with the remainder of the Expedition had arrived from Stanley Pool and Bolobo, the force at Yambuya would number 271 of all ranks. A letter of instructions was handed to Major Barttelot for his guidance, and a great many verbal instructions were given at the same time, but the main points of all were that the Major was to remain at Yambuya until the contingent from Bolobo had arrived, and that then he was to organize the rear column to march in Stanley's track as fast as circumstances would permit. If Tippoo Tib arrived with his carriers, Major Barttelot was to march with his column and follow Stanley's track, which, as long as it traversed the forest region,

would be known by the "blazing" of the trees and by the camps and *zarebas*, but in the event of Tippoo Tib and his carriers not coming as promised, he was to proceed by double or treble stages until he should be met by the advance column, under Stanley, returning from the Albert Nyanza to relieve him.

All arrangements having been made, on June 28th, 1887, Stanley set out from Yambuya with the advance column, consisting of Captain Nelson, Lieut. Stairs, R.E., Mr. Jephson and Dr. Parke, and 389 men, and set his face on his adventurous journey through the forest. The objective point was Kavalli, distant, in a direct line from Yambuya, 322 geographical miles, and until it was traversed by the Expedition, the region was entirely unexplored and untrodden by the foot of either white man or Arab. They bore with them a steel boat, twenty-eight feet by six feet, about three tons of ammunition, and two tons of provisions and sundries. Of the entire body of 389, some 180 were reserve men, half of whom were pioneers, carrying, besides their Winchester rifles, axes and bill-hooks to pierce the bush and cut down obstructions.\*

When commencing this march, Stanley had no idea that before him lay a forest the extent of that on the banks of the Amazon. In 1876, while in the Ureyga forest, the Arabs of Nyangwé had spread about a rumour that some weeks' march beyond the forest was grass-land, with cattle, which suggested to Stanley, that two weeks', at furthest a month's march, would take them to a lofty pastoral upland, similar to that which he found to exist between Lakes Victoria and Albert, when having discovered a good path, they could swing along at the rate of ten to fifteen miles per day.

He entered the forest with confidence, but on emerging from its horrid shade, found that it extended in unbroken wave, beginning at the confluence of the Congo with the Aruwihimi, and maintaining the same aspect, density and character across nearly  $4\frac{1}{2}$  deg. of longitude. Though daily expecting to hear from natives some news of a grassy country lying to north, south, or east of them, it was not until they were seven days' march from the grassy region, that

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\* For this narrative we are indebted to Stanley's letters to Mr. Bruce, Sir F. de Winton, and the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, to his official report to the Foreign Office, and to his speeches and addresses delivered before the publication of his work, "*In Darkest Africa*."



ADVANCE THROUGH THE FOREST.

they encountered any who had ever heard of grass-land. To the rest all the world was overgrown with one endless forest.

After Stanley set out on his adventurous journey, for a few days news of him was received at the camp at Yambuya, and then, as he plunged deeper into the recesses of the African forest, all intelligence of his movements was lost to the world. Many months rolled by and no word came of the adventurous traveller. Rumours were rife of a great disaster, in which those who believed in the boundless resource and good luck of the remarkable man who had brought relief to Livingstone, placed no credit. Reports were prevalent in the Soudan and were brought to Suakin of a white Pasha whom some thought was Stanley, and he was represented as a successful warrior who had scattered the forces of the Mahdi and was marching on Khartoum. But all was conjecture, and as month succeeded month, the prospect of success, or even of Stanley emerging alive from that wilderness, grew fainter.

The first definite news that arrived from the traveller was conveyed in a letter\* he had addressed to Tippoo Tib, dated "Boma of

\* The letter to Tippoo Tib, couched in the quaint phraseology familiar to the untutored savage, is worth preserving in this record of Stanley's adventures, as it was the first from his hand, and because of the breathless interest with which it was perused by an interested world. It ran as follows:—

"To the Shekh Hamed Bin Mahomed, from his good friend Henry Stanley.

"Many salaams to you! I hope you are in good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I left the Congo. I have many things to say to you, but I hope I shall see you face to face before many days. I reached this place this morning with 130 Wangwana and three soldiers and sixty-six natives belonging to Emin Pasha. This is now the eighty-second day since we left Emin Pasha on the Nyanza, and we have only lost three men all the way. Two of them were drowned, and the other ran away.

"I found the white men whom I was looking for. Emin Pasha was quite well, and the other white man, Casati, was quite well also. Emin has ivory in abundance, cattle by thousands, and sheep, goats, fowls and food of all kinds. We found him to be a very good and kind man. He gave numbers of things to all our white and black men, and his liberality could not be exceeded. His soldiers blessed our black men for their kindness in coming so far to show them the way, and many of them were ready to follow me at once out of the country. But I asked them to stay quiet a few months, that I might go back and fetch the other men and goods I had left at Yambuya, and they prayed to God that He would give me the strength to finish my work. May their prayer be heard!

"And now, my friend, what are you going to do? We have gone the road twice over. We know where it is bad and where it is good, where there is plenty of food and where there is none, where all the camps are, and where we shall sleep and rest. I am waiting to hear your words. If you go with me, it is well. I leave it to you. I will stay here ten days, and then I go on slowly. I move from here to a big island, two hours' march from here, and above this place there are plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men. Whatever you have to say to me, my ears will be open with a good heart, as it has always been towards you. Therefore, if you come, come quickly, for on the eleventh morning from this I shall move on. All my white men are well, but I left them all behind, except my servant, William, who is with me."

Banalaya (Urenia), August 17th, 1888," giving information of his safety and of having successfully performed his mission. This letter, which was brought by a messenger to Stanley Falls, reached Brussels on January 15th, 1889. The remainder of the letters brought by this man, remained at Stanley Falls, and did not arrive in Europe till the end of March.

And now we will follow Stanley's slow and painful steps on his journey to Emin Pasha at Wadelai, on the Albert Nyanza, and back again to the vicinity of his "good friend," or as he was to find him, his *faithless* ally, Tippoo Tib.

On June 28th, the expedition quitted the camp at Yambuya, carrying 50,000 rounds of Remington ammunition and a ton of gunpowder as a first instalment of relief for Emin Pasha. They followed the river bank, and at the end of a march of twelve miles arrived in the district of Yaukondé. Only the first five miles of this first day's march was tolerable, and then they were introduced into the difficulties which, more or less, impeded their movements and arrested progress for 160 days. These consisted of creepers varying from one-eighth of an inch to 15 inches in diameter, swinging across the path in "bow-lines," or loops, sometimes massed and twisted together, also of a low, dense bush occupying the sites of old clearings, which had to be cut through before a passage was possible for the carriers, so that the pioneers with their axes and bill-hooks had no sinecures. In places where years had elapsed since the clearings had been abandoned, was found a young forest, with the spaces between the trees choked with climbing plants, vegetable creepers, and tall plants; this description had to be tunnelled through before any progress could be made. The primeval forest offered the least obstruction, and an eternal gloom reigned there. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, was dark and sombre. During a great portion of each day the darkness was increased by the heavily charged rain clouds.

Mr. Stanley, in his lecture to the Royal Geographical Society, at the Albert Hall, describes the extent and nature of this primeval forest:—"Its greatest length is from near Kabambarré, in South Manyuema, to Bagbomo, on the Welle-Makua, in West Niam-Niam,



621 English miles; its average breadth is 517 miles, which makes a compact square area of 321,057 square miles. A serpentine line through the centre of this would represent our course. This enormous tract is crammed with trees, varying from 20 feet to 200 feet high, so close that the branches interlace one another and form an umbrageous canopy. It is absolutely impenetrable to sunshine. While the sun scorches and dazzles without, a little dust of white light flickering here and there only reveals the fact. Generally it was a mystical twilight, but on misty or rainy days the page of a book became unreadable. At night one fancied that the darkness was palpable and solid. The moon and stars were of no avail to us. As there are about 150 days of rain throughout the year, and almost every rainfall, except a drizzle, is preceded by squalls, storms, tempests, or tornadoes with the most startling thunder crashes and the most vivid flashes of lightning, you may imagine that the houseless traveller in such a region must endure much discomfort."

The inhabitants of this forbidding region were in keeping with their sinister surroundings, being wild, savage and vindictive. The race of dwarfs called Wambutti were even worse. These pigmies were known to exist nine centuries before the Christian era. Homer describes the battle between the dwarfs and the storks, and Herodotus, "the Father of History," in the fifth century B.C., mentions them as having captured five explorers, whom they exhibited to their wondering countrymen. The geographers, Hekæteus and Hipparchus, locate these dwarfs near the Equator, close to the Mountains of the Moon, where Stanley discovered them twenty-three centuries later. The great traveller describes his first interview with this ancient and interesting race:—"Near a place called Avetiko, on the Ituri River, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pigmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden, peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese, 6 feet 4 inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibaris, always more tender-hearted than the Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifles and cutlasses from extin-

quishing their lives there and then, and brought them to me as prizes. The height of the man was 4 feet; that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about eighty-five pounds; the colour of the body was that of a half baked brick, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within his limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp.

"We began to question him by gestures. 'Do you know where we can get bananas?'

"He grasps his leg to show us the size, and nods his head rapidly, informing us that he knows where to find bananas about the size of his leg.

"We point to the four quarters of the compass, questioningly. He points to the sunrise in reply.

"'Is it far?'

"He shows a hand's length. Ah, a good day's journey without loads, two days with loads.

"'Do you know the Iburu?' He nods his head rapidly.

"'How far is it?' He rests his right hand sideways on the elbow joint.

"'Oh, four days' journey.'

"I suppose we must have passed through as many as one hundred villages inhabited by the pigmies. Long, however, before we reached them they were deserted and utterly cleared out. Our foragers and scouts may have captured about fifty of these dwarfs, only one of whom reached the height of fifty-four inches. They varied from thirty-nine to fifty inches generally.

"The agricultural settlements in this region are to be found every nine or ten miles apart, and near each settlement, at an hour's march distance, will be found from four to eight pigmy villages situated along the paths leading to it.

"The larger aborigines are very industrious, and form a clearing of 400 to 1,000 acres. Amid the prostrate forest they plant their banana and plantain bulbs, and in twelve months the trees are almost hidden by the luxuriant fronds and abundant fruit of unrivalled quality, size and flavour. A forest village consists of from twenty to one hundred families of pigmies, and probably in

that area between the Iburu and Ituri Rivers there are as many as 2,000 families living this nomadic and free life in the perpetual twilight of the great and umbrageous forest of Equatorial Africa."

On the first day of the journey in the forest they were attacked. The people set fire to their villages, and under cover of the smoke attacked the pioneers, when a skirmish ensued. The expedition had scarcely begun to traverse the inhospitable region between Yambuya and the grass-land within fifty miles of the Albert Nyanza, than they were initiated into the subtleties of savage warfare practised by the inhabitants, great and small alike. The path frequently had shallow pits, filled with sharpened splinters, or skewers, covered over with large leaves, which for barefooted people proved a terrible infliction. Often the skewers would perforate the feet quite through, in other cases the tops would be buried in the feet, causing gangrenous sores. In this manner the men were so lamed, that few of them recovered to be of much further use.

The approaches to the villages of the savages were crooked, and made a *détour*, but in order to tempt the invaders, they would cunningly cut a straight path, cleared of jungle, in which these pits were dug. On an alarm being given by the village watchman with his drum, the inhabitants would take their bows, and the list of wounded increased from arrows and other weapons, but no life was lost, the courage of these savages not equalling their malignity. In this forest region animal life is so wild and shy, that no sport was to be had.

On the second day they followed a path leading inland, but trending east, and for five days they continued on this road, through a dense population. On July 5th they diverged and struck the river again. As it was apparently free from rapids, Stanley launched the boat, as she not only carried the cripples, but also relieved the carriers of two tons.

From July 5th to October 18th they clung to the left bank of the Aruwhimi river. In favour of this course was the certainty of obtaining food, but its immense curves and long trend north-east caused Stanley, at times, to doubt the wisdom of so doing. The river retained "the width of from 500 to 900 yards, with an island





STAIRS IS WOUNDED.

here and there, and sometimes a group of islands, the resort of oyster fishermen, whose calling was manifest by the piles of oyster shells"—one Stanley measured being 30 paces long, 12 feet wide at the base, and 4 feet high.

At almost every bend of the river was a village of conical huts, and in some of the bends were many villages, populated by some thousands of natives. After seventeen days' continuous marching they halted for one day's rest, and, during the month of July, only four halts were made. They reached the Mariri Rapids on the 17th of that month, and those of Bandeya on the 25th. On August 1st, the first death took place, but as they entered a wilderness, which occupied nine days to traverse, their sufferings increased, and several deaths occurred. The River Ituri, or Aruwihimi, at this time was of great service to them, as the boat and several canoes relieved the weary and sick carriers of their loads. Any attempts to deal with the natives for food by means of barter were useless. They would declare that they had none; and though their villages were backed by plantations of bananas and fields of "manioc" (a species of corn), they would not give a few ears for cowries, or beads, or brass wire. Ultimately, Stanley and his men helped themselves to what they required in order to maintain life, and prepared food for the wilderness already referred to, where no food was procurable.

Above Panga the falls became more frequent. The character of the architecture, and of the language, had now changed. Below, the huts were of the "candle-extinguisher" order; and, above the Rapids, the villages consisted of detached square huts, surrounded by tall logs, which form separate courts. The walls of the huts are also screened with logs, precautions the natives are compelled to adopt against the poisoned arrows in use throughout the region.

At Avisibba, situated about midway between the Falls of Panga and the Nepoko, a tributary stream, the natives made a determined attack on a boat-load of foragers. Five men were wounded with poisoned arrows, and also Lieut. Stairs. Fortunately the poison, in his case, was dry, having, in all probability, been put on some days before, and it was three weeks before he recovered his strength, though the wound was not closed for months.

One of the men, who received only a slight puncture near the wrist, died from tetanus five days afterwards. Another had a puncture near the shoulder, in the muscles of the arm, and died of tetanus six days after the first case. A third was wounded in the gullet, and expired from the effects on the seventh day. In the case of every wounded man death ensued from tetanus.

On revisiting this place, on their return march to relieve the rear column, Stanley discovered the nature of the poison. In the huts were discovered several packets of dried red ants. These insects were ground into powder when in this state, and cooked in palm oil, when they were smeared over the wooden points of the arrows.

On August 15th, Mr. Jephson, in command of the land party, led his men inland, and, losing his way, was not re-united with the main column until the 21st. Four days after, forming a junction, the expedition arrived opposite the mouth of the Nepoko. Up to this point the banks of the river were covered with forest, uniformly low, but, here and there, rising to a height of forty feet; but above the tributary stream, huts began to crop up at more frequent intervals, and palms were more numerous. Above the Nepoko navigation became more difficult, the rapids more frequent, and two considerable falls were met with. The land rose gradually to about four hundred miles above Yambuya, and the river contracted into a rushing stream, about a hundred yards in width, banked in by steep walls. But whatever change came over the scenery, everywhere the forest clothed the summits and slopes, unbroken in its continuity, save where man had made clearings. After a few days it was found that progress by the river became impossible. The canoes and steel boat were accordingly emptied of their loads, and the expedition started on the second stage of its journey, but famine, dysentery and ulcers, had so sapped the strength of a great many of the men, that they could, with difficulty, stagger along under their loads.

On August 31st the expedition encountered a party of Manyuema, belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, or Uledi Balyuz, formerly a tent-boy of Speke's, now become a wealthy and important personage. Up to this date Stanley had adopted the Congo route to

avoid the Arabs, who he knew would tamper with his men and tempt them to desert. Within three days of this meeting no less than twenty-six men deserted. On September 16th they arrived at a camp opposite Ugarrowwa's station, but as food was very scarce owing to his having devastated the neighbouring region, Stanley pushed on after a halt of only one day. All the Soomaulis, fifty-one in number, and five of the Soudanese, preferred to remain behind at this station, to the continuous marching, which would have been certain death to them owing to their state of health. Stanley arranged with Ugarrowwa to feed them at five dollars a month for each man.

Between September 18th and October 18th the expedition was only enabled to traverse fifty miles of ground, to a settlement about 460 miles from Yambuya. It was the most terrible part of the journey, owing to the Arabs having so devastated the country that no food was procurable. They lived on fungi, a large bean-shaped nut, and wild fruit, and those who could not get sufficient perished or deserted the famine-stricken column to die elsewhere.

When enjoying the hospitalities of one of the City Companies, on his return from Africa, Stanley recalled to his sleek and well-fed auditory—*olim meminisse juvabit*—the sufferings he and his followers had endured on this occasion :—

“For six weeks they had not seen a bit of meat; for ten days they had not seen a banana or a grain, and the faces of the people were getting leaner and their bodies were getting thinner, and their strength was fading day by day. One day the officers asked him if he had seen anything like it in any African expedition before. He replied ‘No,’ though he remembered on a former occasion when they were nine days without food, and ended their famine with a fight. Then, however, they knew where there was grain, and all they had to do was to hurry on; but in the late expedition they had been ten days without food, and they did not know where their hunger was to terminate. They were all sitting down at the time, and he expressed his belief that the age of miracles was not altogether past. Moses struck water out of the Horeb rock, the Israelites were fed with manna in the wilderness, and he told them that he



did not think they should be surprised to see some miracle for themselves—perhaps on the morrow or the following day. He had scarcely finished when some guinea fowl flocked round them and were at once seized.”

On October 18th they entered the settlement occupied by Kilonga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed-ben Salim, an old Arab whose sanguinary deeds are told in Stanley's “The Congo and the Founding of its free State.” “No one,” says Stanley, “white or black, belonging to the expedition, will ever forget that awful month.” On leaving Ugarrowwa's station, the party numbered 273 souls, having left fifty-six there, and lost the balance by desertion and death. On reaching Ipoto, the Arab station of Kilonga-Longa, the column was still further reduced by the loss of fifty-six men from death or desertion.

In order to obtain food the starving men sold their ammunition, so that 3,000 rounds were thus made away with. Over thirty rifles were also sold, and some of the people disposed of their clothes and equipments, and even entered the tents of the European officers by night and stole their bedding, which they disposed of to the slaves at Kilonga-Longa's station. Surgeon Parke lost his entire kit of clothing; Captain Nelson had his blankets stolen, and Stanley lost his cutlery and spoons. The bonds of discipline were relaxed by the continuous suffering they had endured, and the people were thoroughly demoralized and jeered at their leaders. “It required,” says Stanley, “an infinite patience to bear with their taunts and insolence. But their sufferings were great. They might have proceeded to extremities, and murdered the European officers who had beguiled them into this interminable forest only to die of starvation, and that they did not do so seems wonderful.”

Stanley, finding that expostulations and mild punishments were of no avail, took two of the worst offenders, and hanged them in the presence of their comrades.\*

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\* The Cairo correspondent of the *Times* is responsible for the following anecdote of Stanley, which he heard from his own lips. Apparently, it refers to the occasion of the execution referred to above, though Stanley asserts unequivocally that both the culprits suffered the extreme penalty.

“Early one morning one of the two was brought on to the parade; all the men stood round in a crowd. I asked him if he had anything to say; he was mute. I looked at the crowd; they were mute too. One word from the man himself or from any of the onlookers,

When the expedition issued from Kilonga-Longa's station to prosecute the march, the people were beggared, and some were almost naked. They had become so physically weakened by starvation that they were compelled to leave behind their boat, and about seventy loads of goods. In charge of these remained Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, who were unable to travel.

A march of twelve days, almost in a direct line, brought them to Ibwire, within a few miles of which the Arab devastations had been carried. Between this point and Kilonga-Longa's station not a hut had been left standing, and what man had not laid waste the elephants had destroyed, so that the whole region was a howling waste. But at Ibwire they entered upon a region of plenty, supporting a large population.

Their sufferings from hunger, which began on August 31st terminated on November 12th, by which date Stanley and his men were reduced to the condition of skeletons, and many of them were almost at the last gasp. Out of 389, which they numbered at the start from Yambuya, only 174 were left. In this land of plenty, where supplies were plentiful, a halt was made for the column to recuperate.

A relief party was sent back to bring on Captain Nelson and the sick men left at the station, which received the name of

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one appeal for mercy that would have enabled me to address the crowd, and I would have saved that man's life. It was the effect I wanted, not his life! Not a word was said. I gave the signal, and he swung *coram populo*. Still I watched the crowd. There was no sign—content, discontent, pity, or anger—only dull insensibility. I said to myself, 'This will not do, this is not the spirit required to lead these men across Africa.' I lay awake thinking at night; the other man was to be hanged at eight. At dawn I sent for the Chief Sheikh of the Zanzibaris. He came. I said, 'What is this thing you have done to me? You promised me help, and you do nothing. Look! I have sworn to take you all across Africa; if you help me I can do it, if you do not I cannot; if you sell arms to the enemy I must fail. I must stop it. Do you want me to kill these men? I don't do it willingly! Answer!' The Sheikh replied that he would be glad if my Excellency could see the way to spare the remaining man. 'I! No, you! You must save him. If you don't want him to die, tell me so, ask his life, promise me help, make all your people promise.' And then I told him to get the other sheikhs, to say nothing to the people, but when I gave the signal, let them ask his life, but, ask it really, as if they meant it. At eight o'clock we were all there again round the tree; the poor wretch had the rope round his neck. I asked if he had anything to say. Silence. I raised my hand to give the sign; the sheikhs rushed forward, knelt at my feet, and implored mercy. Immediately every man joined in, too. They wept, they wailed, they implored me. The culprit burst out crying. I said, 'Good; for your sakes I give his life.' Then there was a shout, and they all rushed forward; they fell at my feet, they screamed blessings, they swore they would follow me to the world's end. Ah! that was the spirit I wanted through the camp, and for two months I had nothing but absolute obedience."

"Starvation Camp." This party was conducted by Mr. Mounteney Jephson,\* of whom his leader says :—

"The relief of Captain Nelson at Starvation Camp is a striking example of an indomitability of spirit, courage, and celerity of movement. Poor Captain Nelson had been left in a most forlorn situation to await supplies of food for himself and fifty-two sick men who were unable to travel. For eighteen days we had been unable to obtain carriers, but finally Mr. Jephson volunteered to return about fifty miles to convey food to the party. What had taken the wearied, suffering expedition twelve days he performed in two and a half days, and arrived when the party had been reduced to Captain Nelson and five men. A few more days and not one would have lived to tell the tale. The enfeebled remnant was saved and brought safely, and left in the charge of Surgeon Parke."

Captain Nelson's position had been a truly desperate one, and he, like the other officers of the expedition, displayed the best qualities of an Englishman. Stanley writes :—

"No position was worse calculated to inspire courage and the virtue of endurance than the unhappy one which Captain Nelson was by force of adverse circumstances compelled to fill in October, 1887. There were fifty-two men most wofully smitten with disease of all kinds, and there was not a particle of provisions to be obtained in the neighbourhood. The outlook was of the gloomiest kind. We left them with a promise that as soon as food could be procured we should send some to them. For twelve days the expedition laboured on and searched one bank after another without success. Six of the most intelligent chiefs had been despatched as *avant-couriers*. While these were wandering hopelessly bewildered by the apparently illimitable waste of woods the expedition on the twelfth day stumbled across an Arab settlement. Despite every effort, no relief party could be sent for nine days more, and then, on the 30th, after twenty-five days' absence, Mr. Jephson found Captain Nelson still in the camp with the dead, and only five left out of the fifty-two. Those who had not died had fled or been lost.

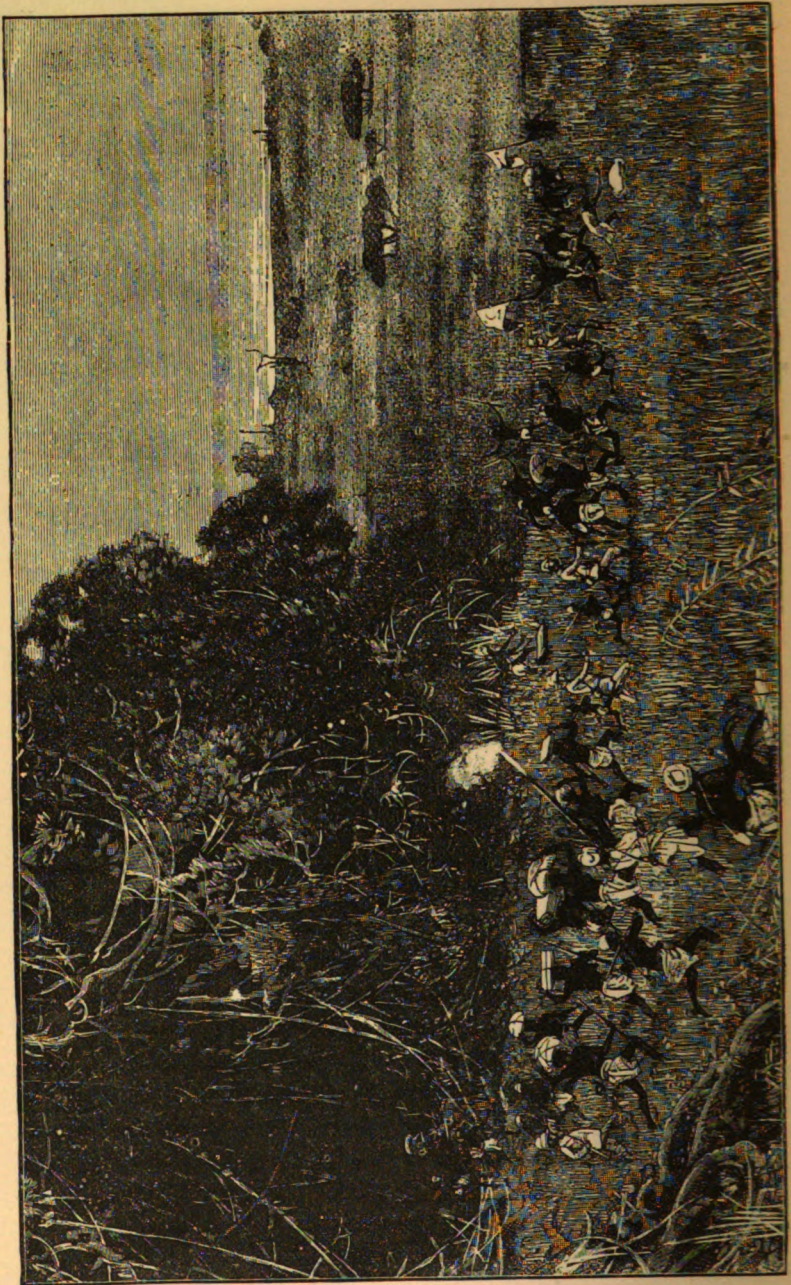
\* Mr. Mounteney Jephson, like Mr. Jameson, who died, paid £1,000 for the privilege of accompanying this expedition, and Captain Nelson left a comfortable home in Leeds to assist in the noble task of rescuing the beleaguered Governor of Equatorial Africa.

"Hitherto," says Stanley, "our people were sceptical of what we told them, the suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so apparently endless, and they refused to believe that soon they should come to a land of grass, with cattle, and reach the Nyanza and Emin Pasha, whom they had come to rescue. They regarded it all as a pleasing tale, and the farther they were led into the recesses of the forest, the more hopeless appeared their condition." Stanley would say to them: "Cheer up, boys; beyond this lies a country where food is abundant, and where you will forget your miseries. Be men; press on a little faster." But they turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of their leader, whose statements they disbelieved. Now, however, all was changed, and they regarded him with wonder as a superior being.

The expedition halted thirteendays at Ibwiri, and revelled in fowls, goat's flesh, bananas, sweet potatoes and corn. The result was that when Stanley started, November 24th, to make the 126 miles still intervening between this station and the Albert Nyanza Lake, the force was transformed from 173 skeletons—one had been killed by an arrow—to that number of strong, robust men, fit for any toil, and full of hope. On December 1st, they sighted the open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah, so named from their first view of the Land of Promise beyond. A few more days' march, and on December 5th, they emerged at length from the forest upon the plains.

When in England, Stanley thought he had made a liberal allowance when he set down a fortnight as the time that would be required for traversing this forest, but 160 days had elapsed while they made their painful and laborious way through that region of gloom and despair. That any member of the expedition should have issued alive out of this terrible forest, so destructive of life and depressing to the spirits, is marvellous, and no words can do justice to the buoyant courage of the leader of this forlorn hope of civilization, who never faltered, or lost faith, when success seemed hopeless.

But they had now issued from the Cimmerian darkness of the forest into the light of open day, with the blue vault of heaven overhead, and the rays of the blessed sun shedding warmth and



ARRIVAL IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

happiness into their hearts. Stanley describes the scene: "Emerging from the forest, finally, we all became enraptured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue light of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches and gloomy thoughts were banished. On this December day we became suddenly smitten with madness. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that 'Legion' had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of the grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, and roan antelope, stood on either hand with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings, yelling with joy."

After a brief period of licence, order was restored in the column, and the march was resumed. They entered the villages of the open country and regaled themselves on melons, plantains, bananas, and great pots full of wine. The fowls were chased, killed and cooked, and the goats, "meditatively browsing or chewing the cud," were suddenly seized and decapitated. Every village was well-stocked with provisions, and the men quickly regained their strength, and had spirit to undertake anything.

It was fortunate it was so, as they met with armed opposition from the inhabitants the whole way intervening between the forest and the Albert Lake. The region they were now about to traverse is inhabited by remnants of tribes who have migrated from Unyoro, Itoro, from the southward, and from other tribes to the northward. The most numerous are the Baregga, or Balegga, who occupy a compact mass of hills south-west of Albert Nyanza and thence to the level of the lake.

The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through them or the fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted the expedition, and were prepared to stop their progress. Stanley seized a hill in the centre of a mass of villages as soon as he arrived, about 4 P.M. on December 9th, and occupied it, building a *zareba* as fast as bill-hooks could cut brushwood. "The war-cries were terrible; from hill to hill they were sent pealing across the intervening valleys, the people gathered by hundreds from every point, and war-horns





DEPENDENCE OF THE ZANGENEH.

and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as became too bold were checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in the capture of a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow."

On the morning of the 10th, Stanley attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who they were, and the intruders were desirous to learn details of the people that barred the way. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectable distance apart. The parties said they were subject to Uganda, but that Kabba-Rega, the ruler of Unyoro, son of Mtesa, was their real King, Mazamboni holding the country for Kabba-Rega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show Mazamboni, and his answer was to be given on the following day. In the meantime, all hostilities were to be suspended.

The morning of the 11th dawned, and at 8 A.M., they were informed that it was Mozamboni's wish that they should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received by the valleys around their neighbourhood with deafening cries. Their word "Kanwana" signifies to make peace, Kurwana signifies war. As Stanley was therefore in doubt, or rather hoped he had heard wrongly, an interpreter was sent a little nearer to ask if it was "Kanwana" or "Kurwana." "Kurwana," they responded. And to emphasize the term, two arrows were shot at him, which dissipated all doubt.

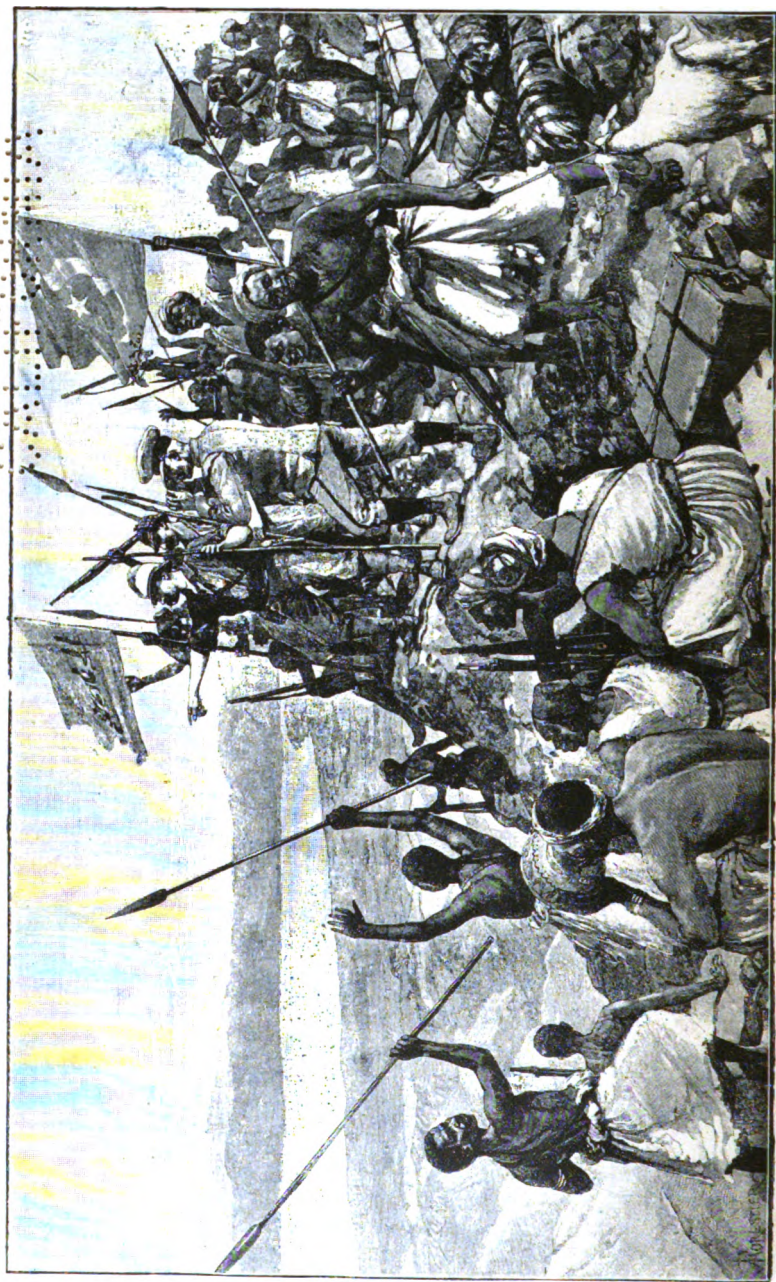
"Our hill," says Stanley, stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley, about 250 yards wide, on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend, and the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men was sent, under Lieut. Stairs, to attack the broader valley, Mr. Jephson marched with thirty men east, and a choice body of sharpshooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the higher range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took





ATTACKING A NATIVE VILLAGE.





FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.



it. The sharpshooters did their work effectively, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general flight. Meantime, Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P.M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us. On the morning of the 12th we continued our march—during the day we had four little fights. On the 13th marched straight east, attacked by new forces every hour until noon, when we halted for refreshments.”

“The Remington rifles of the column were too much for undisciplined valour. The fifty miles of intervening open country was now traversed, and fifteen minutes after, Stanley cried out, ‘Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza.’

“The men murmured and doubted, and said, ‘Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain and can we not see mountains at least four days’ march ahead of us?’”

But, true enough, at 1.30 P.M., the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was the turn of their leader to jibe at the doubters, but as he was about to ask them what they saw, “So many came to kiss my hand, and beg my pardon, that I could not say a word. This was my reward.”

The mountains, they learned, were the mountains of Unyoro, or rather, its lofty plateau wall. Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles distant as the crow flies. They stood at an altitude of 5,200 feet above the sea, and 2,900 feet below them glistened the waters of the southern end of the Albert Nyanza,\* in 1° 20' N. lat. Right across to the eastern side, every dent in its low, flat shore was visible, and, traced like a silver snake on a dark ground, was the tributary Semliki, flowing into the Albert from the south-west.

It was a memorable and proud moment in Stanley’s life. After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, they commenced the rugged and

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\* This was the lake discovered and named by Sir Samuel Baker in 1864, who spoke of its “illimitability,” though Gessi Paaba, Gordon’s Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, reduced its length to ninety miles, and, in 1877, Mason Bey, another of Gordon’s officers, an accomplished surveyor, circumnavigated the lake, and corroborated Gessi’s account.

stony descent, to gain the terrace that extends from the base of the plateau to the lake. Before the rear guard had descended a hundred feet, the natives of the plateau just left behind, poured



FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.

after them. Had they shown as much obstinacy on the plain as they now exhibited, the progress of the column might have been seriously delayed. The rear guard was kept very busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plains.

That night they camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids reading 2,500 feet above sea-level. A night attack was made on the camp, but the enemy were easily disposed of. Continuing their march at 9 A.M. of the 14th, the column approached the village of Ka-Kongo, situate at the south-west corner of the Albert Lake. Three hours were spent attempting to make friends but they signally failed. The natives would neither exchange "blood-brotherhood" with the strangers, because they never heard of any good people coming from the west end of the lake, nor would they accept any presents. They were, however, civil enough, but only wanted to be left alone. The column was shown the path and followed it for a few miles, when they camped about half a mile from the lake.

From the natives of Ka-Kongo, however, Stanley succeeded, by dint of close questioning, in learning that there was no white man on the lake in the neighbourhood; that no steamer had been seen since Mason Bey's, in 1877; that they had a faint rumour that there was a white man somewhere in Unyoro; and there might be another far to the north, but they knew nothing of him. Though it took Stanley three hours to extract this information from the villagers, after close questioning, it was found to be reliable. Emin Pasha, though established at Wadelai, on the north extremity of the lake, had never visited the south end of the Albert Nyanza and up to this time had not even been heard of by the fishermen.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### STANLEY'S RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA (*continued*).

Stanley marches back to the forest region and builds a fort—Stairs sent back to bring the boat and pick up the convalescents—Return to Lake Albert Nyanza—The meeting with Emin Pasha—Stanley returns to Fort Bodo, and thence sets out for Kilonga-Longa and Ugarrowwa's station, to enquire after Major Barttelot's column—Fate of the rear column—Stanley's return march with the remains of the rear column to the Albert Nyanza—Narrow escape from starvation—News of Emin Pasha and Jephson—Rebellion in the Egyptian camp—Stanley is joined by Emin and Jephson—The march for the coast—Treachery in the camp—Stanley's discoveries—The Ruwenzori Mountains, the Semliki River, and Lake Albert Edward Nyanza—Fighting with the natives—The march to Bagamoyo—Stanley's reception in England—Results of the Expedition.

**D**URING December 14th and the two following days, Mr. Stanley discussed with his officers the information he had extracted from the villagers of Ka-Kongo, and arrived at the conclusion that his only course was to return to Kilonga-Longa's station for the boat, with which they could then navigate the Albert Nyanza and communicate with Emin Pasha at Wadelai. In order to store the extra goods, it would be necessary to build a fort in some secure spot in the forest region, as the natives on the coast were aggressive, and no suitable trees could be found.

Acting on this resolution, the expedition retraced its steps from the lake on December 17th, and, after some skirmishing with the natives, recrossed the Ituri, and, entering the forest region on January 8th, 1888, arrived on the site selected in the extensive clearing of Ibwire, eleven marches from the lake. Here they erected a fort, surrounded by a ditch, to which they gave the name of Fort Bodo, or "Peace," and having cleared the bush, planted about seven acres with corn, beans and tobacco. Stanley's first step was to send a party back to the Arab settlement of Kilonga-Longa, a distance of eighty miles, for the boat, which had hitherto belied its name, the *Advance*, and to escort Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke, with the invalids left at that place. Lieutenant Stairs,

who took command of the party, was specially instructed to be conciliatory towards the Arabs, as intemperate language, or even a haughty demeanour might bring on a collision. Within twenty-five days, Lieutenant Stairs marched 160 miles, relieved Messrs. Parke and Nelson, brought the boat, and returned, "having," says Stanley, "endeared himself to his followers, and made the Arabs respect him so highly as to yield to him in all he wished." Out of thirty-eight sick in charge of these officers, only twenty-one were brought to the fort, the rest having died or deserted.

Two days later, Stanley again sent Lieutenant Stairs a distance of 184 miles to escort the fifty-six convalescents from Ugarowwa's Station to Fort Bodo. He returned to Fort Bodo after sixty-nine days' absence, having carried out his leader's instructions, escorted couriers, with letters to Major Barttelot, brought back the convalescents, and in going and returning, having marched by different routes.

On the day of this officer's departure, Mr. Stanley fell ill of a stomach complaint, called "sub-acute gastritis," and also suffered from a painful abscess on the left arm. Between February 18th and March 26th, his life was in imminent peril. He could not partake of food, and was too weak to do anything for himself. Throughout his illness, Dr. Parke \* nursed him with assiduous care and great skill.

Surgeon Parke mentions how, when Stanley was apparently at the point of death, he said :—"Doctor, put up the Stars and Stripes and cheer me with something bright to look at, that I may at least die under the American flag." It was the flag of his adopted country, and, after that of the nation which gave him birth, is the noblest under which one of the Anglo-Saxon race might wish to march or die.

On applying for the appointment of medical officer to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, Dr. Parke wrote out with his own hand the terms of his engagement, of which one was "loyal and devoted service" gratuitously. His leader has acknowledged with gratitude the noble way in which he fulfilled to

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\* Stanley's original intention was to dispense with a qualified medical officer, and it was well for him that Dr. Parke volunteered his services.



the letter and the spirit this labour of love, and how throughout the expedition he worked unremittingly, and with singular skill to cure his patients, who varied from twenty to fifty daily, and at one time numbered 124, fully one-third of the total strength of the column.

It was not until April 2nd, that Stanley had sufficiently recovered to bear being removed in a hammock. The boat had been received, but Stairs had not returned with the convalescents from Ugarrowwa's station, and Stanley resolved to wait no longer for him, but return to the Albert lake. Accordingly on that day the party, headed by their leader in a hammock, and carrying the boat, set out from Fort Bodo, where Captain Nelson remained as commandant, Mr. Jephson and Dr. Parke accompanying Stanley.

They now encountered no opposition from the natives who had sought to destroy them when first marching through their country. The chiefs responded to Stanley's advances, and entered into a solemn agreement to supply him with stores gratuitously and to wage war on the common enemy, the Wanyoro. Each day now the natives brought gifts of plantains, corn, goats and cattle, for which they would take no payment, and the wants of the expedition were fully supplied, while they furnished them with guides and carried their ammunition and goods.

One day's march from the lake, a chief handed Stanley letters from Emin, who, two months after their first arrival at the lake, had heard of the visit.

The boat was at once launched on the Nyanza, and Jephson left with a picked crew to communicate with the Pasha. On the second day, Jephson came to Mswa station, the southernmost in the Equatorial Province, and on May 1st, Stanley and his men had the satisfaction of seeing the steamer *Khedive* on the lake, and soon they welcomed in their camp at Nyamsassi, Emin Pasha, for whom they had gone through so much suffering, and his companion, Captain Casati, and a number of Egyptian officials. But now came the disillusionment. Instead of finding, as they anticipated, and as would be gathered by a perusal of his letters, a man eager to return to civilization from fulfilling an impossible task, they saw before them

one who seemed content with his position, and only asked for ammunition and stores. Stanley says:—

“Contrary to our expectations, we did not find the Pasha disposed to return to the sea, neither was Captain Casati; nor did anyone impress us with his eagerness to return to civilization. They all seemed content to remain in the land. They praised it highly for its fertility and agreeable climate, they loved the natives, and were tireless in praises of everything connected with life in that region. All the Pasha and Casati seemed to care for was means of defence against occasional or accidental disturbances. None seemed to reflect that after our experiences of the forest few would care to repeat them; that the powerful Kings of Uganda and Unyoro would always be a bar to sure communication with the east coast; that caravans would never venture by Masailand to be decimated by famine and thirst for the uncertain profits to be derived from the dangerous risks of the journey; that no body of philanthropists would repeat these expensive outlays on behalf of a province so remote from the sea as Emin Pasha’s when there were thousands of square miles of equally fertile soil lying close to the ocean.”

The united party stayed together until May 25th, and then Mr. Stanley, who had been anxiously expecting the arrival of the rear column, under Major Barttelot, or at least some news of it, determined to return to Fort Bodo, and if no information had been received there, then to march back through the dreary forest region until he encountered his friend or heard news of him, dead or alive.

Leaving Mr. Jephson with Emin Pasha, and also a few Soudanese, Mr. Stanley, on May 25th, started with the remainder of his force for Fort Bodo, where they arrived early in June. Still there was no news of the rear column, and the anxiety of all daily deepened. Food was prepared in abundance to enable them to cross the dreaded wilderness in which they had all so nearly perished, and on June 15th, Stanley set out on his search for Major Barttelot’s column, leaving Stairs in command at Fort Bodo, with Nelson and Parke, and 59 men as a garrison.

The column, he says, who now marched with him were very different from the weak, starving wretches who had on a former

occasion entered the stations of Kilonga-Longa and Ugarrowwa. Then they were so dispirited by want that they had no pluck to resent the ill-treatment received at the hands of these chiefs and their men. But now, says their gallant leader, the consciousness that they knew the country from Yambuya to the Albert, that they had witnessed the worst horrors of the wilderness, and had measured their strength against tribes from the presence of whom the slaves of Ugarrowwa and Kilonga-Longa would have fled, inspired them with the belief that in every way they were superior men to those for whose slightest smile they had a few months before fawned. When the column entered Kilonga-Longa settlement their bearing attracted attention, and though no one uttered a threat, Kilonga-Longa, of his own accord, collected what Remingtons there were with him and quietly laid them at Stanley's feet, pleading that it was the fault of his slaves and their ignorance, and that he would not bear malice. As he had no commission to punish any subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar, Stanley coldly accepted the guns and assured him that he did not pretend to judge of his conduct, and would therefore leave the matter in the hands of his master.

Twenty-eight days' march from Fort Bodo brought them once more to Ugarrowwa's station. But it was now abandoned, the slave-trader and his hundreds of desperadoes having commenced the return home with 600 tusks of ivory.

"People in England," writes Stanley, "have not the slightest idea what the present fashion of ivory collecting, as adopted by the Arabs and Zanzibari half-castes west of the lake regions, means. Slave-trading becomes innocence when compared with ivory-trading. The latter has become literally a most bloody business. Bands, consisting of from 300 to 600 Manyuema, armed with Enfield carbines and officered by Zanzibari Arabs and Swahili, range over the immense forest land east of the Upper Congo, destroying every district they discover, and driving such natives as escape the sudden fusillades into the deepest recesses of the forest. In the midst of a vast circle described by several days' march in every direction, the ivory-raiders select a locality wherein plantains are abundant, prepare a few acres for rice, and, while

the crop is growing, sally out by twenties or forties to destroy every village within the circle and to hunt up the miserable natives who had escaped their first secret and sudden onslaughts.

"They are aware that the forest, though it furnishes recesses of bush impervious to discovery, is a hungry wilderness outside the plantain grove of the clearing, and that to sustain life the women must forage far and near for berries, wild fruit and fungi. These scattered bands of ivory-hunters find these women and children an easy prey. The startling explosion of heavy-loaded guns in the deep woods paralyze the timid creatures, and before they recover from their deadly fright, they are rushed upon and secured. By the possession of these captives they impose upon the tribal communities the necessity of surrendering every article of value, ivory, or goats, to gain the liberty of their relatives.

"The ivory tusks that Ugarowwa was bearing now to the coast had been acquired by just such relentless destruction of human life, and condemnation to misery of the unhappy survivors of the tribal communities. What Ugarowwa had within his elected circle, Kilonga-Longa performed with no less completeness, and with greater disregard to the interests of humanity, within his reserve; and the same cruel, murderous policy was being pursued with dozens of other circles into which the region as far south as Uregga, north to the Welle, east to longitude  $29^{\circ} 30'$ , and west to the Congo, was parcelled out."

Early in the month of August the column overtook the immense caravan of Ugarowwa, his flotilla of fifty-seven canoes laden with helpless children, girls, and young women. His hoard of ivory, equal to about fifteen tons, was at the landing-place of a village near Wasp Rapids, on the Ituri River.

With Ugarowwa were found the surviving couriers who had been despatched from Fort Bodo on February 16th, in search of Major Barttelot's column, and the mail, delivered to Ugarowwa for transmission to the Major, on September 18th, 1887, was also returned. The couriers had been specially unfortunate. Three of their number had been killed, and only five were whole from grievous arrow-wounds. Ugarowwa's band of forty picked men had been also unable to proceed below Wasp Rapids.

Pursuing their course downstream, on August 17th, they discovered all that were left of the rear column within a palisaded village formerly belonging to the Banalya tribe, a few marches from Yambuya. Major Barttelot had been shot by one of his Manyuema head-men, named Sanga, on the 19th of the previous August; and four days later, Mr. Jameson had returned to Stanley Falls to secure from Tippoo Tib an Arab assistant to govern the unruly mob of Manyuema carriers, whom Tippoo Tib had, after eleven months' constant solicitations on the part of these officers, finally furnished with an inefficient leader. Mr. Troup had been invalided home in the previous May. Mr. Ward was somewhere in the Lower Congo, having been despatched after nine months' stay at Yambuya, to cable to the Home Relief Committee some unauthenticated rumours respecting misfortunes which were said to have overtaken the advance column, and to ask for instructions. These were promptly given him by the Relief Committee, who referred him to the letter of instructions of his leader.

Of the gallant band of English officers, only Mr. Bonny\* remained, and from him Stanley heard a sad tale of disaster and failure. He subsequently learned that the day of his arrival at Banalya was the last of Jameson's life. It seems that on August 12th he commenced the descent of the Congo from Stanley Falls in a canoe, and that five days later, he died of fever. Stanley witnessed in that crowded village, wherein the unfortunate remnant of the rear column was housed, some of the miseries they had endured. The small-pox was raging, six bodies lay uninterred in the village, and if any member of the rear column presented himself to his old comrades for recognition, they saw only a living skeleton.

Thus a well-equipped and organized column of 271 had been reduced to 102 miserable, starved wretches, and, in a great measure, this sad result was due to breach of contract on the part of Tippoo Tib, who induced Major Barttelot, by repeated promises to supply the carriers, which he had no intention of fulfilling, to delay his march in the track of the advance column. Not until eleven

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\* Mr. Stanley expressly exempts Mr. Bonny from any blame for the misfortunes which overtook the rear column. On the day of the murder of Major Barttelot, when the property of the expedition was looted, Bonny recovered 300 loads, and by his firmness kept the remnant of the column intact, until Mr. Stanley arrived

months after they were promised did the porters arrive, but in the meantime, the rear column, consisting of Zanzibaris and Soudanese, had lost three-fourths of their number in the camp from disease, caused in a measure by inaction.

But Stanley lays a portion of the blame for the failure on the neglect by the commander of the rear column to carry out his instructions, which were plain and specific. He says:—"Though Tippoo Tib deserves that punishment should be meted to him for his ingratitude and breach of contract, the calamities which overwhelmed Major Barttelot's column might have been averted by following the counsels given in detail in my letter of instructions, which were based upon just such prospective issues to Tippoo Tib's well-known disposition to promise largely and perform indifferently."

Mr. Stanley now busied himself in reorganizing the expedition, and, on August 31st, commenced his return march to the Albert Nyanza, taking with him the surviving members of the rear column, including Mr. Bonny, and such Manyuema carriers as volunteered to accompany him. The goods and sick men were placed in a number of canoes he had collected.

The expedition experienced much opposition from the wild tribes, and some of the best men were killed. On October 30th, four days' journey above Ugarowwa's station, or about three hundred miles from Banalya, Stanley abandoned his canoes and began his march along the north bank of the Ituri River, as the upper portion of the Aruwhimi is called. Two days later, they discovered a plantation of plantains in charge of the dwarf natives, when the people revelled in this luxury, and carried off a week's provisions of plantain flour. Ten days' march brought them to another plantation. During this time the small-pox made great ravages among the Manyuema carriers, but the Zanzibari men escaped, owing to their having been vaccinated on board the *Madura*.

Continuing along the right bank of the Ihuru, a tributary of the Ituri, about sixty yards wide, until they could find a crossing, they stumbled across a large village, called Andikuma, surrounded by a fine plantation of plantains, where the people, after many days' fast, gorged themselves with this food to such excess, that a large

number were incapacitated from duty. A march of six days brought them to another flourishing settlement, called Indeman. They searched and found a place where they could build a bridge to cross the river. Mr. Bonny and the Zanzibaris worked with such celerity, that in a few hours, the Dui, as the right branch of the Ihuru River is called, was passed, and they crossed from the Indeman district into one entirely free from the ravages of the Manyema. In this land, between the right and left branches of the Ihuru, the dwarfs, called the Wambutti, were very numerous, and came into constant collision with the rear-guard of the expedition.

Following elephant and game tracks in the required south-easterly direction, on December 9th, they were compelled to halt to search for food in the middle of a vast forest. Stanley sent a hundred and fifty armed men back to a settlement, fifteen miles distant, on the route they had traversed, and many of the Manyema carriers followed them to assist in foraging.

At this place the expedition was nearly overwhelmed with disaster, as is shown by the following extracts from Mr. Stanley's diary, written on December 14th, six days after the departure of the foragers:—"Six days have transpired since our foragers left us. For the first four days time passed rapidly—I might say almost pleasantly—being occupied in recalculating all my observations from Ugarowwa to Lake Albert and down to date, owing to a few discrepancies here and there, which my second and third visit, and duplicate and triplicate observations enabled me to correct. My occupation then ended, I was left to wonder why the large band of foragers did not return. The fifth day, having distributed all the stock of flour in camp, and killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision boxes and take a pound pot of butter, with two cupfuls of my flour to make an imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar, and a pot of sago in the boxes. In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of a majority of the rest was most disheartening; some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These constant sights acted on my nerves, until I began to feel not only moral, but physical sympathy as well, as though weakness was contagious.

Before night a Madi carrier died; the last of our Soomaulis gave signs of collapse; the few Soudanese with us were scarcely able to move."

On the morning of the sixth day, the broth was made as usual, consisting of a pot of butter, a tin of condensed milk, and a cupful of flour, with water, for one hundred and thirty people. The case had now become desperate, and Mr. Stanley called Bonny and the leaders into council. Bonny offered to stay in camp if ten days' food was provided, while Mr. Stanley proceeded in search of the missing party. Accordingly a store of butter, milk, flour and biscuits was handed over to him.

On the afternoon of the seventh day, Mr. Stanley mustered all his men, including those who were to remain in charge of the camp, and addressing the forty-three feeble, starving people who were to be left behind, informed them that he hoped to meet the foragers on the road and return rapidly with the food they had doubtless found, and encouraged them to keep up their hearts, though his own was heavy with anxiety and foreboding.

That afternoon Stanley travelled back nine miles, having passed several dead bodies on the road, and early on the following day, being the eighth on which the foragers had quitted the camp, he met them marching at their ease. He changed the pace into a quick step, and within twenty-six hours of leaving Starvation Camp, they were back, bringing an abundance with them, and soon gruel and porridge were boiling, plantains were roasting and meat simmering in pots for soup.

"This," writes Stanley, "has been the nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Twenty-one persons altogether succumbed in this dreadful camp."

Stanley has described the anxieties of that time. After the first four days of the absence of the foraging party, on the fifth day, he says, "The people began to crowd towards him very much broken down. All he could give them was a pound of butter and a tin of condensed milk, which, mixed with abundance of water, for 130 people, made a broth. After the broth had been taken they went about to search for berries, and many of them wandered away and were lost. If the expedition had perished at this spot, all the



explorers in the world could never have found them. Their traces could never have been discovered. Six days passed, and there was no news of the foragers; and some more men were then sent back. On the eighth day he collected what little provision they had and left it in charge of an officer, with instructions to guard it carefully, so as to last for ten days for himself and thirty-three men. On the next day he went to hunt for the 150 foragers, imagining all sorts of things." At six o'clock in the morning Stanley started with sixty-six men, besides women and children. As they went along they came across the bodies of their men who had dropped away from the party. At about six o'clock in the evening, tired and hungry, they threw themselves down. They could not light a fire, though a fire was not required, as there was nothing to eat. Neither could they erect a tent; and so Stanley gloomily sat in the dusk, till the twilight deepened into night, and dead silence fell over the camp. He was thinking of the trouble there might be in store for the people who were with him, and he inwardly vowed that if he met the foragers he would decimate them. Just then, he says, he heard one of his Moslem people call out, "God is great," in a voice expressive of utter hopelessness.

It struck him as very strange—he who had not thought of God at that moment—that a Moslem should teach a Christian this lesson of humility and trust in the Almighty; and it was not long before this feeling led to kindlier ones. The next morning at dawn they struggled on, and saw a body of men passing along, and then they came full tilt up against those whom they had been seeking, who had forgotten their master and their friends in so easy a fashion. All anger was forgotten, they sat down then and there, the food was produced, they made their fires, they ate, and soon afterwards they were all in camp again.

Proceeding on their march on December 17th, the Ihuru River was crossed on the following day, and Stanley pushed on for Fort Bodo with the greatest despatch. Marching through the forest, regardless of paths, they had the good fortune to strike the western angle of the Fort Bodo plantations on the 20th, which was two days before the expiration of the term of his absence, as arranged by Stanley seven months before. But here again, as in the case of the rear guard, he was

doomed to experience a disappointment. When leaving Mr. Jephson and Emin Pasha, they had both promised to be at Fort Bodo by the middle of August, or thereabouts, when it was arranged that the fort was to be evacuated and a new station formed near Kavalli, on the south-western side of Albert Nyanza. But Lieut. Stairs, who was still at Fort Bodo, with fifty-one out of fifty-nine, his original garrison, had heard no word from Emin or Jephson since Stanley's departure. This fresh *contretemps* filled the leader of the expedition with anxiety on Jephson's account, for as to Emin, he was convinced that he loved the country and his people, and the life he had led, too much to be induced to retire with him to the coast, and Casati, he considered, held the same views.

On December 23rd, having first set fire to the fort, which had so long sheltered the sick and feeble members of the expedition, Stanley started once more for the Albert Lake. In order to remove all the surplus stores left in the fort, some fifty loads, and those brought with the rear column, they had to work by relays, and double marches were made from Fort Bodo to the edge of the grassland, in order to leave nothing behind that might be of service to Emin Pasha. On January 9th, 1889, they reached the Ituri Ferry, which was the last halt in the forest region before reaching the open country; and selecting a good camping site, on the east bank of the river, Stanley left Lieut. Stairs in command with one hundred and twenty-four people, including Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and, two days later, continued his march for the Albert Nyanza.

They were welcomed by the people of the plains, who, fearing a repetition of the fighting in December, 1887, flocked to the camp headed by their chiefs, and tendered their submission, agreeing to supply contributions of grain and plantains, and bringing small droves of cattle for the subsistence of the strangers. They also constructed the huts for the camps, and brought fuel and water each day. It was not until January 16th, that a messenger arrived from the friendly chief at Kavalli, with a packet of letters, one from Jephson, written at intervals of several days, and two from Emin, confirming Jephson's news. With amazement, Stanley perused his lieutenant's communication, which was dated "Dufflé

November 7th, 1888," in which he stated that, on August 18th, a rebellion broke out there, got up by some Egyptian officers and officials, and he and Emin were arrested and placed in confinement, though they feared to do any personal injury to the Pasha, who was popular with the soldiers.

Plans were also made to entrap Stanley on his return, and strip the expedition of its stores and supplies. While matters were in this state, news was received of the arrival of the Mahdists at Lado, another military station, with three steamers and nine *nuggars*, or large boats. The Mahdists attacked and captured Rageef with all the stores and ammunition, upon which the Egyptians abandoned the stations of Kirri and Moojie, and the officers were paralyzed with fear, and anxiously awaited Stanley's arrival, as they desired to leave the country with him, being now convinced that Khartoum had fallen, which they hitherto disbelieved, and that he had come as the agent of the Khedive. Jephson added:—"We are like rats in a trap. They will neither let us act nor retire, and I fear, unless you come very soon, you will be too late, and our fall will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan." There were two postscripts to this letter, dated "Wadelai, November 24th," and "Tunguru, December 18th." In the former he announced the defeat of the Egyptians by the Mahdists at Rageef, wherein some of Emin's enemies were killed upon which he and the Pasha were taken to Wadelai. In the second postscript the repulse of the Mahdists at Dufflé, was announced, when they retired to Rageef, where they awaited reinforcements from Khartoum. He added:—"The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him, and the officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdists."

Emin Pasha confirmed this intelligence in his letter, but gave no hint of the course he proposed to adopt.

Stanley wrote a formal letter, which might be read by any person, and on a separate piece of paper, a postscript for Jephson's perusal. In this, addressed from Kavalli, on January 18th, he says he is sending thirty of his own men and three of Kavalli's to the lake with his letters, and that he (Jephson) would be escorted to



EMIN PASHA AND MR. JEPHSON AS PRISONERS.

his camp, and added, that he must "be wise, be quick, and waste no hour of time."

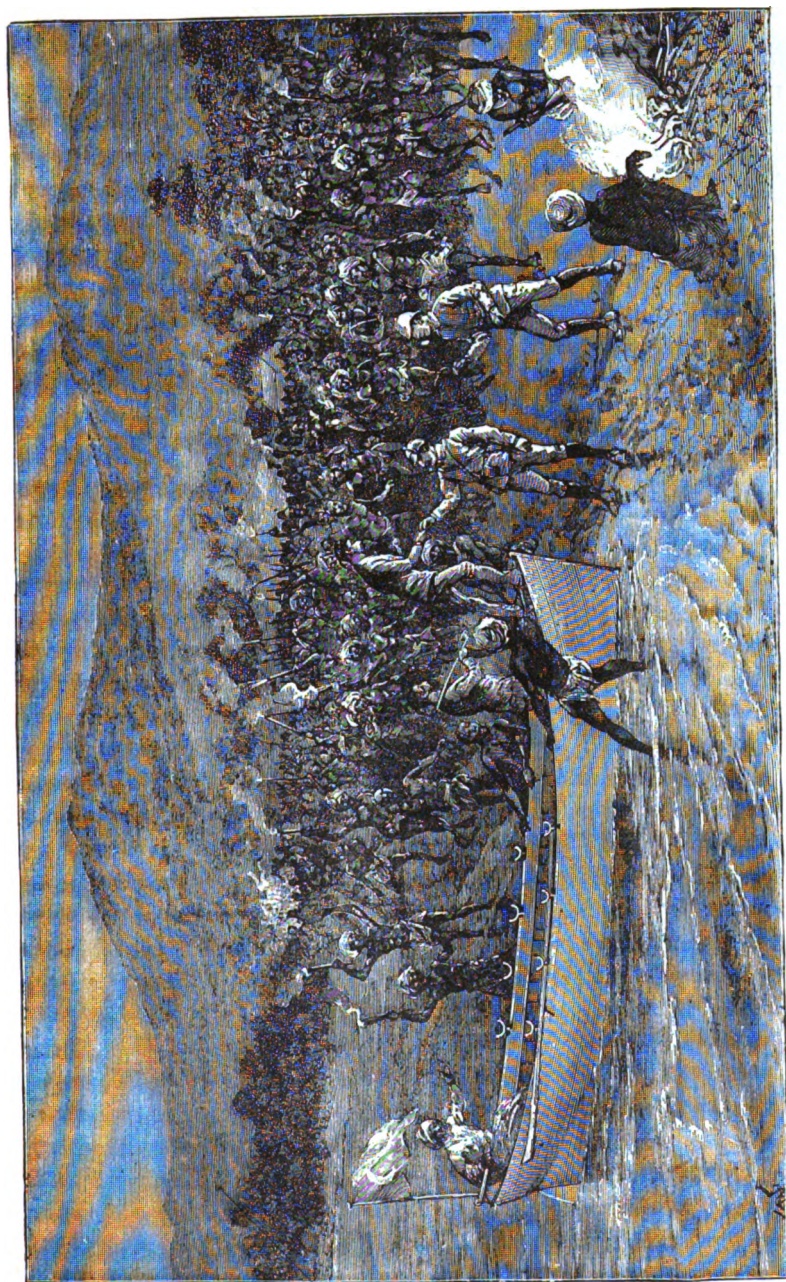
On February 6th, Mr. Jephson arrived at the camp at Kavalli, on the plateau above the lake, and, in a few words, he enlightened Stanley as to the views of Emin, and his friend Casati:—"Sentiment," he said, "is the Pasha's worst enemy no one keeps Emin Pasha back, but Emin Pasha himself." This epigrammatically expressed a correct estimate of Emin's character formed by Jephson, after an intimate acquaintance, extending from May 25th, 1888, to February 6th, 1889.

Casati had no views on this question but those of the Pasha with whose fortunes his own were bound up.

Stanley, in order to bring matters to a crisis one way or the other, wrote to Emin urging him, in the strongest terms, to come to a decision. He sent orders to Lieut. Stairs at the camp on the Ituri, to hasten with his column to Kavalli, in order that the expedition might be concentrated in readiness for any emergency. Emin's rebel officers had not ceased to intrigue against him, and though dismayed by the early successes of the Mahdists, they gathered heart again after their repulse at Dufflé. But, in order to allay Stanley's suspicions, it was necessary that Emin Pasha should be produced before the leader of the relief column in the character of a reinstated governor. After a grand consultation at Wadelai, the rebels deputed Selim Bey, the officer least objectionable to the Pasha, and twelve other superior officials, to implore forgiveness for the past, and to offer to replace him at the head of the administration. Emin was only too ready to condone their offences, and willingly agreed to accompany them to Stanley, and intercede for them.

Thus it happened that, on February 13th, Stanley received a letter from the Pasha, written that morning, at the anchorage in the lake just below his camp, informing him that, on the preceding day, he had arrived with his two steamers "carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort," and adding, "as soon as I have arranged for cover for my people, the steamers have to start for Mswa station, to bring on another lot of people waiting transport." Stanley sent carriers and an escort down to the lake,





LANDING OF EMIN PASHA AT KAVALLI.

and on February 17th, Emin Pasha arrived in his camp with a following of about sixty-five people, also Selim Bey, or Colonel Selim, and seven other officers, the deputation sent by the mutineers of the Equatorial Province. Emin was in *mufti*, but the officers, three of whom were Egyptians, and the remainder Nubians, of soldierly appearance, were in uniform.

On the following day, Lieut. Stairs arrived, with his column, from the Ituri River, and the same day, the durbar was held, the Pasha acting as interpreter between Stanley and the deputation, who presented him with a document, signed by the leaders in the province, regretting their action in deposing the Pasha, expressing loyalty to the Khedive, and a hope that he would allow a reasonable time for the officers to collect the troops and their families, and bring them to his camp. Learning from the Pasha that twenty days would be considered a reasonable time, Stanley consented, and sent them back with a written promise to this effect, but the Pasha was to remain meanwhile in his camp. The two steamers were employed bringing fresh batches of refugees to the camp on the plateau, 2,800 feet above the Nyanza, with their loads, no less than 1,355 in number; but the soldiers made no appearance.

Stanley waited until March 16th, but there was no sign of the arrival of the troops, who numbered 1,500 regulars, with 3,000 irregulars and their families. At Emin's request the time was extended to April 10th, and, meantime, there were frequent communications between the Egyptians in his camp and their compatriots at Wadelai. While Stanley was rendered uneasy by furtive meetings in his camp, the Pasha continued to express unbounded confidence in the loyalty of his men. On April 5th, an attempt was made to steal several of the Remington rifles, and during the night, Stanley received notice of the result of a secret meeting of the rebels in his camp. Accordingly, he mustered the fugitives, and gave them to understand that the death penalty would be inflicted on anyone engaged in seditious plots.

On April 10th, the Egyptians and their families and following, numbering 570 persons, escorted by the expedition and 350 carriers of the district, started for the south end of the Albert Nyanza on their journey towards Zanzibar. But their advance was



MEETING OF STANLEY AND EMIN.



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arrested on the second day by an unexpected incident. Stanley was seized with a recurrence of his former malady ; his life was despaired of, and it was only by the assiduous care and skill of Surgeon Parke that, on May 8th, he had sufficiently recovered to enable him to order a resumption of the march for the coast.

Meantime the rebels continued their machinations. Rifles, equipment and ammunition were stolen every day. Parties of four or five deserted, and finally, twenty men disappeared with five rifles. Under Stanley's directions, a party of his men—of whom every-one of the three hundred and fifty under his command were loyal to the core to him—was despatched in pursuit, and a ringleader and twelve men were discovered and brought back to the camp. Some letters, intended for the rebels at Wadelai, fell by accident into his hands, and in one of them, an Egyptian captain wrote to Selim Bey, at Wadelai, in the following terms:—"For God's sake, hurry up fifty or sixty soldiers to our aid. With their help, we may at least delay the march of the expedition until you arrive with your force. Had we two hundred, we could effect immediately what we mutually wish." This was plain-speaking enough, and by means of this, and other letters, Stanley became acquainted with the names of the traitors and their plans. Even Emin could no longer doubt their treachery, or their intention of using their utmost endeavours to carry into effect the grand idea of effecting the "capture of the expedition, with all its members, arms, and property, and present it to the Khalifa, at Khartoum."

Stanley at once convened a court, consisting of the European officers in camp, by whom the ringleader, referred to above, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Stanley says:—"The scene of the execution was most solemn, and it is my opinion that it affected the rebellious most profoundly, for during all their service in the Equatorial Province, not one death sentence was passed. They seemed to perceive that now there was another *régime*, and to understand that to play at revolt and mutiny was dangerous. We may observe the effect of the lesson taught, in the absolute peacefulness of the march hence to Zanzibar." The last Stanley heard of Selim Bey was on May 8th, when he received a letter, taking him to task for compelling Egyptian officers to carry loads

(which was an unfounded charge), and he ended by imploring him to extend the time of his departure, and announced that some of the rebel officers and their adherents had broken into the store-houses and stolen the reserve ammunition and stores. Stanley replied that he would proceed forward at a slow rate, but could no longer delay his march.

But the attention of the leader of this great exodus was now fully taken up with measures for the security of the heterogeneous mass of human beings under his charge. The route he adopted skirted the Baregga Mountains, at a distance of about forty miles from the Albert Nyanza. On the fourth day they arrived at the southern end of these mountains, when they became aware that Kabba-Rega, King of Unyoro, whose territories they now entered, intended to dispute their passage. But without making a great *détour* through the forest, which would have been fatal to most of the Egyptians, they had no option but to press on through the open grass-land between it and the Semliki River.

On the first day of entering the Unyoro territory, they were attacked by the Warasura, or Wanyoro soldiers, many of whom had breech-loaders—Remingtons, Sniders, and Winchesters—who were beaten back. The effect of this defeat was to clear the country of the Warasura as far as the Semliki, though a second attack, with a like result, was made as they were ferrying across that river.

After crossing to the eastern shore of the Semliki, they entered the Awamba region, and for several days, marched through plantations of plantains in the clearings. Day by day, as they advanced, was brought into greater prominence a splendid range of snow-clad mountains, whose north-western base line they skirted, having an altitude of 18,000 to 19,000 feet above sea-level, which had first arrested their attention on arriving at the Albert Nyanza in May of the preceding year. This range, whence issue the streams which supply the Semliki, is called Ruwenzori, or the "Snowy Range," and might well be the "Mountains of the Moon" of the ancients, the fabled source of the Nile.\*

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\* Schebeddin, an Arab geographer of the 15th century, writes of this range:—"From the Mountains of the Moon the Egyptian Nile takes its source. It cuts horizontally the Equator in its course north. Many rivers come from this mountain, and unite in a great lake. From this lake comes the Nile, the most beautiful and greatest of the rivers of the earth."



EN ROUTE TO THE COAST.

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Stanley writes to the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of his discovery of this magnificent range of mountains, and of the lake to which he gave the name of Albert Edward Nyanza. "Baker, in 1864, reported the Albert Nyanza to stretch 'illimitably' in a south-westerly direction from Vacovia\*; and Gessi Pasha, who first circumnavigated that lake, and Mason Bey, who, in 1877, made a more careful investigation of it, never hinted at the existence of a snowy mountain in that neighbourhood, nor did the two last travellers pay any attention to the Semliki River. I might even add that Emin Pasha, for years resident at or near the Lake Albert, or Captain Casati, who, for some months resided in Unyoro, never heard of any such remarkable object as a snowy mountain being in that region, therefore we may well call it an unsuspected part of Africa. Surely, it was none of our purpose to discover it. It simply thrust itself direct in our homeward route and as it insisted on our following its base-line, we viewed it from all sides but the north-east."

While skirting this prominent feature of the landscape, Lieut. Stairs undertook to scale the gigantic mountain. Early in the morning of June 6th, accompanied by some forty Zanzibaris, he started from the camp at the foot of the range, and attained a height of 10,677 feet above sea level. He collected a large number of specimens of plants to which Emin Pasha, an accomplished botanist, gave their generic names. Stanley could not quite make up his mind whether this great snowy mountain was the same he discovered in December, 1876, to which he gave the name of Mount Gordon Bennett, but as the latter had no snow, and was, according to the position he then gave it, further east, he concluded that this was a new discovery. Of the general *contour* of the adjacent country, he writes:—"If you will draw a straight line from the *debouchure* of the Nile from Lake Albert 230 geographical miles in a direction nearly south west magnetic,

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\* Elsewhere Stanley explains how this may have happened. He says:—"After rounding the Barenga Mountains, which form a group to the south of Kavalli, we suddenly came in view of the beginning of the Semliki valley, a sight which caused officers to ask one another 'Have you seen the Nyanza?' Yet we were only four miles away from the valley, which was nearly white with its white grass, and which, indeed, resembled strongly the disturbed waters of a shallow lake."

you will have measured the length of a broad line of subsidence, which is from twenty to fifty miles wide, that exists between  $3^{\circ}$  N. Lat. and  $1^{\circ}$  S. Lat., in the centre of the African continent. The most northerly section of the line of subsidence, ninety miles in length, is occupied by the Albert Nyanza; the central section, also ninety miles, by the Semliki River valley; the southernmost portion, fifty miles long, by the plains and the new Nyanza, which we have all agreed to name the Albert Edward Nyanza,\* in honour of the first British Prince who has shown a decided interest in African geography. You will observe, then, that the Semliki Valley extends along the base of the Ruwenzori range, that the northern and southern extremities, or flanks, of Ruwenzori have each a lake abreast of it; and that the Semliki River runs from the upper to the lower lake in a zigzag course." This river, he says elsewhere, flows with an impetuous volume, has a width of from 80 to 100 yards, a current of three knots, and an average depth of 9 feet.

Among the most interesting of Stanley's discoveries were this river, the connection between the Lakes Albert and Albert Edward, and the extension of Lake Victoria to the south-west. Near the head of Lake Albert enters the Semliki, which, after following a winding course of 150 miles, issues from the Albert Edward, situated at an altitude of about 900 feet above Lake Albert, or 3,307 feet above the sea. Stanley says:—"No rivers of any great importance feed the Albert Edward Lake, though there are several which are from twenty feet to fifty feet wide and two feet deep. This being so, the most important river from the south cannot have a winding course of more than sixty miles, so that the furthest reach of the Albertine sources of the Nile cannot extend further than  $1^{\circ} 10'$  south latitude. Owing to the mist, we could neither define distance, form, nor figure, estimate height of land, crests above the water, or depth of lake. We could describe no just limit to the extent of the expanse, nor venture to say whether it was an

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\* The Albert Edward Nyanza—the countries to the south of which are still unexplored—receives several streams of considerable volume from Ruwenzori. At the north-western corner of the lake the Semliki leaves it, and as the river flows north-west, then north, and finally north-east, it receives numerous streams from the Ruwenzori slopes, and after a course of about one hundred miles, discharges itself into Lake Albert Nyanza. Thus the latter lake receives the Semliki from the south, and the Victoria Nile from the east, and some few miles to the north-west from the *débouchure* of the Victoria Nile, empties its surplus waters as the White Nile. (Stanley's Report to the Foreign Office.)

island, ocean or a shallow pond. The haze, or rather cloud, hung over it like a grey pall."

The beginning of the Semliki valley, extending from the Albert Lake in a south-west direction is very level; for a distance of thirty miles it only attains an altitude of 50 feet above the lake. Beyond this is a region of dense and rank tropical forest, and the valley rises sensibly higher until, at about seventy-five miles from the Albert Nyanza, it has attained an elevation of about 900 feet above its waters. Here the forest region abruptly ends, and, with the change of scene, occurs a change of climate. The forest of tall trees joined together by giant creepers, and nourishing in its dark shade thick undergrowth, with the humid vapours and mist of a tropical forest, gives place to a stretch of grass-land until the Albert Edward Nyanza is reached.

Rounding the south-western extremity of Ruwenzori, two days later they entered Usongora, and camped on the shores of the newly discovered lake, "which," says Stanley in his official report to the Foreign Office, "is, in reality, the source of the south-western branch of the White Nile."

The expedition advanced into Usongora, and their appearance created terror into the hearts of the warlike Warasura, who had long lorded it over the Wasongora, the former occupants of the land. They drove the Wanyoro invaders from the country of Ukonga and Usongora, and released the Salt Lakes from their presence, and in so doing, performed such welcome service to the natives of these districts and of the neighbouring States of Toro, Uhaiyana, Unyampaka and Ankori, that their journey through these countries was a triumphal march. The people of all ranks and ages turned out to do them honour, and they received abundance of goods and bananas, while their loads were carried for them and guides furnished. The flight of the Warasura, the common enemy of these people, at once opened access to the valuable salt deposits, and while the expedition slowly progressed through the land, flotillas of canoes were hastily despatched by the tribes in the vicinity of the Albert Edward Nyanza, for cargoes of this commodity, essential to a pastoral people possessing large herds of cattle.



From Usongora they entered Toro, having the Albert Edward Lake still on their right, the course being north-easterly and after marching twenty miles, they turned east and ascended the uplands of Uhaiyana. Thence the course was south until they passed Unyampaka, which Stanley first visited in 1876. South of this country stretches Ankori, an extensive and thickly-populated district, the plains having an altitude of 5,000 feet above sea-level. The royal family of Ankori and the chiefs and wealthier classes are Wahama, men of the Abyssinian type of features, as regular and delicate as those of Europeans. Their only occupation, except fighting, is breeding and tending cattle. Ankori extends to the Alexandra Nile. Pushing on, they skirted Ruanda, an extensive country lying between this river and the Congo watershed to the west, and now entered the better known land of Karagwé, south of that river, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Here they were welcomed with warmth by the grateful people as their deliverers from the dreaded Wanyoro, and were voluntarily supplied with contributions of cattle, grain and bananas. Stanley says:—  
“An expedition, such as I led, of eight hundred souls, would, under ordinary circumstances, have needed forty bales of cloth and twenty sacks of beads, as currency to purchase food. Not a bead, or yard of cloth was demanded from us. Such small gifts of cloth as we gave to the chiefs, were given of our own accord.”

On August 28th, the expedition arrived at Mslala, the Church Missionary Society's station at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, under the charge of Mr. Mackay,\* whom Stanley calls “the modern Livingstone.” About a degree west of Mackay's mission station, they discovered the south-western extremity of

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\* Mr. Alexander Mackay died at Usamiro, from fever, in the beginning of February, 1890. His death involved an irreparable loss to English civilizing influence in Equatorial Africa. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, a Scotch minister, and when Mr. Stanley's memorable letter from Uganda appeared in November, 1875, which led the Church Missionary Society to undertake a mission to the Victoria Nyanza, he was one of the first to offer his services. He was then a mechanical engineer at Berlin, and proved to be a singularly able and accomplished young man. He sailed for Africa, with other members of the first party, on April 27th, 1876. On the journey inland, in Ugogo, he was taken ill, and was sent back to the coast, but he refused to leave for England, and for more than a year was occupied in making a rough road from the coast to Mpwapa. When the news reached him of the death of Lieut. Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the Victoria Nyanza, he pushed on to join the Rev. C. T. Wilson, who was then alone in Uganda. He arrived at Mtesa's capital, after many delays, in December, 1878, and from that time until July, 1887, Uganda was his home.

Lake Victoria. "Our journey," says Stanley, "had led us along an entirely undiscovered portion of the western coast, which was extended to 2° 48' S. Lat., whence we turned direct east for Usamiro, situated at the termination of the long bay on the south coast of the lake. This considerable extension of the Victoria increases its superficial area from 21,500 to 26,900 square miles, and gives it a length of 270 statute miles."

At the missionary station, Emin Pasha addressed to the Relief Committee, in London, a letter of thanks, in which he says:—"It would be impossible to tell you what has happened here after Mr. Stanley's first start; his graphic pen will tell you everything much better than I could. I hope, also, the Egyptian Government permitting it, some future day to be allowed to present myself before you, and to express to you then the feelings of gratitude my pen would be short in expressing, in a personal interview. Until such happy moments come, I beg to ask you to transmit to all subscribers of the fund, the sincerest thanks of a handful of forlorn people, who through your instrumentality have been saved from destruction, and now hope to embrace their relatives. To speak here of Mr. Stanley's and his officers' merits would be inadequate. If I live to return I shall make my acknowledgments."

On their arrival at the missionary station of Mslala, the expedition had traversed, since leaving the Albert Edward Nyanza, "four hundred miles of an absolutely new region, untravelled and unvisited by any white man," and for three-fourths of this journey they were the recipients of welcome and daily bounties such as are unparalleled in African travel. Once a week Stanley was able, by means of the herds captured from the hostile Wanyoro, and

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Other missionaries went and came, but he stayed on. At length the bitter hostility of the Arab traders virtually drove him out; but even then he would not come to England, but remained at the south end of the great lake, where Mr. Stanley found him, and where he died. Mr. Mackay had a large share in the patient teaching of the people of Uganda, which resulted in the conversion of hundreds to Christianity, and in the reduction of the language to writing. He worked the little printing press which supplied thousands of copies of fragments of literature for the instruction of the people, and he exerted his mechanical skill in house-building, boat-building, and frequent commissions of all sorts for the King of Uganda. It was from Mr. Mackay, or through his agency, that most of the intelligence that reached England regarding Emin Pasha, prior to Mr. Stanley's expedition, was received. The first news that Emin was alive and holding his own was received by the same mail, in October, 1886, that brought also from Mr. Mackay the recovered last diary of Bishop Hannington.

the gifts of the people, to distribute 8,000 pounds of meat rations to the entire column.

The great explorer, during his progress through these regions, made treaties with the native chiefs, which will, doubtless, have most important results for the extension of the British Protectorate and the commerce of the Empire.

After a stay of nineteen days at the missionary station, the expedition, guided by one of Mr. Mackay's people, resumed its march towards the coast; but they were not destined to complete the journey without serious opposition from the natives. The column took the road through Nera, when the people of Usukuma, who are warlike and numerous, took a prejudice to the Soudanese of the Equatorial Province for their intense blackness, and attacked the expedition on its approach to the King's village. The Wasukuma had been accustomed to stop caravans and extort what they wished, and shortly before, an entire party of Arabs was massacred, because they would not comply with the extortionate demands of these people. They now tried the same course of insolent extortion, and when this was repelled, disputed the advance of the column through their territory for five days. They attacked in great numbers, and, says Stanley, "frequently advanced by hundreds on either flank of the column, but the breachloaders restrained them from reaching the line of march."

On leaving this hostile country they entered friendly territory, and thence to Mpwapwa, their progress was unimpeded, and without incident. On the journey, Stanley, at the request of the French mission on Victoria Nyanza, took charge of two sick missionaries, shortening his stages to allow the priests time to join him. Many European nationalities were now represented in his camp. Besides German, French, Italian, Greek and Egyptians, for whom they acted as escorts, almost every district between Usukuma and Mpwapwa sent new accessions of Africans who were unable to reach the coast or feared oppression by the way, until the column numbered about 1,000 souls.

Long before reaching Mpwapwa, however, rumour was busy with the events on the coast. They heard of missionaries murdered and mission-houses burnt, of German officers killed, and coast towns levelled to the ground in retaliation; and at Mpwapwa they wit-

nessed the results of the war in the ruined English mission-house, and the dismantled fort of the German East African Company.

Near Simbaruwemi the expedition received a welcome supply of European comforts, which had been sent by the thoughtful kindness of Major Wissmann, the German Imperial Commissioner, and thence each day their hearts were gladdened with kindly notes and gifts from English friends at Zanzibar. At the Kingani ferry they had the pleasure of meeting Major Wissmann, and being escorted thence to Bagamoyo, and within ten minutes of their arrival, the officers were seated before a breakfast as sumptuous as any Berlin restaurant could have furnished.\*

Out of the number of 570 refugees from the Equatorial Province who had sought convoy to the coast, according to the muster-roll at Kavalli, on April 5th, there arrived, on December 4th, at Bagamoyo, on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, only 291 souls. The loss was, therefore, 279, or nearly one-half, during a journey of 1,400 miles, but the greater portion of these, about 200, were left under the care of various friendly native chiefs. The remainder, about eighty souls, perished of ulcers, fevers or debility.

The loss among the members of the expedition was very heavy.

Of the thirteen Soomaulis, engaged by Major Barttelot at Aden, only one survived the journey. Three of them were killed by natives while foraging for food; nine died from fever and debility. Of the sixty Soudanese enlisted at Cairo, only twelve returned to the coast, seven having been already sent home from Yambuya. Of the forty-one thus lost, two suffered the death penalty for mutiny and murder, and one deserted. Of the 620 Zanzibaris,†

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\* After passing unscathed through the dangers of his long residence in Central Africa, surrounded latterly by traitors, Emin Paasha narrowly fell a victim to an accident such as might happen to any stay-at-home old lady in London. As Bruce was killed by falling down the stairs of his house in Scotland, after his wanderings in Abyssinia, so Emin Paasha, after the banquet at Bagamoyo in honour of himself and Stanley, walked out of an open window, which, with his impaired sight, he mistook for a door. For many weeks he lingered between life and death, and recovered as by a miracle, thanks chiefly to the care of Surgeon Parke.

† Lieut. Stairs, second in command of the expedition, said of these faithful Zanzibaris:—"From first to last the Zanzibaris taken round to the Congo behaved in a manner in every way worthy of the situation. They had many difficulties to contend with, but in six months they got to understand the character of the Zanzibaris, and he thought the Zanzibaris understood them, and it was through kindness and firmness they succeeded so well. They treated them as if they were white men and soldiers, and they never failed them. In the open country through which they went they always responded to the whistle of Mr. Stanley, which was sounded in the morning for the march."

only 225 returned to their native island; fifty-five were killed in the skirmishes which took place between Yambuya and the Albert Nyanza; two were executed for selling their rifles and ammunition to the enemy; 202 died of starvation and disease, and the rest deserted.

Of the Europeans, Major Barttelot was murdered, Mr. Jameson died of fever, and Messrs. Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, Bonny, Ward and Troup, and Hoffman (Mr. Stanley's servant) emerged out of Africa in safety.

Stanley drew special attention to the good service rendered by Lieut. W. G. Stairs, R.E., Captain R. H. Nelson, Mr. A. M. Mounteney-Jephson, and Surgeon T. H. Parke, his companions throughout the period embraced between March, 1887, when the expedition started on the land journey on the Lower Congo, and December 4th, 1889, on which date, after crossing the continent of Africa, it reached the port of Bagamoyo, on the Indian Ocean. He says, in his despatch to the Foreign Office:—"Words fail to express my deep feelings of thankfulness that it was my fortune to be blessed with such noble companionship. Never, while human nature remains as we know it, will there be found four gentlemen so matchless for their constancy, devotion to their work, earnest purpose, and unflinching obedience to honour and duty."

Stanley learned in this expedition to appreciate the sterling qualities which have made Englishmen an imperial race, the true successors of the ancient Romans. As a naturalized American, proud of his adopted country, he had ceased to recognize the people of this island as his countrymen. But after an unrivalled experience of other nationalities, he wrote of them\*:—"It takes longer to know an Englishman than any Christian or Pagan I ever came across. He does not walk up to you, as the Yankee does, and pester you with questions about your private business and your conjugal experiences. He looks mostly as if he did not care whether you

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\* As an experienced war correspondent in America, Spain and Africa, Stanley said of the British officer and rank and file:—"In Abyssinia I acquired several lessons from English journalists. I learned also to distinguish good soldiers from bad; what kind of men made the best officers; what splendid fighting qualities there were in the rank and file of the Indian army. The officers may be affected until manhood is almost completely hidden; the soldiers may growl and be rather fastidious about rations; but at the critical moment the ingrained soldierly virtue shines out like sunshine after rain."

lived or died, starved or rotted. And yet if you do him a little service he is so grateful that he will remember it. He is not effusive as a Frenchman, or gushing like a German. He does not regard you superciliously as a Madrilenian would, or look upon you as legitimate prey, as is the custom of the Greeks; but he has the knack of assuming a profound indifference to your very existence."

Besides effecting the object for which it was organized, the expedition, under the guidance of its leader, explored about 1,200 miles of an unknown region, and made several interesting discoveries. Mr. Stanley proved that east and north and north-east of the Congo there exists an immense area of about 250,000 square miles, which is covered by one unbroken forest,\* He also added to our knowledge of the perennially interesting subject of the sources of the Nile, to ascertain which so many brave and valuable lives have been sacrificed. Stanley's discovery of the source of the south-west branch of the White Nile is of great interest. He says:—"We now know that the White Nile is formed by the surplus waters of the two lakes, the Victoria and the Albert Edward respectively, to the south-east and south-south-west, which are received by the Albert, and discharged northward towards the Mediterranean in one grand river, called the Bahr-el-Abiad, or the White River. We also know now the exact limits of the Albert, Victoria, and Albert Edward Lakes, which are embraced within the Nile basin, and are situated near the sources of the famous river. We have discovered the mountains, called by the early Arab geographers, the Mountains of the Moon, and whose snowy tops, known by the modern name, Ruwenzori, furnish the waters which form the Semliki River and the Albert Edward Lake."

The distance travelled in the interior of Africa by Mr. Stanley, personally, is estimated by him at 5,400 miles, of which all but

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\* "Of the density of this forest Stanley says:—"Our progress through the dense undergrowth of bush and young trees, which grew beneath the impervious shades of the forest giants, and which was matted by arums, phrynias, and amoms, meshed by endless lines of calamus and complicated by great cable-like convulvuli, was often only at the rate of 400 yards an hour. Through such obstructions as these we had to tunnel a way for the column to pass. The Amazon valley cannot boast a more impervious or a more umbrageous forest, nor one which has more truly a tropical character, than this vast Upper Congo forest, nourished, as it is, by eleven months of tropical showers."

1,000 were on foot. The expedition occupied three years, and rescued nearly 300 persons at a cost of less than £30,000, so that on the lower grounds of economy, its success must be regarded as remarkable.

In honour of the great traveller, the Royal Geographical Society, which had, in 1873, awarded him its annual gold medal, struck a special gold medal, designed by Miss E. Hallé, of great artistic merit, while bronze copies were given to his officers, Captain Stairs, R.E., Dr. Parke, Captain Nelson, Mr. M. Jephson, and Mr. Bonny. For Mr. Stanley's Zanzibari followers a silver star was designed, bearing the monogram of the Royal Geographical Society, with the words "Emin Relief Expedition, 1887-9." The gold medal and bronze replicas were presented by the Prince of Wales at a meeting of Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, held at the Albert Hall, on Monday, May 6th, 1890, after Mr. Stanley had delivered his address. Those who were present on that occasion, will not soon forget the scene, or the picturesque language in which the explorer brought vividly before his vast audience the moving incidents by flood, and field, and forest, in which he had acted the chief part. *Quorum pars magna fui*, he might well have said.

This special honour was well deserved by Stanley and as we have followed him in all his travels, we will give a recapitulation of his discoveries. In company with Livingstone, he explored the northern portion of Lake Tanganyika, and settled, in the negative, the question, then much debated among geographers, whether the Nile did or did not take its rise among those ample waters. Then, upon the second expedition, he traced down the Shimeyu River, which flows from the south, about 300 miles, into the Victoria Nyanza, and is accordingly one of the ultimate sources of the Nile. He circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, and discovered Lake Albert Edward. He also circumnavigated Lake Tanganyika, and showed that it discharged its waters into the Lualaba through the Opoco. Then he traced the Lualaba itself, which he proved to be the Congo, thus settling the question which had perplexed the mind of Livingstone so much in his last years. Lastly, he traced the Congo down to the sea, "through an Odyssey of wandering and an Iliad of combat," and, by that means, he threw open to the enterprise of

Europe, a territory fully as large as British India. Throughout all his journeys, including his last, Mr. Stanley was his own surveyor, his own astronomical observer, and the recorder of his own actions. Like Ulysses, he had seen many races, and had traversed many lands; and he has said that his journeys in Abyssinia and Ashantee, in search of Livingstone, across Africa, the expeditions up the Congo, and the last to relieve Emin Pasha, covered about 24,000 miles of ground.

Besides the considerable additions to our geographical knowledge, resulting from this expedition, the gain from a humanitarian point of view was considerable. For £30,000 expended, over 400 men, women, and children were rescued from slavery, and 290 fugitives were restored to their families, besides the three Europeans, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and Signor Marco, a Greek merchant. In addition, Stanley claims that "every mile of new land traversed by us, will serve in the coming time to expand British commerce, and stimulate civilized industry; and finally, we have extended British possessions to the eastern limit of the Congo Free State, having acquired from the chiefs many thousand square miles of territory in return for the assistance by force of arms, and other considerations, against their enemies, the Warasura."

Honours and congratulations were showered from many lands upon Mr. Stanley for his last great journey, perhaps the most remarkable in the whole history of travel. In Egypt, by the Khedive and all the nationalities who congregate in the winter at Cairo, that cosmopolitan resort; in Belgium, by its enlightened ruler, and all classes among his subjects; and in England, which is proud to claim the Welshman as one of her own sons. The English people appreciated the magnitude of the discoveries made by Stanley; the brilliance of his last achievement, and the remarkable combination of qualities which have made him pre-eminent among modern explorers. His reception at Dover, and in London, was such as is only accorded by our somewhat phlegmatic people to a general returning from a successful campaign. Stanley was the lion of the season of 1890, and had a surfeit of receptions and addresses, and fêtes. Differing from these functions, of which he was the hero—or is it permissible to say, the victim—Stanley



had special cause to be flattered at the reception accorded to him in the Albert Hall, when, as already mentioned, he gave an address on his travels, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, before an audience of 8,000 people, including all that was distinguished in Society, Letters, and Science. His reception by the Corporations of London and Edinburgh, and the interview accorded him by the Queen, at Windsor Castle, when he lectured before her Majesty, were also memorable events in Mr. Stanley's career.\*

There is much in Stanley's character that recalls Gordon, and yet in some respects no men were more dissimilar. Both possessed the qualities essential to real greatness. They were sincere, of dauntless courage and strength of will, filled with a devotion to duty—in the one case to a Higher Power, in the other to his fellow man—and gifted with the faculty of governing and attaching inferior races to themselves, and of inspiring confidence in subordinates. Both were emphatically men of action, though there was in Stanley none of the mysticism which formed so marked a feature in the character of Gordon. The former was all practical sense and looked to the financial requirements and the results that might be anticipated. The question with him always was, whether the thing was practicable and if it would pay, a matter of no consideration with Gordon.

Both had strong views of the guidance of a Higher Power. Gordon, it has been said by one who knew him well, had a favourite expression, "he guides me and the bird," derived from a beautiful passage in one of Browning's poems.† Stanley acknowledged this

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\* Stanley's adopted countrymen, the Americans of London, presented him, on his return from Africa, with a testimonial shield of silver. This shield, which is two feet in height, and weighs several hundred ounces, bears in the centre, an American shield, the Stars and Stripes being indicated by the varied texture of the metal, on which is overlaid a relief map of Africa in oxydised silver, the lakes and rivers, and dotted route lines being inlaid with gold. The American eagle, at the top of the shield, holds a medallion portrait of Stanley, and the rest of the shield is filled up with scenes from the explorer's principal exploits.

† The full passage, which may be found in "Paracelsus," is as follows:—

"I go to prove my soul,  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first  
I ask not; but unless God sends His hail,  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,  
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!"

guidance in one of his public speeches at Cairo, when he said:—"Call it chance, fate, Providence, or what you will which has impelled me onward through life, has protected me through dangers and difficulties, and has permitted me to express here my thankfulness to-night."

Though a fatalist, like the remarkable man with whom we are comparing him, Stanley, unlike him, had no belief in the direct or personal intervention of the Almighty. Gordon said:—"I have often executed men, but never without the direct sanction of the Almighty. I have placed the Bible on my knees, and I prayed that if He saw fit to reverse my decision He would signify it to me. . . . On no single occasion was my decision reversed." On the "*vox populi, vox dei*," principle, some might think that this claim to freedom from human error displayed arrogance, but Gordon was the most humble of men. It was one of his idiosyncracies.

Gordon believed his mission was to exterminate the slave trade, and ten years of his life was passed in waging war with the traffickers in human flesh. In this unceasing conflict, his sanguine nature ever taught him to think that success was in sight, but like an *ignis fatuus*, it eluded him when apparently within his grasp. A week or two prior to his departure for Khartoum, he had engaged with the King of the Belgians to proceed to the Congo as second in command to Stanley, and he wrote to Mr. C. H. Allen, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, saying that he expected their first efforts would deal a fatal blow to the slave-dealers. He also addressed a letter to Stanley himself, in which, infused with a profound hatred of the traffic in "black ivory," he spoke of pushing onward—north, south, and east. "Together, please God, we will exterminate the slave trade at its roots."

"I reckoned," said Stanley, "that it was time for me to git. My orders said nothing about exterminating the slave trade."

This divergent way of regarding a duty both had equally at heart, is characteristic of these men, so dissimilar in character, and yet having so many points in common, the one, all practical sense and cool calculation for adapting means to end, and the other fired with the noble enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit, and possessed with a belief in his mission to root out the accursed thing.

The statements of Stanley's cruelty and disregard for human life are baseless. He was most forbearing throughout his last journey ; and only attacked the natives when they refused to permit the expedition to proceed on its march and attacked him. Then he brushed them on one side, but with no needless slaughter. As to the stories of his executing many of his followers, he only inflicted the death penalty on four.\*

Gordon's unselfish nature is unique, and no soldier, explorer, or, indeed, any one of this century, unless we except Garibaldi, can be put forward in comparison with him in this respect. Our motives in undertaking what, apparently, seem the most disinterested actions of our lives, are only known to ourselves, but in imputing, as some have done, motives of self-seeking to Stanley, in engaging in the rescue of Emin, his detractors have over-shot the mark, as he stood a loser of £8,000 by abandoning his lecturing tour in America. He risked his life, and a reputation as an explorer who had never known failure ; success, therefore, could add little to his fame, whereas he imperilled everything an ambitious man, or self-seeker, values.

Stanley is gifted to a high degree with the power of expression. This is manifest in the graphic force and picturesque vividness with which he brings before the readers of his books and letters the scenes and situations he seeks to depict. This talent for realistic presentment is equally apparent in his oratory. He can keep his audience enchained for an hour or more as he dilates on the horrors of the African forest and the terrible straits, involving actual starvation, to which the expedition was more than once reduced.

In Mr. Stanley is united the great and rare combination of qualities necessary for the formation of a successful soldier or traveller. He had a talent for organization and detail, which is scarcely less essential to constitute a great leader than the habit

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\* He writes to Sir Francis de Winton on this head: "I had to execute four men during our expedition: two for stealing rifles, cartridges and ammunition; one of the Pasha's people for conspiracy, theft and decoying about thirty women belonging to the Egyptians, besides for seditious plots,—court-martialled by all officers and sentenced to be hung; a Soudanese soldier, the last, who deliberately proceeded to a friendly tribe and began shooting at the natives. One man was shot dead instantly and another was seriously wounded. The chief came and demanded justice, the people were mustered, the murderer and his companions were identified, the identification by his companions confirmed, and the murderer was delivered to them according to the law 'blood for blood.'"

of command. He would calculate to a nicety the means and the time required to effect a certain end. The mission he had undertaken participated almost as largely in the nature of a military operation as of a journey of exploration. New and untrodden regions were visited, and he had to be in a constant state of preparedness to resist the attacks of subtle and numerous foes in a trackless and boundless forest. In respect of its object the expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha partook of the character of the Abyssinian campaign, while in the nature of the obstacles encountered, it resembled the Ashantee War, in both of which Stanley participated as a newspaper correspondent. Doubtless the experience he had acquired in forest warfare in Sir Garnet Wolseley's admirably-conducted campaign, was of service to him in the advance of 160 days through the forest region.

Stanley's training as a soldier in the Confederate army was serviceable when promptitude and decision were required in dealing with the traitors under Emin Pasha's command, and his readiness as a sailor who had served in the Federal navy, was equally valuable in enabling him to deal with any unexpected difficulty in the line of march.

Throughout the expedition Mr. Stanley displayed a high courage and cheerful spirit that no evil fortune could daunt, and a fertility of resource that was equal to any demand made upon it. Where he was present success smiled upon the expedition, but in his absence, failure ensued, only to disappear with his advent on the scene. These qualities, the success he attained when confronted with well-nigh insurmountable difficulties, the immense extent of ground covered during his travels, amounting, as he has said, to some 24,000 miles, and the magnitude and importance of his discoveries, fully entitle him to take rank as the "Napoleon of African Travel."

THE END.

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